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**THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**

VOLUME XV

*This Edition of the Complete Works
of Walter Savage Landor is limited
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in England and America*

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR

VOLUME XV
POEMS

EDITED BY
STEPHEN WHEELER

III



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TALES IN VERSE

A MOTHER'S TALE

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. Also printed from a MS. in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. See notes at end of volume.] Text 1837.

I NEVER knew but one who died for love,
 Among the maidens glorified in heaven
 For this most pure, most patient martyrdom,
 And most courageous . . . if courageous he
 Who graspt and held the Persian prow, until
 Wielded by desperate fear the scymetar
 Gleamd on the sea, and it ran red below
 From the hand severd and the arm that stil
 Threatend, ere brave men drew aside the brave.
 If this be courage (and was man's e'er more?)
 Sublimier, holier, doth God's breath inspire
 Into the tenderer breast and frailer form,
 Erect when Fortune and when Fate oppose,
 Erect when Hope, its only help, is gone,
 Nor yielding til Death's friendlier voice says *yield*.

10

Brave Eleusinian! I must now away
 From thee and Greece; away, to milder scenes,
 Not milder sufferings.

In my ear was pourd
 The piteous story from the mother's lips,
 Who laid her hand on mine, and oftentimes
 With idle finger moved my pliant veins
 And lookt on them, nor knew on what she lookt,
 As her sad tale went on; for she had found
 One who hath never dared to stir from grief,
 Or interrupt its utterance in its hour,
 Or blusht, where child was lost, to be a child.
 Abruptly she began, abruptly closed.

20

"He was an ensign, and, whatever woes
 He brought on me and mine, a good young man,

4 . . . if] . If 1846. [1895 has he* with footnote: *Eschylus.] 7 Gleamd]
 Gleamed 1846. 8 severd] sever'd 1846. stil] still 1846. 9 Threatend, ere]
 Threaten'd, till 1846. 15 til] till 1846. 16 Brave . . . away] I must away, great
 warrior, greater bard! 1895. Eleusinian [Eschylus was born at Eleusis. For his
 bravery at Marathon see *Trial of Æschylus*, vol. ii. p. 273. W.] 18 pourd]
 pour'd 1846. 23 As . . . sad] The while her 1895.

TALES IN VERSE

Modest in speech and manners, fond of books, 30
 Such as we find in all these little towns,
 And ready to be led aside by love
 To any covert with a castle near,
 Or cottage on the river-side or moor,
 No matter which; the comfortable house
 And street, with shops along it, scare off love.
 I am grown bitter I do fear me, Sir,
 In talking thus, but I have lost my child
 By such wild fancies of a wayward world,
 Different from what contented us erewhile. 40
 William, (he told me I must call him so,
 And christian names methinks not ill beseem
 The christian, and bring kindness at the sound,)
 William dwelt here above, not long before
 I could perceive that Lucy went away
 When he came in to speak to me, and tried
 To see as little of him as she might.
 I askt, had he offended her; she said
 He was incapable of doing wrong:
 I blamed her for her rudeness; she replied 50
 She was not rude; and yet those very words
 Were nearer rudeness than she ever spake
 Until that hour. . . .

Month after month flew by,
 And both seemd lonely, though they never lived
 More than few steps asunder; I do think
 She fled from love and he strove hard with it,
 But neither ownd they did: he often came
 To tell me something, and lookt round the room,
 And fixt his eyes on the one vacant chair
 Before the table, and the work unrolld. 60
 At last he found her quite alone, and then
 Avowd the tenderest, and the purest love,
 Askd her consent only to speak with me
 And press his suit thereafter: she declared
 She never could; and tears flowd plenteously.
 I enterd; nor did she, as many do,
 Move her eyes from me nor abase them more,

39 such] these 1895. 54 seemd] seemed 1846. 57 ownd . . . he] own'd they
 did. He 1846. 60 unrolld] unroll'd 1846. 62 Avowd] Avow'd 1846. 65 flowd]
 flow'd 1846. 66 enterd] enter'd 1846. 67 Move . . . them] Hide her face from
 me, or abase it 1895.

A MOTHER'S TALE

Neither did he, but told what he had said
 And she had answerd. I reprov'd her much
 For ignorance of duty, and neglect
 Of such an honour: he then claspt my hand,
 And swore no earthly views should ever turn
 His eyes from that bright idol.

70

"May I hope,
 Sweet Lucy! may I pause from my despair
 I should say rather . . . even that were bliss . . .
 Speak, is that bliss forbidden?" She replied,
 "You think me worthy of great happiness,
 But Fortune has not thought so; I am poor
 And you are (or you will be) rich: tis thus
 All marriages should be; but marriages
 Alone are suitable that suit with pride,
 With prejudice, with avarice; enough
 If dead men's names have hallow'd them, if warpt
 Alliances besprinkle them with dust,
 Or herald prime and furbish them anew.
 Yes, they must please all in two families
 Excepting those who marry. We are both
 Alike God's creatures, but the World claims one,
 The other is rejected of the World.

80

Hated I well could be for loving you,
 For loving me you must not be despised."

90

"Lucy then loves me!" cried the youth, "she loves me!"
 And prest her to his heart, and seized her hand,
 "And ever will I hold it til her lips
 In whose one breath is all my life containd,
 Say, *it is thine.*"

Ah! 'twere but time ill-spent
 To follow them thro love; 'twere walking o'er
 A meadow in the spring, where, every step,
 The grass and beauteous flowers are all the same,

69 answerd] answer'd 1846. 71 : he . . . claspt]. Then he took 1895. 73 bright
 idol] adored one 1895. For ll. 83-4 1895 substitutes six lines:

If dead men's bones have hallowed them, if wax
 From twenty hives some hundred summers past,
 And seals ere lion bore a lion's form
 Or lily had grown up to lilihood,
 Hang from crisp parchments over them, and stand
 Their sponsor, and besprinkle them with dust,

[See note at end of vol.]

86 Yes, they] They] 1895. two] whole 1895. 90 you] you 1846 91 me]
 me 1846. 94 til] till 1846. 95 containd] contain'd 1846.

TALES IN VERSE

And ever were and ever will be so. 100
 But now the season was at hand, when rush
 Into salt water all whom smokey town
 Had hardend in the skin, whom cards and dice
 Had cramp't, whom luxury unstrung, whom dance
 From midnight into sunshine, and whom routs
 (Not always do we call things by their names
 So aptly) swoln with irksomeness and spite
 Vomited forth . . . here meet they all again,
 Glum and askance, the closer the less neighbours,
 And those who late were chatty, now are seen 110
 Primly apart like hop-poles without hops,
 Lank, listless, helpless, useless, and unlovely.
 Here many would lay out their happiness,
 And many be content to waste another's:
 Of these was one whose name shall rest untold,
 Young is he, and (God aiding) may be better.
 With a bright ribband and a horse upon it
 Full-gallop . . . first of orders I surmise . . .
 He must have done rare service to his king
 Before he wore a sabre or a beard, 120
 To win all this; but won it all he had,
 And wore it too as bravely.

This young man

Was passing thro our town toward the coast,
 Heedless and ignorant (as wiser men
 And better may have been) what spirit moves
 Upon those waters, that unpausing sea
 Which heaves with God's own image, ever pure,
 And ministers in mightiness to Earth
 Plenty and health and beauty and delight;
 Of all created things beneath the skies 130
 The only one that mortal may not mar.
 Here met he William, whom he knew at school,
 And shewd him his gay lady, and desired
 That William would show his.

With gravity

Did William listen, and at last confess
 Ties far more holy that should soon unite
 With him a lowly maid.

103 hardend] hardened 1846. 105 From midnight] Thro starlight 1895.
 117 ribband [i.e. badge of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic order. W.] 124 wiser]
 elder 1895. 125 better] sager 1895. 133 shewd] showed 1846.

A MOTHER'S TALE

The captain heard
Deridingly his chapter of romance,
Such did he call it.

"Introduce me, pray,
To the fair bride elect."

"When bride," said he, 140
"And proudly then; yes, you and all my friends."

So far I know, what follow'd I know not,
Only that William often spent the day
With these great folks; at first, when he returnd
He was more fond than ever of my child;
Soon after, he came late into the house,
Then later, and one day, 'twas Saturday,
He said to me he should go home to ask
His father's approbation of the match,
And hoped, and doubted not, his full consent. 150

Alas! I knew not then that those who go
For this consent have given up their own.
He went . . . O Sir! he went . . . My tale is told.
He wrote to me . . . but I have said it all . . .
He wrote . . . My Lucy caught the letter up
And kist it; redd it, dropt it on the floor;
Seized it again, again with eye brim-full
Lookt, and again dropt it, despondingly.
O Sir! did I not say my tale is told!

'Twas Sunday, and the bells had nearly done, 160
When Lucy calld to me and urged my haste:
I said I could not leave her; for she lookt
Paler, and spoke more feebly; then I raved
Against the false one who had caused her death.
She caught my arm. . .

"No, Lucy, no!" cried I,
"Not death; you yet are young and may live on
These many years."

She smiled, and thus replied.
"Hope it not, mother! lest one pang the more
Befall you! wish me better things than life;

141 then] *then* 1846. 144 returnd] returned 1846. 151 knew . . . go] little
knew that one who goes 1895. 152 have] has 1895. their] his 1895. 156 redd]
read 1846. 158 Lookt] Gaz'd 1895. 161 calld] called 1846. Between ll. 166-7
1895 inserts one line:

With spirits, health, and beauty, all restored,
167, and . . . replied.] on me, and said, 1895.

TALES IN VERSE

But, above all, sweet mother!" . . . and she sighd . . . 170
 "Think not I die for William and for love.

Many have gone before their twentieth year,
 Mine is half over; many, now in bliss,
 Have learnt to read God's will at earlier dawn,
 And crost life's threshold strown with freshest flowers
 Trippingly and alert, to meet a friend,
 A father, who (they knew) awaited them.

Many have had short notice to quit home,
 And, when they left it, left it unprepared;
 I, mother, I have been two years in dying, 180
 And one day more: should ever he know this,
 'Twould comfort him . . . for he must think of me.

But am I not too proud for one so near . . ."
 She would not say . . . I shriekt and said it . . . death!
 She prest my hand, and her smile sank away.
 She would console, I would not be consoled.

"O let me think then I may die for him,
 But say no more to pain me . . . let me love,
 And love him, when I cannot, for my sake."
 Slumber came over her; one faint sob broke it; 190
 And then came heavier slumber; nought broke that.

She paused; I too sat silent: she resumed . . .
 For Love and Sorrow drop not at the grave
 The image of the cherisht one within.
 Too confident upon her strength recalld
 She would have mounted into brighter days
 For hours when youth was cool and all things calm,
 Saying to me, with evener voice and look,
 "Lucy, when last you saw her, was a child."

"And is, if Angel be, a child again." 200
 Said I.

She claspt her hands above her head
 And rusht away, leaving me all alone.
 The chamber-door stood open, and her brow
 Had sunk into her pillow, but no rest
 Was there; she sought one at the duskier side
 Of the same bed, o'er which (almost to touch)
 The dim resemblance of a joyous youth
 Shook gently, pendent from its light-hair'd chord.

170 sighd] sigh'd 1846. 189 cannot] can not 1846. 195 recalld] recall'd 1846.
 205 duskier] darker 1895. 206 (almost . . . touch)] some oval thing 1895. l. 207
 not in 1895. 208 its light-hair'd] a silken 1895.

A MOTHER'S TALE

Nor youth nor age nor virtue can avoid
Miseries that fly in darkness thro the world, 210
Striking at random, irremissably,
Until our sun sinks thro its waves, until
The golden brim melts from the brightest cloud,
And all that we have seen hath disappear'd.

ll. 209-14 *not in 1895*. [These six lines were also printed in *The Pentameron*, 1837, as being recited by Petrarca, but *om.* in 1846 and 1876 edd. of that work. See vol. iv, p. 179.]

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

I LOVE to wander, both in deed and thought,
Where little rills their earliest tunes are taught:
I love to trace them into secret nooks,
And watch their winning ways and serious looks,
Where, as they rise up leisurely and slow,
The long-hair'd moss for ever waves below.
No few have splasht my face for venturing thus
Among their games, games never meant for us:
We are weak creatures, brief and dark our day,
But children of immortal breed are they. 10
Yet side by side with Reno, many a mile,
Thro' narrow dell and intricate defile,
I have run too; and both were well content;
He chafed sometimes, but never harm was meant.
The waters here start sundered, rocks between,
Some beetle-brow'd, and others brightly green:
Loudly they call each other, nor in vain,
Laugh at the rocks, spring, and embrace again.
My little Reno winds his stream along
Thro' pastoral scenes by pastoral pipe unsung, 20
And leaps and hazards many sportive falls,
But grows sedater near Bologna's walls.
Among the mountains which from high o'erlook
That solemn city and that wayward brook,
Pure as the snow that on the summit lies,
Fresh as the stream and radiant as the skies,
Wert thou, Lucia! Could thy girlish breast
Enjoy more sacred, more seraphic rest?
The boy Guidone innocently play'd,
Past her ninth summer, with his wedded maid. 30

TALES IN VERSE

A ring of rush was quite enough for both,
And two sweet kisses all the marriage troth.
Amid life's early leaves how blest the fond!
Until they climb the tree and look beyond.

"I wonder," said Lucia, "what can mean
Those odious names of Guelph and Ghibelline.
If, as my Babbo tells me, you're a Guelph,
I must be (is it *not* so?) one myself.
And yet, though Babbo always should be right,
Against the Guelphs he calls his serfs to fight.
'Meanwhile,' says he in joke, 'my little queen
Thou shalt be safely lodged with Saint Cristine.'"

40

Sudden the colour left Guidone's cheek,
His lips were open but he could not speak,
He prest the cool plump hand; it broke in twain
The ring of rush: and that was all her pain.
But when she rais'd her eyes, she thought no more
Of that, or any pledge he gave before.
She hugg'd him to her heart, and bade him say
If he was sorry that she went away.

50

He wept upon her head; but not one word
(Had there been utterance) would the child have heard.
The veins about her temples buzz'd like bees
Fretting and swarming in the linden-trees.
His tears ran down her curls; her curls she drew
Against the cheek, and suckt off one or two,
But, panting, sobbing, sinking, thought it best
To clasp his neck and intercept the rest.

"From three years old," said she, "when love begins,
I have loved *you*, Guidone! all my sins,
My wicked fibs, you know it, were for you . . .
Now tell me what to say and what to do.
Speak; you can tell me but one thing in vain,
Which is, that we must never love again.

60

We are no children now; for I am nine
And you are twelve. Before Cristina's shrine
I will say all that ever saint has heard,
And pray you grow not ugly with a beard."

Little replied Guidone; but he threw
His mantle on the ground, and gently drew
Lucia to the tufted seat, and there
Hid his sad face amid her sunny hair;
Hand claspt in hand, now on *her* knee, now *his*,

70

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

Until their sorrow melted into bliss;
Such bliss as innocence alone can know,
And innocence but seldom here below.
The morning now grew sultry; they must part;
The boy with heavier, she with lighter heart:
Not that she loved him less than he loved *her*,
But she had suits, and sure ones, to prefer; 80
Babbo had always minded what she said,
And if she threaten'd he was half-afraid.
Wanted she figs? the hinds were near, but them
She call'd not; *he* must mount the brittle stem.
"Come, idle Babbo! you alone can reach
To the top-branch; pull down that yellow peach:
You may shake down some mulberries, if you will,
But mind! you shook the last upon my frill."
And now she said, "Dear Babbo! I would go,
But poor Guidone's heart kept beating so 90
Against my bosom, I am sure 't will break
If I do go: don't let me; for his sake."
The father started at these words, and said,
"My sweet Lucia! never be afraid
Of breaking hearts: thou hast not strength enough,
My darling child! for anything so tough."
She wiped his brow; for it was moist. "But still
(Laugh as you may)" said she, "I'm sure it will.
I would not break it, gracious heaven! not I!
And it is not because I too should die; 100
For without sweet Guidone all my life
Would be one sigh: beside . . I am his wife."
She smiled, and took her father by the chin
And lookt into his eyes, nor saw within
The smouldering fires that there intensely glow'd,
Nor read the hour of quitting her abode.
The sun has risen: and three horses wait
With two stout horsemen at the castle-gate.
The father lifts upon the iron-grey
His wondering child, and all three ride away. 110
Seven years incessantly there wept and pray'd
Before Cristina's shrine one pallid maid.
War had rag'd round the city: who can tell
Of Guelph and Ghibelline what thousands fell?
Hence was that maid so pallid: she must know

87 down] off *MS. emendation.*

TALES IN VERSE

(If her life pays for it) the weal or woe
 Of her Guidone: not another year
 Can youthful life endure such doubt and fear.
 Another year might see her blest at home,
 But will he too, will her Guidone come? 120

Trusting that time had weakened or effaced
 The lines that love with infant hand had traced,
 Her father never had pronounced the name
 In all his letters; but when last he came
 To see her in the convent, when he found
 That nought within its cloisters, nought around,
 Could raise from heavy grief her drooping head,
 He laid his hand on hers, and mildly said,
 "Lucia! they have told you then? The brave
 Are the first fruits that drop into the grave." 130
 Lucia heard him (and scarce heard him) speak,
 And from her bosom burst nor groan nor shriek,
 Nor from her eyes one tear: down dropt her head,
 Down dropt her beauteous form.

"My child is dead!"

The father cried, and struck his brow, and cast
 His arms around her: the young nuns aghast
 Stood round; the elder rubb'd her temples hard,
 And prayed the while: these cares had their reward.
 Homeward the father hied, and finding now
 His child in safety, bade her take the vow. 140
 Bereft of her Guidone, she complied,
 How willingly! no other's future bride.
 She thought her prayers, that morn and night arise,
 Would find a readier entrance to the skies;
 And that, if he had slain, as warrior must,
 Saint Peter would release him was her trust;
 Since he himself, though chided by his Lord,
 Had drawn, and dexterously used, the sword.
 Need was there now for arms, more need than when
 He rear'd his boyish crest with hardier men. 150
 In every street was heard the indignant cry,
 "To Palestine! Speed, Christian chivalry!
 To Palestine! The Soldan hath defiled
 The sepulchre that holds the Virgin's child."
 On such a day, and only on this one,
 Each holy votary, each secluded nun,

154 sepulchre] sepulcher *M.S. emendation.*

GUIDONE AND LUCIA

May look abroad and bless the banner waved
 To save his tomb by whom our souls are saved.
 There stood among the nuns one holier maid
 And sadder than them all: even she survey'd 160
 The pious arms. But what above the rest
 Now caught her eye? She turn'd and smote her breast.
 Had not the bishop, when her vow she vow'd,
 Before the altar, warn'd her thus aloud . .

"Turn not thy feet toward the world, nor let
 Thine eyes, O virgin, by man's eyes be met."
 All others on the earth were nought to those,
 Sources of all her joys and all her woes.
 Ah! when was youth to gentle maiden dear
 Unless he caus'd to flow the frequent tear? 170

Day after day Guidone sought in vain
 To see her face, or even her veil, again.
 Few days were left: he never saw her more.
 Pressing his brow against the wall, he swore
 To live as chaste; to serve the saint she served;
 Guidone swore; Guidone never swerved.
 Whatever be the fight, by land or sea,
 Wherever there was danger, there was he.

Say, generous souls! what can they seek beside
 Death, speedy death, who lose a promist bride? 180
 He sought, but found it not: a worse mischance
 Befell Guidone: broken was his lance
 Deep in the Paynim foes: they raved around,
 Many cleft down, and few without a wound.
 To chains and tortures was the youth consign'd;
 Nor chain nor torture crusht his constant mind.

"O my Lucia!" cried he, "true and pure!
 If now in heaven, thou seest what I endure.
 Strengthen my faith, Lucia! if indeed
 The heart where thou art ever, strength can need. 190
 Pray for me, to the only maid more blest
 Of all above; thus shall my spirit rest.
 But if thou livest, may'st thou never know
 The torture and the shame I undergo!"

Worn out with anguish, slumber most profound
 Sank brain and limb stretcht forth along the ground.
 When he awoke, the chains were on his feet,

173 never . . . more.] saw her there no more. *Landor's MS. emendation. See note at end of vol.*

TALES IN VERSE

But for the prison . . the cool air breath'd sweet,
 Unlike the air of dungeons, nor less bland
 Than on the morn when last he held her hand. 200
 There where he vowed the vow, against that wall
 Reclined was he, and then he heard a call.
 He turn'd, and saw Lucia.

"Art thou here?
 Still living? saint most holy! maid most dear!"
 "Hush!" said that gentle voice: "I live the true
 The only life, and could not live for you.
 To teach our tears the easiest way to flow
 Is the best wisdom we acquire below.
 We have attained it: grief and hope must rest
 Upon the holy Virgin, ever blest. 210
 But rise, and place those fetters on my tomb;
 The hour of happier meeting soon will come."
 He rose; he placed them there. She died that day
 When from his eyes she turn'd her face away.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO

[Published in *The Athenæum*, December 16, 1843; reprinted 1846, 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

<p>"I WILL invite that merry priest Arlotto for to-morrow's feast:" Another, quite as merry, said, "And you shall see his fun repaid. When dinner's on the board, we'll draw Each of the company a straw: The shortest straw shall tap the wine In cellar, while the others dine: And now I'll show how we'll contrive, 9 <i>He</i> draws the shortest of the five." They learn their lesson: there are few</p>	<p>Good priests (where eating goes) but do, From Helgabalus, ending with Humour's pink primate, Sydney Smith. Such food more suits them, truth to speak, Than heavy joints of tough- grained greek. Well; all are seated. "Where's our Chianti?" Cries one: "without it feasts are scanty. We will draw lots then who shall go 19</p>
--	--

Title. Pievano [country Priest]. misp. Piccano 1843; corrected in 1846 and here.
 6 Each . . . company] (Each . . . company) 1846. 13 Helgabalus [=Elagabalus,
 Roman emperor. See Gibbon, *Roman Empire*, Chapter VI. W.] 16 -grained greek]
 -grain'd Greek 1846.

PIEVANO ARLOTTO

And fill the bottles from below.”
 They drew. Arlotto saw their glee,
 And nought discomfited was he.
 Downstairs he went: he brought
 up two,
 And saw his friends as friends
 should do,
 Enjoying their repast, and then
 For the three others went agen.
 Although there was no long delay,
 Dish after dish had waned away.
 Minestra, liver fried, and raw
 Delicious ham, had plumpt the
 maw. 30
 Polpetti, roll’d in anise, here
 Show their fat sides and disappear.
 Salame, too, half mule’s* half
 pig’s,
 Moistened with black and yellow
 figs;
 And macaroni by the ell
 From high-uplifted fingers fell.
 Garlic and oil and cheese unite
 Their concert on the appetite,
 Breathing an odour which alone
 The laic world might dine upon. 40
 But never think that nought
 remains
 To recompence Arlotto’s pains.
 There surely was the nicest pie
 That ever met Pievano’s eye.
 Full fifty toes of ducks and geese,
 Heads, gizzards, windpipes, soak’t
 in grease,

Were in that pie, and thereupon
 Sugar and salt and cinnamon;
 Kid which, while living, any goat
 Might look at twice and never
 know’t; 50
 A quarter of grill’d turkey, scored
 As lean as a backgammon board,
 And dark as Saint Bartholomew,
 And quite as perfectly done
 through.
 Birds that, two minutes since,
 were quails,
 And a stupendous stew of snails.
 “Brother Arlotto!” said the
 host,
 “Here’s still a little of our roast.
 Brother Arlotto! never spare.”
 Arlotto gaily took his chair 60
 And readily fell to: but soon
 He struck the table with a spoon,
 Exclaiming, “Brother! let us now
 Draw straws agen. Who runs
 below
 To stop the casks? for very soon
 Little is there within, or none.”
 Far flies the napkin, and our host
 Is down the cellar stairs.

“All lost!

Santa Maria! The Devil’s own
 trick!
 Scoffer! blasphemmer! heretick! 70
 Broaching (by all the Saints) five
 casks
 Only to fill as many flasks!

* There is an excellent reason why the sausage and salame of Bologna should begin estimation. Nearly all the mules and asses of Italy, descending from the Alps and Appennines, worn with age and diseases, end their existence in that central city, where others are always in readiness to replace them. Their flesh is very little adulterated with any other: the sinews are minutely and well pounded, and the garlic and muriate mollify the most obstinate fibre. [L. Footnote om. 1846.]

24 as . . . do,] (as . . . do) 1846. 26 agen] again 1846. 29 Minestra] [pottage,
 broth] misp. Minegra 1843, corrected 1846 and here. 33 mule’s*] mule’s footnote om.
 1846. 44 Pievano’s] misp. Piccano’s 1843; corrected 1846 and here. 46 soak’t]
 soakt 1846. 64 agen] again 1846.

TALES IN VERSE

<p>Methinks the trouble had been small To have replaced the plugs in all.” Arlotto heard and answer'd. “You Forgot to tell me what to do. But let us say no more, because</p>	<p>We should not quarrel about <i>straws</i>. If you must play your pranks, at least Don't play 'em with a brother priest.” 80 WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.</p>
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THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876. See notes at end of volume.]

<p>FROM immemorial time The Rose and Nightingale Attune the Persian rhyme And point the Arab tale: Nor will you ever meet So barbarous a man, In any outer street Of Balkh or Astracan, In any lonely creek Along the Caspian shore, 10 Or where the tiger sleek Pants hard in hot Mysore, As never shall have heard In tower or tent or grove Of the sweet flower's true bird, The true bird's only love. They're known wherever shines The crescent on the sword And guiltless are the vines And Bacchus is abhorr'd. 20 There was (we read) a maid, The pride of Astrabad, Who heard what song-men said, And, all that day, was sad. The moon hung large and round; She gazed ere forth she went; A bright ford seem'd the ground,</p>	<p>The sky a purple tent. She hasten'd to the wood Where idle bushes grew, 30 The Rose above them stood, There stood her lover too. Close were they, close as may True lovers ever be! She was his only stay, Her only stay was he. Her head appears to bend A little over his: Petal and plumage blend, Soft sigh and softer kiss. 40 There was no other sound, And scarce a leaflet stirr'd, And heavy dews hung round The Rose and round the Bird. Sure, some are tinged with red! Whence comes it? Can the Rose Have wept upon his head? Her tears are not like those. No; 'tis from his own breast, Pierced by her thorns, they come: 50 Against them it was prest, Of them it sought its doom. Wanting was one delight,</p>
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20 abhorr'd] abhor'd *Landor's MS. correction.*

42 stirr'd] stir'd *Landor's MS. correction.* 43 A comma after round in both edd. is here om. in accordance with *Landor's MS. correction.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE

The one she could not give,
 He thought perhaps she might,
 He thought so, nor would live.
 Ever some cruel spell
 Hangs fasten'd, tho' unseen,
 On those who love too well
 And sing too well between. 60
 At the fond heart so riven
 Mute was awhile the maid,
 Then pray'd she unto Heaven,
 And it was thus she pray'd:
 "O Allah! if the fond
 Must always suffer so,
 If love finds naught beyond
 Its very birth but woe,
 Protect at least the one
 From what the other bore, 70
 Nor let her stay alone,
 Nor with faint breath droop o'er
 The dead! Do thou confer

82 due!] due, *Landor's MS. correction.*

His spirit on her bloom,
 And may it soothe in her
 Lone shade its hour of gloom!
 Allah that gift bestows,
 But only in those plains,
 And only in one Rose,
 The Bird's sweet voice remains.

Lady of all my lays! 81
 Accept the service due!
 And, if a word of praise
 Or smile descend from you,
 I will not look about
 To catch the crumbs that fall
 Among the rabble rout
 That crowd the choral hall,
 Nor chide the deaf man's choice
 When o'er the Rose's bird 90
 The low unvarying voice
 Of Cuckoo is preferr'd.

92 preferr'd] prefer'd *Landor's MS.*

[MOTHER AND GIRL]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

"You must give back," her
 mother said,
 To a poor sobbing little maid,
 "All the young man has given you,
 Hard as it now may seem to do."
 "'Tis done already, mother
 dear!"
 Said the sweet girl, "So, never
 fear."
Mother. Are you quite certain?
 Come, recount
 (There was not much) the whole
 amount.
Girl. The locket: the kid gloves.
Mother. Go on.
Girl. Of the kid gloves I found
 but one. 10

Mother. Never mind that. What
 else? Proceed.
 You gave back all his trash?
Girl. Indeed.
Mother. And was there nothing
 you would save?
Girl. Everything I could give
 I gave.
Mother. To the last tittle?
Girl. Even to that.
Mother. Freely?
Girl. My heart went *pit-a-pat*
 At giving up . . ah me! ah me!
 I cry so I can hardly see . .
 All the fond looks and words that
 past,
 And all the kisses, to the last. 20

TALES IN VERSE

[MAID AND GUEST]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

If you please we'll hear another,
Timid maid, without the mother.
Unless you are tired, for these
We must travel into Greece.
I know every bay and creek;
Fear no pirate in the Greek.
Here we are, and there is she;
Stand and hide behind the tree.
She will (for I'm grave and gray)
Tell me all she has to say. 10

Guest. Violet-eyed little maid!
Of what are you afraid?

Maid. O! it is Dian's spear,
Sharp-pointed, I most fear.

Guest. So then you would prefer
Venus, I think, to her?

Maid. Yes; Venus is so good!
I only wish she would
Keep her sad boy away
Who mocks at all I say. 20

Guest. What could he then have
heard?

Maid. Don't ask me . . Every
word!

Guest. She has heard *me* ere
now.

If you repeat the vow,
I will repeat it too,
And that perhaps may do:
Where there is only one
But little can be done.

Maid. Perhaps tho' you may
blame . .
Ah me! I am all flame. 30

Guest. With love?

Maid. No, no; with shame.

Guest. Each word that you
repeat

Will much abate the heat.

Maid. Well then . . I pray . .

Don't ask . .

I can not bear the task.

Guest. Of all the queens above
Fear most the queen of love.

For those alone she cares
Who well repeat their prayers.

Maid. O then I must, I find, 40
(But do not look) be blind.
Well, well, now! you shall hear;
But don't come quite so near.

PRAYER.

'Venus! I fear thy dove
Is somewhere in my breast:

Yes, yes, I feel him move,
He will not let me rest.

If he should ever go,
I fancy I should sink;
He fans and wafts me so, 50
I think . . what do I think?

O Venus! thou canst tell . .
'Tis wicked to rebel!'

'Twas Love: I heard him speak,
But dared not turn my neck;
I felt his torch so near
And trembled so with fear
I thought I should have died.

Guest. And was there none
beside?

Maid. The goddess in white
stone 60

And one young man alone,
His eyes upon the ground,
And lost in thought profound.
Methinks I see him yet,

53 rebel] rebell *Landon's MS. correction.*

MAID AND GUEST

And never can forget:
For I was almost glad
To see him look so sad,
And gravely disapprove
The mockery of Love.

Guest. Should Love then re-
appear, 70
May that young man be near,
And pray the queen of beauty
To make him do his duty.

[MOONSHINE IN ITALY]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

AN English boy, whose travels "O father! father!" cried the lad,
lay "What wicked boys are here-
In Italy, had slept at night about! 10
Sound as a bishop all the way, How wild! how mischievous! how
Till suddenly . . the strangest mad!
sight! Look yonder! let us put it out.

Above the upper of the two I never saw such a balloon
Near ridges of old Appennine, So near . . that olive now takes
(Seemingly scarce a good stone- fire!
throw) The corn there crackles!"
A lighted globe began to shine. "'Tis the Moon,"
Patting his head, replied the sire.

4 Till] Til *Landor's MS. correction.*

A RAILROAD ECLOGUE

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. CCXVII), 1876.]

Father. WHAT brought thee back, lad?

Son. Father! the same feet

As took me brought me back, I warrant ye.

Father. Couldst thou not find the rail?

Son. The deuce himself,
Who can find most things, could not find the rail.

Father. Plain as a pike-staff miles and miles it lies.

Son. So they all told me. Pike-staffs in your day
Must have been hugely plainer than just now.

Father. What didst thou ask for?

Son. Ask for? Tewkesbury
Thro' Defford opposite to Breedon-hill.

TALES IN VERSE

Father. Right: and they set ye wrong?

Son. Me wrong? not they; 10

The best among 'em should not set me wrong,
Nor right, nor anything; I'd tell 'em that.—

Father. Herefordshire's short horns and shorter wits
Are known in every quarter of the land,
Those blunt, these blunter. Well! no help for it!
Each might do harm if each had more of each . . .
Yet even in Herefordshire there are some
Not downright dolts . . before the cidar's broacht,
When all are much alike . . yet most could tell
A railroad from a parish or a pike. 20

How thou couldst miss that railroad puzzles me,
Seeing there lies none other round about.

Son. I found the rails along the whole brook-side
Left of that old stone bridge across yon Avon.

Father. That is the place.

Son. There was a house hard-by,
And past it ran a furnace upon wheels,
Like a mad bull, tail up in air, and horns
So low ye might not see 'em. On it bumpt,
Roaring, as strait as any arrow flits,
As strait, as fast too, ay, and faster went it, 30
And, could it keep its wind up and not crack,
Then woe betide the eggs at Tewkesbury
This market-day, and lambs, and sheep! a score
Of pigs might be made flitches in a trice,
Before they well could knuckle.

Father! father!
If they were ourn, thou wouldst not chuckle so,
And shake thy sides, and wipe thy eyes, and rub
Thy breeches-knees, like Sunday shoes, at that rate.
Hows'ever. . . .

Father. 'Twas the train, lad, 'twas the train.

Son. May-be: I had no business with a train. 40

"Go thee by rail, you told me; by the rail
At Defford" . . and didst make a fool of me.

Father. Ay, lad, I did indeed: it was methinks
Some twenty years ago last Martinmas.

W. S. L.

Signature in 1849 only.

TALES IN VERSE

PHELIM'S PRAYER TO ST. VITUS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXXVI).]

THERE was a damsel ill in Limerick
Of that distemper which impels the nerves
To motion without will; a dance 'tis call'd,
Of which Saint Vitus is the dancing-master.
Phelim O'Murrough saw the damsel late
Recover'd from this malady: he askt
What it was call'd? who cured it? having heard,
Homeward he hasten'd; yet before the porch
Of the first chapel lying in his road
He fell upon his knees, and thus he pray'd: 10
"Ah! now, Saint Vitis! may it please yer Honor!
Ye know as well as any in the world
I never troubled ye, and seldom yours
By father's side or mother's, or presumed
To give the master of the house a wink,
Or bother his dear son about my wife.
But, now I know what ails her, I would fain
Jist tell ye what she suffers from . . the same
As lately visited Peg Corcoran
At the bridge-end (see ye) in Limerick, 20
She had it in her limbs, in every one,
Yet she found saints (your Honor above all)
Who minded her and set her up again.
Now surely, good Saint Vitis! bless your heart!
If you could cure (and who shall doubt you could?)
Such awful earthquakes over every limb,
'Twould give your Honor mighty little trouble
To lay one finger on one spot alone
Of my poor wife. Unaisy soul! her dance,
The devil's own dance, she dances day and night; 30
But only with the tongue . . Save now and then
It seizes foot and fist and stirs them sore.
She can not help, poor crathur! but must hoot
Murther! bad luck to ye! and bloody thief!
At every kick and cuff that she vouchsafes.
These, please ye, are the burthen of the song,
And this the dance she leads me up and down,
Without one blest *vobiscum*, evermore.
Could not yer Honor stop that wagging tongue

TALES IN VERSE

And woeful fist and thundering foot of hers?
Do now! and Phelim will, when call'd upon,
Work for ye three hard days in Paradise."

40

THE GARDENER AND THE MOLE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 92; reprinted 1876.]

A GARDENER had watcht a mole
And caught it coming from its
hole.

"Mischievous beast!" he cried,
"to harm

The garden as thou dost the farm.
Here thou hast had thy wicked will
Upon my tulip and jonquil.

Behold them drooping and half
dead

Upon this torn and tumbled bed."

The mole said meekly in reply,
"My star is more to blame than I.
To undermine is mole's com-
mission, 11

Our house stil holds it from tradi-
tion.

What lies the nearest us is ours.
Decreed so by the higher Powers.
We hear of conies and of hares.
But when commit we deeds like
theirs?

We never touch the flowers that
blow,

And only bulbs that lurk below.
'Tis true, where we have run, the
ground

Is rais'd a trifle, nor quite sound,
Yet, after a few days of rain, 21
Level and firm it lies again;
Wise men, like you, will rather
wait

For these than argue against fate,
Or quarrel with us moles because
We simply follow Nature's laws.

We raise the turf to keep us warm,
Surely in this there is no harm.

Ye break it up to set thereon
A fortress or perhaps a throne, 30
And pray that God cast down his
eyes

Benignly on burnt sacrifice,
The sacrifice of flesh and bone
Fashioned, they tell us, like His
own,

Ye in the cold lie all the night
Under thin tents, at morn to fight.
Neither for horn'd nor fleecy cattle
Start we to mingle in the battle,
Or in the pasture shed their blood
To pamper idleness with food. 40
Indeed we do eat worms; what
then?

Do not those very worms eat men,
And have the impudence to say
Ye shall ere long be such as they?
We never kill or wound a brother,
Men kill by thousands one another,
And, though ye swear ye wish but
peace,
Your feuds and warfares never
cease."

Such homebrought truths the
gardener,

Though mild by nature, could not
bear, 50

And lest the mole might more
have said

He chopt its head off with the
spade.

TALES IN VERSE

THE PRIEST AND THE SINNER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 162; reprinted 1876.]

ONCE an old sinner call'd a priest	No reasons for such change could
And told him he would be confest.	gather.
The priest in horror heard him tell	He cried, "Thou shudderest not,
Sin after sin, and threaten'd hell	my son,
With all its torments after death,	At what so soon is coming on."
Its fires, its gnashings of the teeth	"Alas!" the penitent exclaimed,
Eternally: to all the rest	"I shuddered when that fire was
Denounced as certain by the priest	named.
The wretch grew more and more	Now, father, if they would but
afraid,	spare
But what about the teeth was	That cursed fire, I should not care
said	About the teeth; but two remain,
Seem'd more like comfort: the	And they can never gnash again."
good father	

Title. Om. 1876.

[ELYSIAN FIELDS]

[Published in 1863, p. 178; reprinted 1876.]

UPON his death-bed lay a pagan priest;
A pious brother when the worst had ceast
Consoled him thus.

"Think now what pleasure yields
The nearer prospect of Elysian fields,"
"Ah!" said he, "all about those fields we know
But mushrooms, are good mushrooms there below?"

[GOLD LEAF]

[Published in 1863, p. 180; reprinted 1876.]

A POOR artificer had sold	Said, "Is it not too shabby, sir,
Some sweepings of his master's	To make for sweepings such a
gold,	stir?"
And when he was brought into	"My lord," said he, "you little
court	know
The jury had condemned him	The worth of gold who reckon
for't,	so.
But the wise judge, more angry	These sweepings in a year or two
with	Weigh more than what the King
The plaintiff than the needy smith,	pays you."

TALES IN VERSE

[SEEN AT ROME]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 231; reprinted 1876.]

A GOOD old Englishwoman, who had come
Back to her country from the sights at Rome,
Was askt about them.

“Well then, I have seen
Robes on men’s shoulders rich as round our queen
Strangers, who know no better, may miscall
A well-stuff strutting sausage *cardinal*:
It is not often we so gut a name,
But *cardinal* and *carnal* are the same.”

A MOTHER TO A BOY

[Published in 1863, p. 165.]

“GOD writes down every idle word He and His Angels round have heard.”	His writing I should like to see; How big the copybook must be! Can you not let me get a peep, Mamma, before I go to sleep?”
So spake a mother: in reply The little fellow cried, “ <i>O my!</i> ”	

[ANOTHER VERSION]

[Published in 1863, p. 217]

A LITTLE boy had done amiss, His mother call’d him up for this. <i>Child!</i> said she, with a shake and frown, <i>God writes all evil doings down: His righteous rod is always ready To smite the wicked and unsteady.</i> The child, affrighten’d and amazed, Exclaimed, while two wide eyes he rais’d, Zooks! what a copybook is God’s;	My eyes! and what a sight of rods! 10 O mamma! there must surely grow More birch in heaven than below. On all the common all the geese, Tho’ they might club ten quills apiece, Could not afford enow of pens For all bad doings, boys’ and men’s.
--	--

9 Zooks] so in corrigenda. Looks in text.

TALES IN VERSE

THE SQUIRE

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 173.]

A VILLAGE church one Sabbath-day,
Many had entered there to pray.
Some knelt along the flagstone
floor,
Old men, old women, halt and
poor.
Piously in response they said
"Give us this day our daily bread."
Whether they got it, I don't
know,
But twice or thrice they pleaded
so.

Those words the squire repeated
too
Above his cushion'd gilt nail'd
pew. 10
Sudden a distant shot he heard,
And up his portly girth was
reared.
"Jim!" cried he, "drowsy devil
run,
Tell keeper . . . by the Lord! . . .
a gun!
Zounds! I am always in bad luck . . .
Perhaps there goes my fattest buck!"

[IN WALES]

[Published in 1863, p. 198.]

AN Irishwoman sat to rest
Upon the bridge of Haffordwest*
Until her husband could bring up
Their baggage from a stranded
sloop.
A Welshman saw with wanton
eyes
The whiff from her short pipe
arise,
And thought it would not be
amiss
Just to replace it with a kiss.
We mortals to our fate are
blind . . .
Her Paddy, who was close behind,
Sprang forth and caught him by
the nape, 11
Struggling, but vainly, to escape.
"Baste!" cried he, "is it not a
shame

To make an honest woman
scrame?
What in the world wou'd yer be
a'ter?
Och! our last pipe is in the whater.
No shame is in thee, but thou shalt
Pick up a little ere we halt,
Thou bloody tyrant!"
Then as thick
As hail kick follow'd upon kick. 20
Into his homestead Taffy ran
A conjugally contrite man,
Told how he fell upon the stones,
And showed he had no broken
bones.
He never turn'd in bed all night,
Dreaming of enemy in sight;
Heavenward lookt up his brawny
chine
As deprecating wrath divine.

* Haverfordwest so pronounced. [L.]

TALES IN VERSE

ERIN

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 97.]

ERIN! thou art indeed of ancient race,
Erynnys bore thee, she who brought with her
That apple which retain'd in endless strife
Three Goddesses on Ida, she who urged
A few years later the fierce son of Thetis
To threaten Agamemnon: hardly could
Pallas withhold him, and his lifted sword.
Forgettest thou thy merriment, thy jokes,
Thy genial hours, thy hospitable heart
Swift to fly open with the whiskey-cork?

10

Forgettest thou thy bard, who hurried home
From distant lands and, bent by poverty,
Reposed among the quiet scenes he loved
In native Auburn, nor disdain'd to join
The village dancers on the sanded floor?
No poet since hath Nature drawn so close
To her pure bosom as her Oliver.
Thou hearest yet the melodies of Moore,
Who sang your blue-eyed maidens worthily,
If any voice of song can reach so high.

20

Why art thou, Erin, like a froward child
Struggling with screams to scratch its nurse's face,
And, pinch'd by hunger, throwing food away?
Thy harp sounds only discords: wilt thou never
Awake from dreams of murder? Shall the priest
Chaunt *pax vobiscum* and, before he leaves
The chapel, thrust a dagger in a hand
Working to grasp it?

But not all who chaunt
Are alike bloody-minded: one I knew
Familiar with his flock, nor much averse
To fare with it the seventh day, or sixth,
Or any other in the calendar.

30

By summer's heat his lips were often parcht,
By winter's cold as often. The Right Reverend
My lord the bishop scantily provided
For this poor brother; was it not enough
To own him, and to ask him how he did?
His modesty might have been deeply hurt
Had he seen sundry rents in certain parts

ERIN

Where rents are most unseemly, and the girls
Might titter at 'em as they sew'd 'em up. 40
Then, had not the Right Reverend given him
Quite as much food as raven gave Elijah
By that divine commission from above?
Elijah was no curate, but a prophet,
And men should feed according to their station.

Poor were my friend's parishioners: he met
The wealthiest of them: "Faith and troth!" he cried,
"My eyes are ready to leap out to see
Thy merry face, Mic! Are all well at home? 50
Judy, that pattern wife, Bess, that brave girl,
Match for a lord, if lord were match for *her*."

"Bedad! my eyes would have met yours halfway,"
Said honest Mic, and kist the proffer'd hand.
"Ours are all well; but Bess hath two feet lame
With chilblains, broken or about to break;
They plague her, and our Judy plagues her worse
Because she would put stockings on, the minx!
And how the devil find another pair
Entire and dacent for Saint Patrick's day? 60
Judy's will fit no other leg than hers,
And she has only one to bless her with,
This one she cannot spare; it may please God
To send another in His own good time,
And then, who knows? we all must live in hope.

Now, father, will your Reverence step indoors?"
"Impossible, I must be home to dinner.
What have you? buttermilk?"

"The cow is kilt
And barrel'd, and at Bristow by the stamer."

"A slice of bacon?"

"Bacon? plenty, plenty, 70
Come Michaelmas, my blessed saint's own day.
Look yonder; there he lies and winks at us,
And rises not, even to your Reverence.
But he shall pay for it, come Michaelmas,
The pay-day and the saint's day the world over.
Grunt, grunt away, boy! thou shalt change thy note
For shriller, longer-winded; wait awhile."

"Mic, we must all await the appointed hour.
Let him be aisy, and don't bother him
Because thou art the luckier of the two, 80

TALES IN VERSE

"Bring us the saintly rogue, he ought
"To find a welcome at our court.
"Up in the oak I could not do
"What Mas did, Rochester, could you?"

40

THE EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA

[From a manuscript. The square brackets enclose what is doubtful or illegible.]

CAPTAIN

So, my brave fellows, you resolve to leave
Your wretched homes for plenteousness and freedom.
The worthy priest has told you how we []
I need not add a word, all words were [vain]
After that holy man's your ghostly pride.

PRIEST

Some of you haply may [know] of peaches
In Ireland worth their weight in gold
They grow for leagues together
In our America the hungriest pigs
Turn up their noses and trot over them. 10
The swine themselves are not more heeded there
For no man owns them, every man drives off
The fattest, and the nearest horse he finds
He mounts and makes his own. If land ye want
Millions of acres are now lying waste,
And millions more well cultured by the blacks
You will set free, and make whites work instead.
All that is theirs is yours, but yours with one
Condition, those among you who are strong
And brave enough must join those valiant bands 20
For one brief year who shall win back the land
Pertaining to the States, but long usurpt.
What say ye? Hold awhile: t'would be unfair
To promise you less pay than ours at home.
On shipboard you want nothing, but your grog
Must be provided for: Take each
These few loose dollars, when you come ashore
Three hundred is the installment to begin.
And girls are quarreling which wins you first.
You who have hats may now well toss them up. 30
You who have only hair may toss up that

THE EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA

As high above the head. Three hundred crowns!
I never had so many to repay
Three hundred masses for three hundred dead
Of sinful souls frying in purgatory.

CAPTAIN

Well, well, my boys! we now are all agreed.
Reverence! you come with us?

PRIEST

Too willingly; but, captain, [willingly] you must know
That under my protection are some young
And helpless penitents; and ah! how soon 40
Without their pastor go the lambs astray,
I dare not leave them in this land alone:
You have staid woman and stout boys withal.
Other protection God, if need, will send.
Now one word captain in your private ear,
There are unruly ones among the boys
We are well rid of them, if aright []
If anything should happen to befall
I will say masses for them at half price
For winks and whisperings and unseemly jeers 50
For holy places, let me hear the fall.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR BY SPAIN

[Printed in 1800, published in 1802; reprinted 1863.]

Is haughty Spain again in arms?	Dismay cried "where is Gades'
What honest flame <i>her</i> bosom	shore."
warms?	And scream'd, and hurried swift
No kindred spark from Gallic fanes	before:
Hath ever caught <i>her</i> sluggish veins!	While Britons rais'd their prostrate
	foes
Rise thou who tookest once thy	From shatter'd wrecks of blasted
stand	prows.
On gloomy Calpé's subject strand ;*	Leaving for thee <i>her</i> Paphian
And while the lightning of the brave	domes,
Cast a dire splendor o'er the wave,	The Goddess of Lucretius comes!
Didst see Destruction at their side	Pours upon thee <i>her</i> heavenly light,
From billow upon billow stride. 10	Arms thee with all <i>her</i> Mars's
In clouds the thundering demon	might; 20
came,	
Clouds were without, within was	And tempers with eternal fire
flame;	For thee Ausonia's golden lyre.

* The [Rob Smith, 1863] Author of *Mare Liberum*. [L. In 1863 this note is affixed to thee l. 22=20 1863. Robert Percy Smith wrote his Latin poem "*Mare Liberum*" at Cambridge in 1791. W.]

Title. On om. 1863. MS. note by Landor gives To Bobus on Spain's declaration of war as the title. ll. 3-4 om. 1863. 8 splendor] splendour 1863. ll. 7-16 alluding to the battle of St. Vincent, 1797. [W.] 13 shore."] shore?" 1863. 20 Mars's] Marsia 1863.

ON SEEING A HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA

[Published by Leigh Hunt in *The New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, July, 1825, again in his *London Journal*, April 22, 1835; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, *Works*, 1846.] Text. 1825.

"A solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia . . . was given me by a wild acquaintance [Byron] who stole it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan . . . Wat Sylvan, a man of genius whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:" [Leigh Hunt, 1825, 1835.]

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too august,
And high for adoration;—now thou 'rt dust!
All that remains of thee these plaits infold—
Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!

Introduction. [By Leigh Hunt who met Landor at Pistoia in 1819.] 3 infold] unfold 1837, 1846. 4 meand'ring] meandering 1837, meandering 1846. with] in 1837, 1846.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[VISCOUNT MELVILLE]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

GOD's laws declare,
Thou shalt not swear

By aught in heaven above or earth below.

Upon my honour! Melville cries . .

He swears, and lies . .

Does Melville then break God's commandment? No.

Title. Not in any ed. [For other allusions to the impeachment in 1806 of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, see Landor's *Charles James Fox: a commentary*, pp. 34 ff. W.]

[WALCHEREN 1809]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

I WOULD invoke you once again,
Pale shades of gloomy Walcheren,

By every name most dear!

But every name what voice could
call!

What tears could flow enough for
all,

Within the circling year!

Yet comfort you, illustrious band,
That might have saved your
native land

Had life and health remain'd!

Who cast you on those sands
accurst,

Traitor! he sold his country first
And gave her up enchain'd.

No human power the wretch shall
screen

That sent you to the misty scene,
Where glory never shone!

His vacant buoyant heart shall rue
The lingering death he brought
on you,

And wish that death his own.

Title. Not in any ed. [See Landor's *Charles James Fox: a commentary*, pp. 21 ff. W.]
7, 10 you] ye 1846.

[PRAYER FOR SPAIN]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

THOU whom the wandering comets
guide,

O turn awhile to Virtue's side,

Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising
Spain.

No secret pang my bosom wrings
For prostrate lords and captive
kings;

I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid
To Valour crost and Faith be-
tray'd.

O leave the marshal'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car, 10
When hearts so generous, arms so
brave,

Resist the conqueror, spurn the
slave,

Title. Not in any ed.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

And striking home for equal laws	A rescued son, a prince restored,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.	Against his country draws the
Not such is theirs as wafted o'er	sword,
The crescent and the crafty Moor;	And wily priests in vengeful mood
No tears for virgin honour flow,	Surround their fires with dykes of
No father calls the avenging foe;	blood:
Napoleon leads no faithless host,	Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
Nor tears the heart that trusts	The cause of Freedom and of
him most,	Spain!

20

TO ALPUENTE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

So! the winds and the waters must waft thee again,
 Alpuente! afar from the sight of thy Spain;
 And England, averse to the brave and the true,
 Awaken the Continent's curses anew.
 Lusitania received thee; her aim is thine own,
 To hold Fraud and Perjury back from the throne.
 One Briton forbids it . . . that Briton whose hand
 Unravels in darkness all Freedom has plann'd.
 In the gloom of the night, when the softer sea-air
 Were bringing thee slumbers, and soothing thy cares, 10
 By allaying the throbs of too tender a breast
 Which is wasting away at thy wrongs unredrest,
 Thou art dragged . . . among whom? among Britons free-born!
 Believe me, I speak it in sorrow, not scorn . . .
 Yes, the elder among them at least were born free,
 And must grieve at indignities heap'd upon thee!
 How then! could not Exile (that drove eighty years
 Before her) nor Woman's nor Virtue's own tears,
 Once touch into feeling ev'n Castlereagh's tool,
 Tho' the heaviest log in the rottenest school! 20
 And what name is the ship's he has chosen, to please
 The parricide's sister and *her* Portuguese?
 A name known to Glory, and Glory alone,
 The defense of the people and pride of the throne . . .
 The *Marlbros*! Such service would better befit
 The *Canning* or *Croker*, the *Melville* or *Pitt*.

Title. [Juan Romero Alpuente, Spanish patriot, who had sought an asylum in Portugal, was deported from Lisbon in April 1827 on board an English man-of-war. Lander's imaginary conversation, "Lopez Baños and Alpuente" was published in 1824. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

[Published in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836, as if meant to be an overture to vol. i; reprinted as a separate poem partly in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; and fully in 1846.]

HAPPY may be the land
Where mortals with their eyes uplifted stand
While Eloquence her thunder rolls:
Happier, where no deceptive light
Bursts upon Passion's stormy night,
Guiding to rocks and shoals.

Happiest of all, where man shall lay
His limbs at their full length, nor overcast
The sky above his head, but the pure ray
Shines brighter on the future than the past.

10

Look, look into the east afar,
Refulgent western Star!
And where the fane of Pallas stands,
Rear'd to her glory by his hands,
Thou, altho' nowhere else, shalt see
A statesman and a chief like thee.

How rare the sight, how grand!
Behold the golden scales of Justice stand
Self-balanced in a mailed hand!

Following the calm Deliverer of Mankind.
In thee again we find
This spectacle renew'd.
Glory altho' there be
To leave thy country free,
Glory had reacht not there her plenitude.

20

Up, every son of Afric soil!
Ye worn and weary, hoist the sail!
For your own glebes and garners toil
With easy plough and lightsome flail:
A father's home ye never knew,
A father's home your sons shall have from you.

30

Title. Ode to Andrew Jackson 1837. General *om.* 1846. *Sub-title.* *Om.* 1846
ll. 1-16 *om.* 1837. 7 man] Man 1846. 19 Self-balanced] Well balanced 1837
1846. 31 you] you* 1846 with footnote *This prophecy was unfulfilled.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Enjoy your palmy groves, your cloudless day,
Your world that demons tore away.
Look up! look up! the flaming sword
Hath vanisht! and behold your Paradise restored!

Never was word more bold
Than through thy cities ran,
Let gold be weigh'd for gold,
Let man be weigh'd for man.

Thou spakest it; and therefor praise 40
Shall crown thy later as thy earlier days,
And braid more lovely this last wreath shall bind.
Where purest is the heart's atmosphere,
Atlantic Ruler! there
Shall men discern at last the loftiest mind.

Rise, and assert thy trust!
Enforcing to be just
The race to whom alone
Of Europe's sons was never known
(In mart or glade) 50

The image of the heavenly maid
Astræa; she hath call'd thee; go
Right onward, and with tranchant prow
The hissing foam of Gallic faith cut thro'.

July 3, 1835.

40 therefor] therefore 1837, 1846.

EPITAPH

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and from a manuscript in Dr. Williams's Library, dated March 23, 1835, in *The Cambridge Modern Language Review*, July 1912.]
Text 1837.

So then at last the emperor Franz,
On spindle shanks hath joined Death's dance.
Prythee, good Saint Nepomucene,
Push the pale wretch behind the screen;—
For if your Master's Son should know,
He'd kick him to the gulph below:
Then would the Devil rave and rant,
That Hell has more than Hell can want
Of such exceedingly good men,
And fork him to you back agen. 10

1 Franz] Francis I, Emperor of Austria, died March 2, 1835. W. 2 On] With
MS. 3 Nepomucene [St. John of Nepomuc, patron saint of Bohemia, thrown
into the Moldau and drowned, 1393. W.] 6 him . . . gulph] the trembler down MS.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[VICTORIA]

[Published in *The Pentameron*, 1837; not reprinted. See note at end of volume.]

I WILL not look into the sky
To augur aught of future years:
Enough the heavens have shown us, why
Our hopes are sure, and vain our fears.
Victoria! thou art risen to save
The land thy earliest smiles have blest.
A brave man's child will cheer the brave,
A tender mother's the distrest.

Title. Not in Text.

TO LORD BROUGHAM

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838.]

Most puissant Lord of Brougham and Vaux!
Grand Ranger of the *Devil's Walks*!
Take up his poker and bestir 'em
For putting out your fire with Durham.
Now wherefore, in God's name! should *he* go
To Niagara and Oswego?
Merely to save from flame and sword
Half a score cities at a word,
When three-hour speeches you have spoken
And scarcely one town's peace is broken,
However perfectly well-meant
To right us into discontent!

10

W. S. L.

[On July 30, 1838, Lord Brougham in the House of Lords raised objections to the Ordinances issued by the Earl of Durham, Governor-General of Canada, for securing the peace of Lower Canada after Papineau's rebellion. The Ordinances were eventually disallowed by the home government, and on September 22, Lord Durham announced his resignation. W.]

[LA VENDÉE, 1815]

[Published in *La Petite Chorannerie; ou, Histoire d'un Collège Breton sous l'empire*, par Alexis François Rio. Londres: 1842. See note at end of volume.]

I.

CITIES but rarely are the haunts of men:
The feeble semblance they bring forth within
Their strangely cavern'd and hell-lighted den,
And toss it, reckless, on the breast of sin.

II.

Such as the rest are thine, o France!
Queen of the flaunting plume and lance,
Broken by son on son.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Thou hast an ear for Glory's cry,
But Pity seldom caught thine eye . . .
And what then hast thou won?

10

III.

Much . . . yea, much more than thou hast known.
Along the Armoric shore how brave,
How true those hearts whose early grave
Their mothers least bemoan.

IV.

Ye parents! none have been more fond;
But other thoughts must now
Repress your tears: look far beyond
Where heaven's pure light illumines the vow:

V.

The first your children ever made
Was that their God should be obey'd,
His word for ever blest:
Therefore in His own peace they lie,
Therefore (whence else?) your tears are dry,
And sure as theirs your rest.

20

VI.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's wisest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.
His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face:
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms, to her those eyes
Open with joy, and not surprise.

30

VII.

O Muzillac! o Penescluse!
No stranger am I now to you;
Nor shall my verse, tho' late, refuse
The glory to such mothers due
As ye have seen . . . but see how few,
Age hath forbidden some to stay,
And some their sorrows wore away.

40

LA VENDÉE, 1815

VIII.

Thy villagers, lone Muzillac!
Saw the fresh eagle driven back,
When from his island rocks he rose
To wake worn Earth from short repose
And Penescluse, alas! thy wave
Felt the last blood, that warm'd the brave. 50
An hour's, a moment's space divides
Death's sluggish moat from life's quick tides.
Those who are lying stiff and cold,
Arose ere dawn alert and bold.
The youthful band, at R**'s call,
Swore, in the chapel, one and all,
Each from the other not to sever,
United in pure faith for ever.
How bright the morning sun arose;
But sad, sad, was that evening's close; 60
For Honor's trophy, Victory's plume,
Ill cover an untimely tomb.

IX.

Many had fallen: two there were
Above the rest, whom every eye
Was fixt upon; no other tear
Of youth or maid or matron by
Than burst for them, two brothers dear,
Blest by each other's side to die.

X.

Hunger and thirst and weary pain
And gaping wounds! ye urge in vain. 70
Instead of help, instead of cheer,
They look upon the mingling hair
And half closed eyes of that fond pair,
All silent as the silent bier.

XI.

To the last home hath it convey'd
Its charge; the peace of God is pray'd;
And over them, and over all
Around, God's peace is felt to fall.
Again that vacant bier, less slow,
Is borne for others at the bridge below. 80

HISTORY AND POLITICS

XII.

The matrons, now 'tis gone, are seen,
Elate in soul, erect in mien,
To rush and clasp the necks of those
Young vanquishers of veteran foes:
And many stand among the rest
Who clasp no neck, who weep, and yet are blest.

March 19, 1840.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[JUDGE AND THIEF]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

O'ERFOAMING with rage	'Thoushalt not steal?'" "Yea,"
The foul-mouth'd judge Page	The white chap did say,
Thus question'd a thief in the dock:	"'Thou shalt not:' but <i>thou</i> was the word.
"Didst never hear read	Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!
In the church, lump of lead!	Be sure you don't do it,' 11
Loose chip from the devil's own block!	I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord."

Title. Not in text. [Sir Francis Page, "the hanging Judge", died 1741. "Page pour'd forth the torrent of his wit." Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, l. 159. W.]

[FREDERICK THE GREAT]

[Published in 1846.]

You may or you may not believe	Where she would never look, for
That soldiers have been known to	shame. 12
thieve:	So thought he; but each wily priest
The question is not settled well	Would search the wicked knave
By what I am about to tell.	undrest.
Frederick the Great was reigning,	Down dropt the jewels. When
when	they both
One of the bravest of his men	Told the same tale, the king, tho'
Before his majesty was call'd	loth
By two grave priests, and sore	To hang him, very justly said,
appall'd;	"To-morrow, I am much afraid,
For, in despite of every care, he	The soldier, thus accused, must
Took jewels from the Virgin Mary;	bleed . .
And on his person stow'd the same	Without your pardon." 20

Title. Not in text. [For the anecdote see *Frederick the Great: his Court and Times*, ed. by Thomas Campbell, iv. 157. W.]

FREDERICK THE GREAT

"No indeed," The Virgin may have bow'd from
 Said they. heaven,
 "My fathers!" said the king, And what he took she may have
 "Let me suggest another thing. given:
 You, as true Catholics, will own For ladies always love the brave,
 Mary can favour anyone." And Mary is the maid to save. 30
 "Beyond a doubt." I can but order that no suitor
 "And sometimes does it Accept from her such gifts in
 Where no man ever could suppose it. future."

MARIE ANTOINETTE

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Lines 1-18 sent to Lady Blessington, 6 Sept. 1845, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

O GENTLEST of thy race! Thou liftedst the sweet child
 How early do we trace From slippery floor: he smiled,
 The wrath of Fate on thee! Kist thee, and call'd thee *wife*.
 Not only that thy head Ah! could it have been so,
 Was hurl'd among the dead, How free wert thou from woe,
 The virtuous, wise, and free, How pure, how great for life!
 O Marie-Antoinette! One truth is little known:
 Do generous souls regret 'Tis this; the highest throne 20
 Thy sceptred destiny, Is not the highest place
 But, winning all the heart 10 Even on the earth we tread:
 Of mortal like Mozart, Some can raise up the dead,
 His bride thou couldst not be. And some the royal race.

Title. On a passage in the Life of Mozart *Letter; with following variants:* 7 O,
 Maria Antoinette. 10 But that, with all the heart. 13 Thou liftedst up the
 child. 14 slippery] thy waxt. 18 for] thro'.
 [In 1762, the date of this incident, the future queen was eight years old, Mozart a year
 younger. W.]

FRENCHMEN

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

WHISKERED Furies! boy-stuff Courage now, anon dismay!
 blouses! Louis-Philip! rear your walls
 Fanning fires on peaceful houses! Round these madmen and their
 What are all these oaths and yells brawls.
 Belcht from thirty million hells? Well you know the fiery rout,
 Swagger, scream, and *peste* away! And what rain can put it out. 10

Title. Added in 1858. 4 Belcht] Rais'd 1858. 5 *peste*] pest 1858. *Between*
ll. 7-8 1858 has ten lines as below:

Never since the world began
 Yours, O France, was one great man.
 Him ye boast ye boast in vain,
 Germany's was Charlemagne,
 Roland, Corday, and the Maid
 At whose spear were those afraid
 That had broken every sword
 Drawn for your degenerate lord . .
 These were more than men, and more
 Than your petty envy bore.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO CZARTORYSKI, ATTENDING ON FOOT THE FUNERAL OF THE POET NIEMCEVICZ

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

In Czartoryski I commend	Thou, who hast shown us how
The patriot's guide, the poet's	the great
friend.	Are greater in their fallen state,
King, sprung of kings, yet great	Another rare example give . .
and good	That kings, uncurs'd by men, may
As any pure from royal blood;	live, 10
O'er genius not ashamed to bear	And Poland by thy light shall see
The pall, or shed at home the tear.	One nation in wide Europe free.

Title. Niemcevicz *misprinted* Menincevicz in both editions. [Julian Ursin Niemcevicz, Polish poet and patriot, was Kosciuszko's aide-de-camp at Maciejowice, 1794, where he was taken prisoner by the Russians. He died in Paris May 21, 1841. Prince Adam Czartoryski died 1861. W.]

[SPENCER PERCEVAL]

[Published in 1846, reprinted 1876.]

"FEAR God!" says Percival: and when you hear
Tones so lugubrious, you perforce must fear:
If in such awful accents he should say,
"Fear lovely Innocence!" you'd run away.

1 Percival] *Name misspelt in both editions.* [Spencer Perceval, Irvingite Apostle, was eldest son of the Prime Minister assassinated in 1812. W.]

TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER IN GOD HENRY LORD BISHOP OF EXETER

[Published in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, May, 1845; reprinted in 1846; 1876. See note at p. 442.]

BARONIAL Apostolic Sir!	Ready my very soul to pawn
If our poor limping church must	Where I have pinn'd my faith, on
stir,	lawn:
I who am zealous for your order,	I supplicate you to advise
From the cope-point to bottom	Your children, changing their
border,	disguise, 10
And lower my eyes before the	They put on one that does not
surplice,	show
But bear most reverence where	So very much of dirt below.
the purple is,	

Title: The Surplice, 1845, with sub-title as above. sc. Henry Phillpotts (1778-1869), bishop of Exeter, 1831.

6 most] the 1845.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[WAR IN CHINA]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; also printed in *The Century Magazine*, February 1888, from a manuscript with variants.]

This morning at breakfast I wrote some verses on the Chinese war. [*Londor to Miss Mary Boyle*, c. 1840.]

THERE may be many reasons why,	And many a child and bird as	
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi!	large,	10
Some fain would make the little	I can not wish thee wars nor	
feet	woes . .	
Of thy indwellers run more fleet.	And when thy lovely single rose,	
But while, as now, before my	Which every morn I haste to see,	
eyes	Smiles with fresh-opened flower	
The steams of thy sweet herb arise,	on me,	
Amid bright vestures, faces fair,	And when I think what hand it	
Long eyes, and closely braided	was	
hair,	Cradled the nursling in its vase,	
And many a bridge and many a	By all thy Gods! O ancient land!	
barge,	I wish thee and thy laws to stand.	

1 reasons] a reason 1888.	3 Some fain would] We burn to 1888.	9-10
om. in 1888.	11 can not . . . wars nor] cannot . . . wrongs or 1888.	13
haste] run 1888.	17 thy] the 1888.	

TO MATHEW AND WOLFF

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

Who are those men that pass us? men well-girt
 For voyaging; of aspect meek, of breath
 Ardent, of eyes that only look to heaven.
 I must perforce abase before them mine,
 Unworthy to behold them; I must check
 Praise, which they would not from men's lip receive,
 But that men call for it, throughout all lands,
 Throughout all ages.

Hail, deliverers
 From sin, from every other thralldom! Hail
 Theobald! his true servant. Nor do thou 10
 Suspend thy step, urged by God's voice, to press
 Past Taurus, past the Caspian, past the groves

10 Theobald [*sc.* Rev Theobald Mathew (1790-1856) advocate of temperance. W.]
 thou [*sc.* Joseph Wolff (1795-1862) who when the poem was written was going to
 Bokhara "in the uncertain hope of saving two men [Stoddart and Conolly] he never
 saw". *Letters &c. of Londor*, 1899, p. 316. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Of Samarcand, thrilling with Persian song,
To where Bokhara's noisome prisons hold
Indomitable hearts, to perish there
Unless thou save them: but thine too may rot
Beside them, whether timely or too late
Thou plungest into that deep well of woe.

Wolff! there was one who bore thy glorious name
Before thee; one who rais'd from foul disgrace
The British flag, and won the western world:
Brave man! and happy in his death! but thou
In life art happier nor less brave than he.

20

I will believe that Christianity
(Merciful God! forgive the manifold
Adulteries with her valets and her grooms,
Rank gardeners and wheezing manciples!)
Is now of service to the earth she curst
With frauds perpetual, intermittent fires,
And streams of blood that intersect the globe:

30

I will believe it: none shall kill my faith
While men like thee are with us. Kings conspire
Against their God, and raise up images
Arrayed in purple all befringed with gold,
For blindfold men to worship, and ordain
That flocks and herds and corn, nay, common grass,
Nay, what the rivers and the seas throw up,
Be laid before them for their revelry.

The twisted columns are grand ornaments;
Yet all their foliage, all their fruitage, lends
Support but feeble to the dome above.

40

Ye pass bareheaded under open heaven,
Under the torrid and the frozen sky,
To preach the word of truth, to snatch the soul
From death, the captive from his double chain:
Therefore be glory to you both on high,
On earth (what none so deeply sigh for) peace!

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[GREECE UNDER KING OTHO]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

I RAIS'D my eyes to Pallas, and she laught.
"Goddess!" said I, "pray tell me why?"
"Look at my olive with a sloe ingraft!
Where stood your Pericles, five scoundrels set ye
(O father Zeus!) on Otho and Coletti."
Then said she, and her scornful voice grew meek,
"Return thou homeward and forget thou Greek."

Title. Not in text. 5 Otho and Coletti [Otto, son of Louis I, King of Bavaria, b. 1815, d. 1867, King of Greece 1832; gave assent to new Constitution 1844; Coletti (Johannis Kolettis) succeeded Mavrocordato as Prime Minister 1844. February 1846: Replies of Senate and Chamber of Representatives to King's Speech were unfavourable to the Coletti Ministry (Annual Register, 1846). W.]

ODE TO SICILY

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 5, 1848; reprinted *Italics* 1848, *Last Fruit* (oxon) 1853.] Text *Examiner*.

1.

Few mortal hands have struck the heroic string,
Since Milton's lay in death across his breast.
But shall the lyre then rest
With vilest dust upon it? This of late
Hath been its fate.

2.

But thou, O Sicily! art born again.
Far over chariots and Olympic steeds
I see the heads and the stout arms of men,
And will record (God gives me power) their deeds.

3.

Hail to thee first, Palermo! hail to thee
Who callest with loud voice, "*Arise! be free,*
Weak is the hand and rusty is the chain."
Thou callest; nor in vain.

10

1 Few . . . have] No mortal hand hath *I.* 1848, 1853.
Between U. 3-4 *I.* 1848, 1853, insert one line:

heroic] heroick 1853.

Along tired Cupid's wing

6 again] agen 1853.

9 gives . . . power] give . . . power! 1848, 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

4.

Not only from the mountains rushes forth
 The knighthood of the North,
 In whom my soul elate
 Owns now a race cognate,
 But even the couch of Sloth, 'mid painted walls,
 Swells up, and men start forth from it, where calls
 The voice of Honour, long, too long, unheard.

20

5.

Not that the wretch was fear'd,
 Who fear'd the meanest as he fear'd the best,
 But that around all kings
 For ever springs
 A wasting vapour that absorbs the fire
 Of all that would rise higher.

6.

Even free nations will not let there be
 More nations free.
 Witness (O shame!) our own,
 Of late years viler none . .

30

7.

To gratify a brood,
 Swamp-fed amid the Suabian wood,
 The sons of Lusitania were cajoled,
 And bound and sold,
 And sent in chains where we unchain the slave
 We die with thirst to save.

8.

Ye too, Sicilians, ye too gave we up
 To drain the bitter cup,
 Which ye dash from ye in the despot's face . .
 O glorious race!

40

14 mountains] mountain *I. 1848, 1853.* 20 Honour] Honor *1853.* *Between*
ll. 22-3 I. 1848, 1853, insert one line:

(A reed could [would *1848, '53*] break his rest)

25 vapour] vapor *1853.*

Between 30-1 I. 1848, 1853 insert two lines:

The second Charles found many and made more
 Base as himself: his reign is not yet o'er.

39 Which ye] Ye now *I. 1848, 1853.* 40 race!] race, *I. 1848, 1853.*

ODE TO SICILY

9.

Which Hiero, Gelon, Pindar, sat among
And prais'd for weaker deeds in deathless song;
One is yet left to laud ye. Years have marr'd
My voice, my prelude for some better bard,
When such shall rise; and such your deeds create.

10.

In the lone woods, and late,
Murmurs swell loud and louder, till at last
So strong the blast
That the whole forest, earth and sea and sky
To the loud surge reply.

50

11.

Within the circle of six hundred years,
Show me a Bourbon on whose brow appears
No brand of traitor. Change the tree,
From the same stock for ever will there be
The same foul canker, the same bitter fruit.
Strike, Sicily, uproot
The cursed upas. Never trust
That race again: down with it; dust to dust.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

43 marr'd] mar'd 1853. 47 till] til 1853. 51 Within] Show, in *I.* 1848, 1853.
53 Change] Prune *I.* 1848, 1853. 58 again] agen 1853. *Signature om. I.* 1848,
1853.

TO SAINT CHARLES BORROMEIO

ON THE MASSACRE AT MILAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 26, 1848; reprinted in *Italics*, 1848, *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxcvii).] Text *Examiner*, 1848.

I.

SAINT, beyond all in glory who surround
The throne above!
Thy placid brow no thorn blood-dropping crown'd,
No grief came o'er thy love,

II.

Save what they suffer'd whom the Plague's dull fire
Wasted away,
Or those whom Heaven at last let worse Desire
Sweep with soft swoop away.

Sub-title. [On January 3, 1848, there was an affray between Austrian troops and the populace of whom many were wounded, some fatally. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

III.

If thou art standing high above the place
Where Verban gleams, 10
Where Art and Nature give thee form and space
As best beseems,

IV.

Look down on thy fair country, and most fair
The sister isles;
Whence gratitude eternal mounts with prayer,
Where spring eternal smiles;

V.

Watch over that brave youth who bears thy name,
And bears it well,
Unmindful never of the sacred flame
With which his temples swell 20

VI.

When praise from thousands breathes beneath thy shrine,
And incense steep
Thy calm brow bending over them, for thine
Is bent on him who weeps;

VII.

And, O most holy one! what tears are shed
Thro' all thy town!
Thou wilt with pity on the brave, the dead,
God will with wrath look down.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

27, the] and 1853. ll. 9-10. [There is a colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo on the hill above Arona, his birthplace, on Lake Maggiore (*Lacus Verbanus*). W.] *Signature om. I. 1848, 1853.*

GUIZOT'S DISGUISE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 4, 1848.]

Guizot, in haste to cut and run,
A lackey's livery has put on;
But whosoever calls *disguise*
In him the lackey's livery, lies.

W. S. L.

[M. Guizot, who resigned office two days before Louis Philippe's abdication, left Paris secretly and reached England on March 3, 1848. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO LAMARTINE

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 29, 1848; reprinted 1858. See note at end of volume.]

Nor that the Muse, with · brow benign, Looks on the crown which circles thine, And points thee out with finger strait For great ones to behold more great, Do I approach thee, Lamartine, First actor in the world's first scene . . For we poor children of the earth Grow envious of exalted worth . . Nor is it that where Arno flows We sought and found the same repose, 10 Repose which Dante never knew, For foes were many, friends were few; Nor that our friendships were the same With many a bright enduring name: No; but that France, with fond appeal, Calls thee to guard her Common- weal; And Europe, echoing back her voice, Applauds the wisdom of the choice. Once, when thy laurel'd head hung low	Beneath Affliction's heaviest blow, A prophetess, not always mad, 21 With potent speech thy tears for- bad, And show'd, beyond where deserts lay, The glories of thy future way. "Go, Wanderer!" she exclaimed, "go on! <i>The cedar-groves of Lebanon Cast shadows over other men, But thou must into light again."</i> She spake: the glories she fore- knew, The virtues half-escaped her view. She saw that Man's true right divine 31 (Safe in few hands, but safe in thine) Is not to prune the deadly tree, But wrench the root of Royalty, And sprinkle with black salt the ground, Exhausted, and for years un- sound. Unhoped for under eastern skies, She saw not this fresh dawn arise. Europe, now free of kingly fraud, Stands up unfettered and unaw'd; And soon shall Africa alone 41 In her worst wilds that curse bemoan.
---	--

21 prophetess] prophetess* with footnote *Lady Hester Stanhope 1858. [Lamartine visited her in 1832: see his *Voyage en Orient*. W.] 28 again] agen 1858. 31 that] not 1848 (mispr.). 37 Unhoped for] Unhoped-for 1858.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO CAVAIGNAC

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 8, 1848; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CXXLVIII).]

AND shall the bloody wave again, But ill what that soakt soil should
Dissevering freedom's bravest yield.
 men, Losing the train that limpt behind,
Dash all ashore? and civic fight He lost all energy of mind;
Demolish wrong, establish right? Like smitten viper, now aloof
Alas! it must be! Well for France, To bite, now crusht by heel or
Awakening from her frantic trance, hoof. 20
She finds at last a virtuous man Mindful of Washington, who
To regulate her rushing van. hurl'd
 Never wilt thou, sage Cavaignac! Back from the new the worn-out
Pursue Ambition's tortuous track. world,
The shade of Glory seems to tend Remember, First of Men! that
That way, but melts before its thou
 end. 12 To thy own heart hast made the
What name more glorious than vow
 was his That France henceforward shall
Whose life midway went all amiss? be free . . .
He well survey'd the battle-field, Henceforward is her trust in thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

1 again] *agen 1853.*

4 right?] *right! 1853.*

[After surrendering his Dictatorship General Cavaignac was made head of the Executive Commission and President of the Cabinet, June 28, 1848. W.]

Signature om. 1853.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 30, 1848; reprinted under another title 1853 (No. CCLIX), 1876.]

HISTORY lies wide open: the first page
Of every chapter blood illuminates,
And ductile gold embosses, dense and bright.
Not children only, but grave men admire
The gaudy grand distortions; hippogryps,
Unicorns, dragons, infant heads enlarged
To size gigantic, seraph visages,

Title. To Lamartine President of France 1853, 1876. [The change of title was a blunder, the poem having evidently been addressed to Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor, whose election as President of the Republic was announced on December 20, 1848. W.]

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

And scaly serpents trailing underneath.
I trill no cymbal, and I shake no bells
To thee, pacific ruler! On the plains 10
Be thou establisht, where power rests secure,
Unshaken by the tempests: there my muse
Shall find and cheer thee when the day is o'er,
And other notes are silent all around.
'Twas not unseemly in the bravest bard
From Paradise and angels to descend,
And crown his country's saviour with a wreath
Above the regal: few his words, but strong,
And sounding through all ages and all climes.
He caught the sonnet from the dainty hand 20
Of Love, who cried to lose it; and he gave
The notes to Glory. Darwen and Dunbar
Heard him; Sabrina, whom in youth he wooed,
Croucht in the sedges at the clang of war,
Until he pointed out from Worcester walls
England's avenger awfully sedate.
In our dull misty day what breast respires
The poetry that warms and strengthens man
To glorious deeds, and makes his coronet
Outlive the festival, nor droop at last? 30
Alas! alas! the food of nightingales
Is foul; and plumeless bipeds who sing best
Desert the woods for cattle-trodden roads,
And plunge the beak, hungry and athirst, in mire.
Prince! above princes! may thy deeds create
A better race! meanwhile from peaceful shores
Hear, without listening long (for graver cares
Surround and press thee), hear with brow benign
A voice that cheers thee with no vulgar shout,
No hireling impulse, on thy starry way. 40

December 25, 1848.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 15-26 See Milton's Sonnet *To the Lord General Cromwell*. [W.]
1848 only.

Signature in

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ITALICS

Of the seven poems in *The Italics of Walter Savage Landor*, 1848, two, 'Ode to Sicily' and 'To Saint Charles Borromeo', had been printed in *The Examiner* (see pp. 43 and 45). The five poems first published in 1848 are given below. For the Preface, see notes at end of volume.

GONFALIONIERI

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cxov).]

I.

THE purest breast that breathes Ausonian air,
Uttered these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat,
All ages! on thy heart the record bear
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet,
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

II.

"I am an old man now; and yet my soul
By fifteen years is younger than its frame:
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one
Dark dungeon, ten feet square: alone I dwelt 10
Six; then another entered: by his voice
I knew it was a man: I could not see
Feature or figure in that dismal place.
One year we talkt together of the past,
Of joys for ever gone . . ay, worse than gone,
Remembered, prest into our hearts, that swell'd
And sorely softened under them: the next,
We exchang'd what thoughts we found: the third, no thought
Was left us; memory alone remain'd.
The fourth, we askt each other if indeed 20
The world had life within it, life and joy
As when we left it.

Now the fifth had come,
And we sat silent; all our store was spent.
When the sixth entered, he had disappear'd,
Either for death or doom less merciful:
And I repined not! all things were less sad
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.

Title. Name mispr. both edd. [See *Memoirs of a prisoner confined in the fortress of Spielberg*, by A. Andryane. London: 1838. Count Federigo Confaloniere (1785-1848), leader of the Liberal party in Lombardy, sentenced first to death and then to imprisonment for life, was released in 1836 but exiled to America. His wife died in 1830. W.]

GONFALIONIERI

A year, or two years, after (indistinct
Was time, as light was, in that cell) the door
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly through: 30
His Majesty the Emperor and King
Informs you that twelve months ago your wife
Quitted the living . .

I did hear the words,
All, ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

III.

And shall those live who help with armed hand
The weak oppressor? Shall those live who clear
The path before him with their golden wand?
Tremble, vile slaves! your final hour draws near!
Purveyors of a panther's feast are ye,
Degenerate children of brave Maccabee! 40

IV.

And dare ye claim to sit where Hampden sate,
Where Pym and Eliot warn'd the men of blood;
Where on the wall Charles read his written fate,
And Cromwell sign'd what Milton saw was good?
Away, ye panders of assassin lust,
Nor ever hope to lick that holy dust.

43 read] red 1853.

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. ccii), 1876.]

I.

Few poets beckon to the calmly good,
Few lay a hallowing hand upon the head
Which lowers its barbarous for our Delphic crown:
But loose strings rattle on unseasoned wood,
And weak words whiffle round, where Virtue's meed
Shines in a smile or shrivels in a frown.

II.

He shall not give it, shall not touch it, he
Who crawls into the gold mine, bending low
And bringing from its dripples with much mire
One shining atom. Could it ever be, 10
O God of light and song? The breast must glow
Not with thine only, but with Virtue's fire.

3 Delphic] Delphick 1853.

6 Shines] Shrines 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

III.

I stand where Tiber rolls his turbid wave
And see two men rise up; in purple one
And holding in his grasp the golden wards;
The other, not less stately, nor more brave,
Clad modestly. Pass! By your hands be done
God's work, creators of immortal bards!

stanza III om. 1853.

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (cxcviii).]

SLEEP, tho' to Age so needful, shuns my eyes,
And visions, brighter than Sleep brings, arise.
I hear the Norman arms before me ring,
I see them flash upon a prostrate king.
They conquered Britain as they conquered France . .
Far over Sicily was hurl'd the lance . .
The barking heads by Scylla all croucht low,
And fierce Charybdis wail'd beneath the blow.
Now Sparta-sprung Taranto hail'd again
More daring Spartans on his fertile plain;
Now Croton saw fresh Milos rise around;
And Sybaris, with recent roses crown'd,
Yielded to Valour her consenting charms
And felt the flush that Beauty feels from arms.

10

[Published 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cc), 1876.]

I.

I TOLD ye, since the prophet Milton's day
Heroic song hath never swept the earth
To soar in flaming chariot up to Heaven.
Taunt, little children! taunt ye while ye may.
Natural your wonder, natural is your mirth,
Natural your weakness. Ye are all forgiven.

II.

One man above all other men is great,
Even on this globe, where dust obscures the signs.
God closed his eyes to pour into his heart
His own pure wisdom. In chill house he sate,
Fed only on those fruits the hand divine
Disdain'd not, thro' his angels, to impart.

10

8 signs] sign 1853.

ITALICS

III.

He was despised of those he would have spilt
His blood to ransom. How much happier we,
Altho' so small and feeble! We are taught
There may be national, not royal guilt,
And, if there has been, then there ought to be,
But 'tis the illusion of a mind distraught.

IV.

This with a tiny hand of ductile lead
Shows me the way; this takes me down his slate, 20
Draws me a line and teaches me to write;
Another pats me kindly on the head,
But finds one letter here and there too great,
One passable, one pretty well, one quite.

V.

No wonder I am proud. At such award
The Muse most virginal would raise her chin
Forth from her collar-bone. What inward fire
Must swell the bosom of that favored bard
And wake to vigorous life the germ within,
On whom such judges look with such regard! 30

TO FRANCIS HARE

BURIED AT PALERMO

[Published in *Italics*, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cxcvi), 1876.]

HARE! thou art sleeping where the sun strikes hot
On the gold letters that inscribe the tomb,
And what there passeth round thee knowest not,
Nor pierce those eyes (so joyous once) the gloom;

Else would the brightest vision of thy youth
Rise up before thee, not by Fancy led,
But moving stately at the side of Truth,
Nor higher than the living stand the dead.

Title. After Palermo 1853 has: ON THE INSURRECTION OF SICILY AND NAPLES.
[Francis Hare was buried at Palermo, January 15, 1842. W.] 2 the] thy 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO KOSSUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 15, 1849; reprinted with addition 1853 (No. CXXLVI).]

DEATH in the battle is not death . .
Deep, deep may seem the mortal
groan,

Yet sweeter than an infant's
breath

Is Honor's, on that field alone,

Where Kossuth call'd his Spirits
forth

Aloft from Danaw's heaving
breast;

They quell'd the South, they shook
the North,

They sank by fraud not strength
represt.

If Freedom's sacred fire lies
quencht,

O England! was it not by thee?

Ere from such hands the sword
was wrencht

Thine was the power to shield
the free.

Russells erewhile might raise their
crest

Proud as the older of our
land,

December 2.

Altho' I find but in the best

The embroidered glove of Sid-
ney's hand.

Rachel may mourn her children
now . .

From higher source her glory
springs,

Where Shakespeare crowns South-
hampton's brow

Above the reach or gaze of kings.

Russells? where? where? Towaver
high

Faction the slender twig may
place,

And cover, when that twig shall die,
With plumes as dark its dark

disgrace.

Drive the drear phantom from
my sight,

O Kossuth! Round our wintery
shore

Spread broad thy strong and
healthy light,

And I will tread these weeds no
more.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

U. 15, 16 [allusion to Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, both executed in 1683. W.]

Title. Only in 1853. Signature and date om. 1853. 14 older] elder 1853. 17 [allusion to Lady Rachel Russel W.] 21 waver] wave on 1853. 22 the] her 1853. 24 its] the 1853. 28 And . . . these] Crush we these slippery 1853.

After l. 28 1853 has eight lines:

Each, be he soldier, sage, or bard,
Must breast and cross the sea of strife,
Ere swells the hymn, his high reward,
Sung from the one true Book of Life.

What casket holds it? in what shrine
Begem'd with pearl and priceless stone?
The treasury is itself divine . .
The poet's breast . . 'tis there alone.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

PROPER LESSON FOR CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM

TO DIXWELL

Who sate in judgment on Charles I, and whose descendant is
erecting a monument to him in Boston, U.S.

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 2, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxvii).]

THERE are whose hand can throw the shafts of song
Athwart wide oceans; barb'd with burning light
Do they dispell all mists Time throws around,
And where they fall men build the beacon-tower
And watch the cresset, age succeeding age.

Dixwell! whose name sounds highest toward heaven
Of all but one* the fresher world hath seen,
Honor to thee! and everlasting praise!

Thou shrankest not at smiting Perjury

Under the crown: thou shrankest not at rocks
And shoals and ice-tower'd firths, and solitudes

10

And caverns where the hunter hunted man,
Remote from birthplace, kindred, comrade, friend.
Of seed like thine sprang Freedom strong and arm'd,
Whose empire shall extend beyond the shore
Where Montezuma's plumed head lies low,
(A shore whose waters waft the name of Peace)
To realms more ancient than all realms beside,
Where the sun rises over far Cathay.

Blest be thy country! blest in sons like thine!

20

If lust of gold forbids it . . if the slave
Raises his manacle and pleads to God
And they who see and hear it mock the prayer,
At least shall thousands in my words exclaim
"Honor to *thee!* and everlasting praise!

Happy beyond all glory's happiness,
Look down on thy young nation; there alone
The weak and the distorted from the womb
Never are dandled into frowardness,

Never may seize and fracture what they list,
Striking at random stern and mild alike;

30

Nor floats the chaff above, nor sinks the grain."

January 30, 1850.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* Washington [L.].

1 throw] hurl *errata* 1853. 7 world] earth 1853. Date and signature om. 1853.
[John Dixwell, regicide, died at New Haven, Conn. U.S. in 1689. There, not at
Boston, the monument was erected in 1849. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO FRIEND JONATHAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 23, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. 00XXXXIX).]

FRIEND Jonathan! for friend thou
art,

Do prythee take now in good
part

Lines the first steamer shall
waft o'er.

Sorry am I to hear the Blacks
Still bear your ensign on their
backs;

The stripes they suffer make me
sore.

So! they must all be given up
To drain again the bitter cup.

Better, far better, gold should
come

From Pensylvanian wide-awakes,
Ubiquitarian rattlesnakes, ¹¹
Or, pet of royalty, Tom Thumb.

Another region sends it down,
Where soon will rise its hundredth
town:

The wide Pacific now is thine.
With power and riches be content;
More, more than either, God hath
sent . .

A man is better than a mine.

Scarce half a century hath past
Ere closed the tomb upon your
last, 20

The man that built the western
world:

When gamblers, drunkards, mad-
men rose,

He wrencht the sword from all
such foes

And crusht them with the iron
they hurl'd.

Beware of wrong. The brave are
true.

The tree of Freedom never grew
Where Fraud and Falsehood
sow'd their salt.

Hast thou not seen it stuck one
day

In the loose soil, and swept away
The next, amid the blind and
halt, 30

Who danced like maniacs round
about?

The noisiest, foulest, rabble-rout!
Earth spurns them from her,
half-afraid.

Slaves they will ever be, and
shou'd,

Drunken with every neighbour's
blood,

By every chief they arm be-
trayed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

10 Pensylvanian] Pennsylvanian 1853.
Pacific 1853. 25 true.] true: 1853.
the Fugitive Slaves Bill on September 13, 1850. W.]

13 sends] rolls 1853. 15 Pacific]
l. 7 [United States Congress had passed
Signature om. 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO MESCHID THE LIBERATOR

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 27, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLVII), 1876. ll. 9-12, 17-20, also printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

VALOR not always is propell'd by War, Often he takes a seat, Under the influence of a milder star More happy and more great.	Who raises up the fallen from the dust, And bids the captive go. 20
Foremost in every battle waved on high The plume of Saladin; He chased our northern meteors down the sky, And shone in peace serene.	In these thou followest Him, thou one sublime Among the base who press Man's heart, man's intellect; the wrongs their crime Inflicts, thy laws redress.
In vain two proud usurpers side by side, Meschid! would shake thy throne: Sit firm; these outlaws of the world deride, 11 And fear thy God alone.	Justice hath rais'd thee higher than him whose blade The Drave and Danube won, Fastening the towers of Widdin and Belgrade To his Byzantine throne.
No God who bleeds from canvas on the crowd, No God who sweats from wood, No God about whose dress priests wrangle loud, No God who sells his blood;	Can Egypt, Syria, can the land of myrrh, Can all thou rulest o'er, 30 Such glory on thy diadem con- fer? . . Thy path leads on to more.
But merciful and mighty, wise and just, Who lays the proud man low,	Meschid! I pick up paras in no court, To none I bend the knee, But, Virtue's friend! Misfortune's sole support! I give my hand to thee.
	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Title. Meschid. [Abdul Majid, Ottoman Sultan, had granted an asylum to Kossuth. W.] 1 propell'd] propel'd 1853. 13 bleeds . . . on] winks . . . at 1853. 15 about . . . wrangle] at whose high-cross priests chaffer 1853. 17 But . . . just] The Merciful and Mighty, Wise and Just 1869. 33 paras [Turkish coins worth fraction of farthing. W.] *Signature om.* 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 11, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. cclx).]

HAST thou forgotten, thou more vile Than he who clung to Helen's ile Rather than fall among the brave! Hast thou forgotten so thy flight, When sparing Philip's peaceful might, Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy grave?	Whom murderous men, tem- pestuous seas, 23 Had spared, whose wrongs far worlds deplore. Him when the sons of Ismael saw, The man who gave freemen the law, They stopt the camel-train to gaze; For in the desert they had heard The miracles of Kossuth's Word, The myriad voices of his praise.
Forgotten the chain'd eagle, borne Shaken by ridicule and scorn Up Bologne's proud columnar hill? Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust Rais'd thee a third time from the dust . . . 11 For what? . . . to be a traitor still.	Him, ever mindful of her trust, America, the firm, the just, 32 Beneath her salutary star Invokes, and bears across the main, Until his native land again Avenges an unrighteous war.
The hands that thrust thy uncle down, And threw into his face his crown, Contemptuous, were held forth to thee; Not for thy valour or thy worth, Believe me, were those hands held forth, No, but from joy that thou wert free.	England! I glory that mine eyes First opened on thy sterner skies, Where the most valiant of man- kind Bear gentlest hearts; I glory most At the proud welcome on thy coast Of him, the brave, the pure, the wise. 42
O brow of brass! O heart of stone! Dost thou of Europe's sons alone Repell the exile from thy shore, Whom Plague's implacable disease,	My England, look across the Strait! Behold the chief whom thousands hate, But fear to touch; because the Tzar Nods at him from his saddle-bow, And says, "If any strike a blow Against my slave, I rush to war."

Title. To another President [*sc.* Louis Napoleon] 1853, where this poem follows that on p. 48) *To the President of the French Republic* (misdescribed in 1853 as *To Lamartine President of France*). 2 ile] 1876. 9 Bologne's] Boulogne's 1853. 11 dust . . .] dust 1853. 12 still] stil 1853.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE

Safe art thou, Louis! . . for a
time . .

But tremble . . never yet was
crime, 50

Beyond one little space, secure.
The coward and the brave alike
Can wait and watch, can rush and
strike. . .

Which marks thee? one of them,
be sure.

October 7.

60 Georgey's] Gorgey's 1853.

Some men love fame, despising
power,

Wellsheltered from its sultry hour,
And some love power, despising
fame;

Among the crowd of these art thou,
And soon shall reach it . . but
below,

A Jellachich's and Georgey's
name. 60

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Signature and date om. 1853.

HYMN TO AMERICA

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 15, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXIII).]

DAUGHTER of Albion! thou hast
not

The lesson of thy sire forgot;
Listening at times to Power or
Pride,

Readier thou turnest to attend
On bleeding Valour, and befriend
Him who can hope no friend
beside.

Long ere the patriarchs of the west
Lands, three vast oceans bound,
possest,

When all around was dark and
wild,

Adventurous rowers rowed from
Greece, 10

And upward on a sun-like fleece
The maids of ocean gazed and
smiled.

Our maidens with no less delight
Surveyed around the cliffs of
Wight

Thy swifter pinnace glide along:

Title. Hymn om. 1853.

Altho' the conqueror was not one
Their gentle heads might rest upon
When cease the dance and
supper-song,

Yet from their thresholds went
they forth

To hail the youths of kindred
worth, 20

And clapt uplifted hands, altho'
Louder, and with less pause
between,

The volleys of their palms had been
For some behind they better
know.

To teach the mistress of the sea
What beam and mast and sail
should be,

To teach her how to walk the
wave

With graceful step, is such a lore
As never had been taught before . .

Dumb are the wise, aghast the
brave. 30

5 Valour] Valor 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

To strike the neck of Athos thro'
Was children's play: man's work
they do

Who draw together distant seas,
On Andes raise their starry throne,
Subdue tumultuous Amazon,
And pierce the world of pale
Chinese.

The dawn is reddening of the day
When slender and soft-voiced
Malay

Shall learn from thee to love
the Laws.

Europe in blood may riot still; 40
Only do thou pronounce thy will,
And War, outside her gates,
shall pause.

Garlands may well adorn the mast
Which first the Isthmian cleft
hath past,

And shouts of jubilee may well
Arise when those return who first

October 23.

40 still] stil 1853. 43, 45 may] might 1853. 44 hath] had 1853. 46 return]
return'd 1853.

[At Cowes, August 22, 1851, the Hundred Guinea Cup was won by the yacht *America*
owned by J. C. Stevens and G. L. Schuyler of New York. Landor, then staying in the
Isle of Wight, saw the race. W.]

Date and signature om. 1853.

The bonds, imposed by Nature,
burst,
And boldest hearts more boldly
swell:

Yet sails there now across the main
A prouder ship than e'er again 50
Shall ride its billows: at her
head

Stands Kossuth; there that hero
stands

Whom royal Perjury's trembling
hands

Struck from afar and left for
dead.

Daughter of Albion! we avow
That worthy of thy sire art thou,
That thou alone his glory
sharest:

Raise up thy head, yea, raise it high
Above the plume of Victory;

The plumed brow is not the
fairest. 60

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA

[Printed on a leaflet on or shortly before November 12, 1851; published in *The Examiner*, November 15, 1851.]

RAVE over other lands and other
seas,

Ill-omen'd black winged Breeze!
But spare the friendly sails that
waft away

Him, who was deem'd the prey

Of despot dark as thou, one send-
ing forth

The tortures of the North
To fix upon his Caucasus once
more

The demi-god who bore

[Kossuth embarked at Cowes for New York on November 20, 1851. The poem
was read at a public meeting held at Birmingham on November 12 to wish him God-
speed. W.]

ON KOSSUTH'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA

To sad Humanity Heaven's fire and light,	O bear him on in safety and in health!
Whereby should reunite 10	Bear on a freight of wealth
In happier bonds, the nations of the earth;	Such as no vessel yet hath ever borne;
Whose Jove-like brow gave birth	Altho' with banner torn
To that high wisdom, whence all blessings flow	He urges thro' tempestuous waves his way;
On mortals here below.	Yet shall a brighter day Shine on him in his own recon- quered field;
	Relenting Fate shall yield
Rack not, O Boreal Breeze, that labouring breast	To constant Virtue. Hungary! no more
On which, half dead, yet rest	Thy saddest loss deplore; 30
The hopes of millions, and rest there alone.	Look to the star-crown'd Genius of the West,
Impiously every throne	Sole guardian of the oppress.
Crushes the credulous: none else than he	O! that one only nation dared to save
Can raise and set them free. 20	Kossuth, the true and brave!

TYRANNICIDE

[Printed on a leaflet with note dated November 29 [1851]; reprinted in 1853 (No. cccxiii).]

DANGER is not in action, but in sloth;	And shall ye worship on the Baltick Gulph
By sloth alone we lose	The refuse of the Nile?
Our strength, our substance, and, far more than both,	Among the myriad men of mur- der'd sires
The guerdon of the Muse.	Is there not one stil left
Men kill without compunction hawk and kite;	Whom wrongs and vengeance urge, whom virtue fires?
To save the folded flock	One conscious how bereft
They chase the wily plunderer of the night	Of all is he . . of country, kindred, home . .
O'er thicket, marsh, and rock.	He, doom'd to drag along
Sacred no longer is Our Lord the wolf	The dray of serfdom, or thro lands to roam
Nor crown'd is crocodile: 10	That mock an unknown tongue?

Title. Where danger is. *MS.*

HISTORY AND POLITICS

<p>A better faith was theirs than pulpits preach 21 Who struck the tyrant down, Who taught the brave how patriot brands can reach And crush the proudest crown. No law for him who stands above the law, Trampling on truth and trust; But hangman's hook or courtier's "privy paw" Shall drag him thro the dust.</p>	<p>Most dear of all the Virtues to her Sire Is Justice; and most dear 30 To Justice is Tyrannicide; the fire That guides her flashes near. See o'er the desert God's red pillar tower! Follow, ye Nations! raise Thy hymn to God! To God alone be power And majesty and praise!*</p>
---	--

* Sciebat homo sapiens, jus semper hoc fuisse ut quæ tyranni eripuisent, ea *tyrannis* interfectis, ii quibus erepta essent, recuperarent. Ille vir fuit, nos quidem contemnendi. CICERO, *Philipp.* 2. [96] [L.]

27 courtier's] courtiers' *MS.* "privy paw" [see Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 128. W.].

INVITATION OF FRANCE TO THE POPE

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 13, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXII), 1876.]

<p>MADE our God again, Pope Pius! Worthy to be worshipt by us! Come to Paris, and put on Thy true son Napoleon (Blest afresh) that glorious crown, Crushing crippled Europe down, Leaving not a house but shed Tears for some one maim'd or dead, None but where some father sate Or some mother desolate, 10 Or some maiden tore her hair, Or some widow shriekt despair, Or the wolf, when all were gone, Claim'd the ruin for his own, Drowsy, and his only fear When the viper crept too near. Men three millions, French the most,</p>	<p>Each a soldier, now a ghost, 18 Watch his tomb. We venerate (Name he chose) the <i>Man of Fate</i>. Come, our God again, Pope Pius! Worthy to be worshipt by us! Not for him thy help we call Who built up an icy wall Of men's bodies, all the way From where Moscow's cinders lay To the Danube's fettered flood, Where side-looking Franz then stood, Salesman of his flesh and blood . . . But for one who far outwits 30 Keenest-witted Jesuits, And without a blush outlies Thee and all thy perjuries. W. S. LANDOR.</p>
--	--

Title. From France to the Pope 1853.

Signature om. 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A TRUE BELIEVER TO HIS HOLINESS THE POPE FROM OLD IRELAND

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 20, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CXL), 1876.]

SURE from thee, most Holy Father, Miracles in heaps we gather: We have one before us that 's Very like the Kerry cats, Which our history by Moore Tells us were just twenty-four, Keeping up a glorious fight All the day and all the night, Not a knuckle, not a rib, Left at morn by Tab or Tib, 10 But one only tail, to tell What the Kerry cats befell. Blessings on thee, Holy Father, And thy miracles! We'd rather See as many Frenchmen slain Than those Kerry cats again, Tho, as sure as you are born,	Few we want to watch our corn, Since the Union-guardians eat Most of that, and all the meat. 20 Hear those Frenchmen yonder cry Freedom and fraternity! See those pebble-loads of carts Rumbling from their joyous hearts! See those sabres hicking hacking, And those rifles clicking clacking! We may learn one lesson by 't . . <i>Never go afield to fight.</i> Botheration! botheration! Nation striving against nation! 30 When a single one can do All the work as well as two.
---	--

W. S. L.

Title. Irish Thanks for Romish Miracles 1853.
two lines:

Between ll. 6-7 1853 inserts

Others show the very house, and
Swear there were eleven thousand,

Signature om. 1853.

TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON ITS RECEPTION OF KOSSUTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 27, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXVII).]

CITY of men! rejoice! Not to have heard the voice That rais'd up millions to its Country's side, But that thy sons respond With voice that sounds beyond, And shakes across the sea the despot's pride.	My native Albion! thou Mayst also glory now; These are thy sons; altho like Ismael driven To desert lands afar, 10 Yet o'er them hung the star That show'd the sign of freedom bright in heaven.
--	---

Title The City of om. 1853.

3 its country's] Pannonia's 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Iron and gold are theirs:	Rise, one and all, as when
And who so justly shares	Ye hail'd the man of men, 20
These powerful gifts as they whose	And give not sumptuous feast nor
hands are strong,	sounding praise
Whose hearts are resolute	To that brave Magyar,
To quell the biped brute	But wage a pious war
Trampling on law and rioting on	And shed your glory round his
wrong?	closing days.

December 21.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[Kossuth reached New York December, 1851. W.]
Date and signature om. 1853.

ON THE DEATH OF M. D'OSSOLI* AND HIS WIFE MARGARET FULLER

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 8, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxxii).]

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
 But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.
 After a longer struggle, in a fight
 Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
 Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
 Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach
 Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
 Precious on earth to thee . . a child, a wife!
 Proud as thou wert of her, America
 Is prouder, showing to her sons how high 10
 Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.
 She would not leave behind her those she loved:
 Such solitary safety might become
 Others; not her; not her who stood beside
 The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
 Of France and Perfidy assail'd the walls
 Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
 Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret!
 Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,
 And shortly none will hear my failing voice, 20
 But the same language with more full appeal

* Related in the *Household Words* of April 24 [1852]. [L. footnote om. 1853. The magazine quoted gave an account of Margaret Fuller's life and of her death at sea in July 1850. Born in Massachusetts, 1810, she became noted as a woman of letters. In Italy she married the Marquis d'Ossoli. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER

Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains
Worthy to sing of thee: the hour is come;
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S FAIR BARGAIN

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 18, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. xxxvi), 1876.]

CAHILLS! do what you will at home,	Murder, to please the Prince of
Order'd, or order'd not, by Rome.	Peace.
Teach Innocence the deeds of	For Him who sees thro worlds set
Shame,	spies,
Question her, what each act, each	And guard the throne of Truth
name?	with lies. 10
Hear patiently, where, how, how	Only, where Treason tempts you,
often,	pause,
Ere ghostly commination soften.	And leave us house and home and
Brawl, bidding civil discord cease;	laws. L. 1852.

Title, signature, and date om. 1853. [The Rev. Daniel William Cahill, D.D. (1796–1864), Principal of a Roman Catholic seminary in Ireland. Letters from him attacking the Church of England were printed in the *Dublin Telegraph*. W.]

ON THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BROTHERS BANDIERA BETRAYED TO THE K. OF NAPLES

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 25, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. covi). See note at end of volume.]

BORNE on white horses, which	Came Castor and his brother; at
the God of Thrace	which sight
Rein'd not for wanton Glory in	A shout of victory drown'd the
the race	din of fight. 10
Of Elis, when from far	O Rome! O Italy!
Ran forth the regal car,	Doom'd are ye, doom'd to see
Even from Syracuse, across the	Nor guides divine nor high-aspir-
sea,	ing men,
To roll its thunder thro that	Nor proudly tread the battle-field
fruitless lea;	agen?
No; but on steeds whose foam	Lol! who are they who land
Flew o'er the helm of Rome,	Upon that southern strand?

Title. Bandiera] Bandieri 1853. K.] King 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Ingenuous are their faces, firm their gait . .	Evoked shall inextinguishable flame
Ah! but what darkness follows them? . . 'tis Fate!	Rise, and o'er-run yon coast, And animate the host
They turn their heads . . and blood Alone shows where they stood!	As did those Twins . . the mur- derers to pursue
Sons of Bandiera! heroes! by your name	Til the same sands their viler blood imbue.
21	WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

THE BEES OF GUILLIVELLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 25, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CXLVI).]

A farmer at Guillivelle sent his carter, with a cart and five horses, to remove some rubbish from a wall, near which he had 250 hives. Returning to the house for something, the carter tied his horses to a tree. The bees issued forth; the horses were covered with them, and even their nostrils filled. Coming back, he found two dead, the three others rolling about in agony; and these also died soon after. The same swarms, some time before, had stung to death eighteen goslings. [L.]

BEES! conscripts! braves of Guil- livelle!	Of all who stir or who sit still.
What poet, yet unborn, shall tell,	Beneath yon cart what Prudhons fall! 11
Not of your treasuries of sweets, But of your more than manly feats?	What Thierses, where those gos- lings sprawl,
Above the song of bard or bee, French soldiers, truly French, are ye,	In mire as deep, writhe, hiss, and gabble . .
Your bayonets at once invade	Excessively uncomfortable!
The densest loftiest barricade,	The President, as due, decrees
And equally ye take it ill	Your regiment for feats like these Be called The Bonaparte Bees. L.

Title. Guillivelle* with Introduction [, and . . . filled om.] as footnote, 1853.
11 Prudhons] Proudhons 1853. [Pierre Joseph Proudhon (1809-65), socialist. W.]
Signature (initial L.) om. 1853.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S PYRRHA

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 16, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. CCIV).]

WHAT slender youth perfused with fresh macassar
Woos thee, O England, in St. Stephen's bower?
For whom unlockest thou the chest that holds thy dower?

Title and signature (initial L.) om. 1853.

PARAPHRASE OF HORACE'S PYRRHA

Simple as ever! Is there a deluder
Thou hast not listen'd to, thou hast not changed,
Laughing at one and all o'er whom thy fancy ranged?

While the big waves against the rock are breaking,
And small ones toss and tumble, fume and fret,
Along the sunny wall I have hung up my net.

L.

Between ll. 6-7 1853 inserts three lines:

The last that won thee was not overhappy,
And people found him wavering like thyself:
The little man looks less now laid upon the shelf.

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 6, 1852; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cii).]

DESERTED in our utmost need
Was Peel: behold what fags succeed!
Lie dead, ye bees! come forth, ye drones!
Malmsburies, Salisbury's, Pakingtons!
Hum in the sunshine while ye may,
To-morrow comes a rainy day.

L.

2 : behold what], and what poor 1853. 4 Salisbury's] Maidstones 1853. 5
Hum] *Hum* 1853. *Signature* (initial L.) om. 1853.

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 20, 1852.]

Now from the chamber all are gone
Who gazed and wept o'er Wellington,
Derby and Dis do all they can
To emulate so great a man.
If neither can be quite so great,
Resolved is each to *LIE in state*.

INGRATITUDE

18 NOVEMBER, 1852

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 27, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. clxxvii).]

INGRATITUDE! we seldom miss	I am doubtful in what house to find
Thy presence in a world like this.	One whom scarce any but hath
But thou wert always fond of	known . .
state,	Ingratitude! where art thou flown?
A close attendant on the great.	O'er chariot-wheels and horns
So little mix I with mankind,	and drums

[The Austrian ambassador was not present at the Duke of Wellington's funeral, November 18, 1852. His absence was said to be owing to the assault on Baron von Haynau, see p. 75. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A voice (I think I know it) comes.
What says it? In my ear it says, 11
"Men differ in awarding praise;
But here the nations all unite
In one applause, since each one's
right

His sword asserted; every prince
Swore under it" . . And unswore
since.

Of iron crown and sour-kroust
heart,

Austria, she only, stands apart.

Is this a novelty? Before,
When the fierce Turk unhinged
her door, 20

And Sobieski struggled hard
To bar it, what was his reward?
When Wallenstein no more en-
larged

The lands he rescued, he was
charged

With treason: when Savoy's
Eugene

Saw her fly back, and stood
between

Her recreant duke and rushing
foe,

Nov. 19.

And warded off the final blow:
When Marlborough swell'd the
Danau's flood
With Gallic and Bavarian blood:
What won they? what? Ingrati-
tude. 31

Thus to herself is Austria true . .
Nought better, wiser, could she
do,

Than from all honors thus abstain
To him who gave her power to
reign.

Two chiefs hath Austria quite her
own,

Two fit supporters of the throne:
One from the bailifs ran away,
And one from those who load the
dray.

Ah! how much worthier such men
are 40

Than Wellington, to wear her star,
Her cross, inexplicable riddle,*
Her tup, hung dangling by the
middle,

And, overgorged with gore at
Pest,

Eagle, that now befouls the nest.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* "Inexplicable riddle" what the cross should mean on the bosom [breast 1853] of
perjurers and assassins. [L. In 1853 appended to cross,* first two words of footnote being
omitted; as also the last two.]

30 Gallie] Gallick 1853.

TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 29, 1853; reprinted, *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CCLII).]

No bell, no cannon, by proud Ocean borne
From Ganges or from Tagus or from Rhine,
Striking with every fiery pulse (nor less
In every panting interval between)

[Sir William Molesworth (1810-55), first Commissioner, Board of Works, with a
seat in the Cabinet, January, 1853. In 1838 he had moved a vote of censure on the
Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg. See l. 38.]

TO SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH

England's deep heart, sounds now. The world revives:
 Grief for the saviour of our country sinks
 At last into repose. We look around
 On those who stood with him and heard his voice
 Amid the uproar of domestic strife;
 We spurn, as well we may do, all who left 10
 Their sinking leader in his bravest fight,
 Fight against Famine, fight enthroning Peace.
 He who wins power is sure of winning praise,
 Sweeter unearn'd than earn'd, and he may sing,
 As sang in listless bower the Venusine,
 "*The ready and the facile one for me!*"
 I laud the man who struggles hard for Fame.
 Borne o'er false suitors and invidious elds,
 O'er impotent and sterile blandishments,
 O'er sounding names that worthless wealth acquires 20
 Or recreant genius self-exiled from heaven,
 Faithful is Fame to him who holds her dear.
 Napiers and Wellingtons not every day
 March out before us; no, nor every day
 Are wanted; but for every day we want
 Integrity, clear-sighted, even-paced,
 Broad-breasted, single-hearted, single-tongued,
 Such as in Peel. Longer and quicker step
 Sometimes is needful.

Thou whose patient care,

Patient but zealous, anxious but serene, 30
 Hath watcht o'er every region of our rule
 With calm keen eye, undazzled and undim'd,
 Molesworth! watch on! The false, the insolent,
 Who riveted erewhile Australia's chain,
 And shook it in her ear to break her rest,
 Then call'd up Hope, then call'd up Tantalus,
 And rubb'd his knees at their credulity . .
 Him thou well knowest . . him with hand and foot
 Keep down, and hold him lifelong from the forge.

January 13

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

16 [Horace, *Satire*, i. ii. 119.] 37 rubb'd] rub'd L. F. 39 Keep] Spurn L. F.
Date and signature omitted in L. F.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ITALY IN JANUARY 1853

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 5, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxxx), 1876. A portion also reprinted as separate poem, 1858.]

O NATION of Alfieri! thou
Before the cope and cowl must bow,
And Gallic herds from Tiber drink
Until the stagnant water sink,
And nothing be there left but mud
Dark with long streaks of civic blood.
Mark, Galileo, with what glee,
From sorcery's fragile thralldom free,
The sun spins round thy worlds and thee!
Above, to keep them in, is bent 10
A solid marble firmament,
Which saints and confessors hold down
Surmounted with a triple crown.
Torture had made thee (never mind!)
A little lame, a little blind:
God's own right-hand restores thy sight,
And from his own he gives thee light;
His arm supports thy mangled feet,
Now firm, and plants near His thy seat.
Savonarola! look below, 20
And see how fresh those embers glow
Which once were faggots round the stake
Of him who died for Jesu's sake,
Who walkt where his apostles led,
And from God's wrath, not mortal's, fled.
Come, Dante! virtuous, sage, and bold,
Come, look into that miry fold;
Foxes and wolves lie there asleep,
O'ergorged; and men but wake to weep;
Come, Saints and Virgins! whose one tomb 30
Is Rome's parental catacomb;
Above where once ye bled, there now
Foul breath blows blushes from the brow
Of maidens, whipt until they fall
To feed the plump confessional.
O earlier shades! no less revered!
In your Elysium ye have heard

3 Gallic] Gallick *L. F.* *ll.* 26-43 also printed in *Dry Sticks*, 1858, with title
Another Age. 36 no] not 1858.

ITALY IN JANUARY 1853

No tale so sad, no tale so true,
None so incredible to you.

Gloomy as droops the present day,
And Hope is chill'd and shrinks away,
Another age perhaps may see
Freedom raise up dead Italy.

40

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. L. F.

ON THE TZAR

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 4, 1853; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PEACE! fly to Heaven; and, righteous War! come down.
Europe sits trembling at a despot's frown.
O'er provinces and realms behold him stride!
And seas of blood alone can quench his pride.
Strike, valiant arm impatient of disgrace,
And let him die the death of half his race!

May 26.

W. S. LANDOR.

Title. Not in 1853.

Date and signature om. 1858.

TO CAROLINE CHISHOLM

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 13, 1853; reprinted 1858.]

How little have the powerful of the earth
Aided in raising up God's image, marred
In falling, and from age to age trod down!
Crowns have but crusht it; shepherds and their flocks
Only the more defiled it; Laws have buzzed
Perplexing round about; before the prance
Of War they cowered awhile, then seized his hand,
And, running at his side, took half the spoil.
Europe and Asia rais'd Gods over Gods,
Men over men; but gentle brotherhood
They never knew. Our iland sent beyond
The Atlantic wave stern stubborn hearts, unmoved
By pity, and intolerant of tears.
One after sent she forth of milder mien,
And Peace and Justice were the counselors
On right and left of that sage patriarch.

10

[Mrs. Chisholm, wife of Captain Archibald Chisholm, Madras Army, who in 1838 went on furlough to South Australia. He rejoined his regiment in 1840, but Mrs. Chisholm remained at Sydney till 1846, devoting herself to efforts on behalf of female colonists. She died at Fulham, March 25, 1877. W.]

12 stern] some 1858. 14 One [Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, Governor-General of Australia, 1850, died 1858; eldest son of General Lord Charles Fitzroy. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Brave was the sire, but braver was the son,
 Founder of states to live when Europe dies.

Greater than he comes one whom never gain
 Attracted, never sanguinary field
 Delighted, never idle peace allured
 From earnest duty: thro' remoter seas
 Her vessel sails . . . *her* vessel? Yes, that helm
 A woman guides . . . but One above guides *her*.

20

Chisholm! of all the ages that have roll'd
 Around this rolling globe, what age hath seen
 Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise
 As thine? Crime flies before thee, and the shores
 Of Austral Asia, lustrated by thee,
 Collect no longer the putrescent weeds
 Of Europe, cast by senates to infect

30

The only unpolluted continent.
 Thither hast thou conducted honest toil
 Fainting of hunger on the wealthy street,
 Thither the maiden in whose pallid face
 Lust thought he saw his victim, but could raise
 Only one blush and one indignant tear.
 These, these hast thou watcht over, nor hast lookt
 Beyond, where Glory sits awaiting thee;
 Nor wouldst thou hear with any fresh delight,
 What sages in their histories will record,
 That the most potent empire of the earth
 Was planted, some five centuries before,
 Under God's guidance by his Chisholm's hand.
 Semiramis begirt with terraced walls
 Her mighty city for the prince and slave;
 Thy grander soul threw open a wide world
 With one command. *Be virtuous, and be free.*

40

Signature om. 1858.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TRUE CHARACTER OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 10, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

Thy greatest man from earth had past,
 England! and now is gone thy last;
 Thy last save one, whom thou hast borne
 That loss, a brother's loss, to mourn.

Title. . . . Sir Charles James . . . *Last Fruit*.
 Wellington died September 14, 1852.]

1 greatest man. [The Duke of
 2 thy last. [General Sir Charles James

Napier died August 29, 1853.]

TRUE CHARACTER OF SIR CHARLES NAPIER

In union History shall place
The noblest of a noble race;
For, just and grateful, she well knows
How much to each of them she owes.
High shines the soldier's sword of fire,
The record held by Truth shines higher.

10

Sept. 2.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[In both printings the poem is appended to a prose article ending as follows:

The great Historian of English victories, the most eloquent, the most truthful, may from his own science and experience do justice to his brother; more than justice he neither could nor would. God grant that his failing health, and wounds which grief exasperates, may not quite disable him, nor long detain him from this sacred duty.]

Date and signature om. L.F.

HENRY THE EIGHTH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cv); reprinted 1876.]

THOU murderous man! a time there comes, we trust,
When, king's or peasant's, dust springs forth from dust:
Then, when the spirit its own form shall see,
Beauteous or hideous, woe then, wretch, to thee!

THE MOTHER OF PRINCE RUPERT*

[Published in 1853 (No. ccxiv).]

SOLE one of all thy race	And think upon thy son,
Who never brought disgrace	Who many laurels won
Upon thy native land!	Where laurels should not grow,
Against the ruin'd wall	Til England's star prevail'd
Where rang thy marriage-hall,	And Caledonia's paled,
Now still as heaven, I stand,	And the dim crown lay low.

* Justice has been lately done to his memory by the discriminating pen of Eliot Warburton. He died poor: his calumniator Clarendon was no "*whited sepulcher*", but a treasury of which the vault fell in. [L.]

THE DUKE OF YORK'S STATUE

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

ENDURING is the bust of bronze,
And thine, O flower of George's sons,
Stands high above all laws and duns.

As honest men as ever cart
Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
And raised thee up to where thou art.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

NELSON, COLLINGWOOD, PELLEW

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXVI); reprinted 1858.]

STEDFAST, energetic, iron, was Nelson's will
To man, to woman flexible as gold.
Who are the pair beside him that support
His steps?

Two greater even than himself;
More virtuous, nor less valiant; years on years,
They toil'd upon the waves, nor rested *this*
His weary feet on his domestic hearth,
Nor felt the embraces of a tender brood
Or wife, the cherisht of his youthful days:
And *that*, with countenance as firmly mild, 10
Shared nearly the same lot; but more than once
He claspt his blooming offspring to his breast,
Then sprang afloat.

Our annals shall record
Actions more glorious than whatever shone
O'er other lands and other seas: not Blake,
Not even Blake, tho arm'd by God himself,
Displayed more active, more intrepid skill,
More calm decision, than was thine, Pellew,
Deliverer of all captives that the world
Bemoan'd as helpless, hopeless, in Algiers. 20
France came and strode upon those shatter'd walls
And waved her flag above them, and stil waves,
Regardless of her vows. But when were oaths
By her regarded? even with herself?
The Frank of old in wood and swamp was free,
The Arab in his desert: now alike
They share the chain; one proud to see it shine,
The other biting it with frantic tooth
Til burnt alive for such fierce contumacy.

Title. Pellew] and Pellew 1858.

For ll. 1-2 1858 substitutes three lines:

Few have been better, braver none have been,
Than Nelson: iron were his will and power
With man, with woman flexible as gold.

3 pair . . . that] twain aside him who 1858. 5 on] and 1858. 6 They . . . *this*
This . . . he 1858. 13 shall] may 1858. 15 O'er . . . Blake] On . . . Blake's 1858.
16 Blake . . . arm'd] Blake's, inspired 1858. 19 captives] nations 1858. 21
upon . . . shatter'd] across the shattered 1858. 24 By . . . regarded] Regarded by
her 1858. 25 in . . . free] was free in wood and swamp 1858. 26 desert] desert
1858. In 1853 fifteen lines were wrongly printed after l. 29 as part of the poem and
the error noted in corrigenda. For poem wrongly printed in 1853, see vol. iv, p. 91.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

LADY HAMILTON

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXXV); reprinted 1876.]

LONG have the Syrens left their sunny coast,
The Muse's voice, heard later, soon was lost:
Of all the Graces one remains alone,
Gods call her Emma; mortals, Hamilton.

DEFENDERS OF HAYNAU, ETC.

[Published in 1853 (No. XI).]

A JEW apostate, a degenerate Scot,
Tongue after tongue, lick smooth the darkest blot,
But only widen what they would erase
And show more horrible the wretch they praise.
The scourge that lacerates the modest bride,
And swings about the matron's breast, they hide.
Bullet and halter for the brave and wise!
Honor and wealth for loyal perjuries!
Wait! there are thunderbolts not forged in heaven,
And crimes there only, if e'en there, forgiven. 10

[The Austrian General Baron Julius Jakob von Haynau, when in London in September, 1850, was assaulted by a mob outside Barclay's brewery. W.]

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. XIV).]

O WHAT a pleasant thing it is	Hip! for dear parsons and dear
To see our Derby and our Dis	corn! 10
Walk hand in hand together;	Hip! for the bull of crumpled horn!
While Lord John Russell bites	Hip! hip! for Convocation!"
his nail	But no such pleasant thing it is
At whigs and liberals who turn tail,	For Derby at the side of Dis
And wince against the tether.	Cantering o'er the Commons,
After his poor three pints of port	When he believes he hears the bell
The farmer cries, "Ha! that's	For dinner-time, it tolls his knell
your sort	Of parting power. Sad sum-
Of chaps to save the nation.	mons!

1853

[Published in 1853 (No. CXV); reprinted 1876.]

SIT quiet at your hearthstones while ye may;
Look to your arms; place them within your reach;
Keep dry the powder; throw none on the grate
In idle sport; it might blow up both roof
And door: and then the Bear that growls bursts in.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE ROYAL BEAGLES

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXIV); reprinted with additions and variants in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

O POLITICS! ye wriggling reptiles, hatcht
 In hot corruption, head and tail alike,
 Can no man touch you but his hand must stink
 Throughout the day? must sound become unsound
 In your inclosure? O ye busy mites
 That batten on our cheese, and fatten there
 And seem its substance! Ye shall feel the pure
 And cutting air, drop, and be swept away,
 Scullery and sink receiving you, sent down
 Race after race; and yet your brood outlast
 Old Memnon, with his obelisks for guards,
 And older chiefs whose tents are pyramids,
 Your generations numberless, your food
 Man's corrupt nature, man's corroded heart,
 Man's liquified and unsubstantial brain.
 Yea, while the world rolls on, unfelt to roll,
 There will be grubs and Greys within its core.
 Divested of their marrow and their nerve,
 Gigantic forms lie underneath our feet
 Without our knowing it: we pass, repass,
 And only stop (and then stop heedlessly
 Or idly curious) when some patient sage
 Explores and holds a bone before our eyes,

Title. Only in 1858. *Before l. 1* 1858 has six lines + six words:

Where are the royal beagles so high-fed?
 The grated cart shakes them from side to side,
 Protruding with stretcht neck the sweating tongue:
 Open it; take them by the scuff, and toss
 The creatures into kennel: let them bark,
 And stand upright against the bolted door
 All day, and howl all night.

1 ye . . . hatcht *om.* 1858. 1. 2 *om.* 1858. 3 you] ye 1858. 4 Through-
 out . . . day] His whole life thro' 1858. 6 batten on] live within 1858. 7
 ! Ye . . . pure], must ye feel the keen 1858. 8 cutting] searching 1858. drop,
 and] and thus 1858. *For l. 9* 1858 substitutes:

The scullery and sink receive ye, sent
 10 your brood] ye will 1858. *For ll. 11-12* 1858 substitutes:

Sesostris and Osiris, girded round
 By guards of obelisks and pyramids;

17 grubs . . . within] Greys and Stanleys round 1858. 21 heedlessly] listlessly,
 1858. 22 patient sage] scient hand 1858. 23 Explores] Unearths 1858. a bone]
 huge bones 1858.

THE ROYAL BEAGLES

And says "Ye've trampled on it long enough,
Now let it teach you somewhat; try to learn.
Meanwhile the meadow hums with insect sounds,
And gilded backs and wings o'ertop the grass:
These are sought keenly, highly prized, and cased
(With titles on) in royal cabinets."

24 *Ye've*] Ye 1858. it . . . enough,] them, silly clowns! 1858. 25 *let it*] they
may 1858. For ll. 28-9 1858 substitutes three lines:

And, cap in hand, and over bog and briar,
Men run to catch them. Such are prized, and cased
In secret cabinet for royal use.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xvii); reprinted 1876.]

SMITHFIELD! thy festival prepare
And drive the cattle from the fair;
Another drove is coming fast . .
Tie, tie the faggot to the mast:
And purify the nation's crimes
Again as in the good old times.
"Huzza!" the children cry, "huzza!
Now then for one more holiday!"

[IRELAND]

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIV); reprinted 1876.]

IRELAND never was contented . .	That her turrets split the sky,
Say you so? you are demented.	And about her courts were seen
Ireland was contented when	Liveried Angels robed in green,
All could use the sword and pen,	Wearing, by Saint Patrick's bounty,
And when Tara rose so high	Emeralds big as half a county. 10

Title. Not in either ed.

AN IRISHMAN TO FATHER MATTHEW

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIX); reprinted 1876.]

O FATHER Matthew!
Whatever path you
In life pursue,

God grant your Reverence
May brush off never hence
Our mountain dew!

[The Rev. Theobald Mathew's name is misspelt in both edd. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

JANE OF ARC

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXXII); reprinted 1876.]

O MAID of *Arc*! why dare I not to say
Of *Orleans*? There thro flames thy glory shone.
Accursed, thrice accursed, be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.
With Saints and Angels art thou seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire.

CORDAY

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXI); reprinted 1876.]

HEARTS must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No Corday, no;
Else Justice had not crown'd in heaven thy head
Profaned below.
Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men,
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.
Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

10

ROLAND

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXX); reprinted 1876.]

WHEN she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was convey'd
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
"O sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torne
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne."
He trembled . . but obey'd the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword.

10

4 An aged man [Lamarque, an *assignat* printer. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE DEATH OF MADAME ROLAND

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xviii); reprinted 1876.]

GENIUS and Virtue! dismal was the dearth

Ye saw throughout all France when ye lookt down,
In the wide waste of blood-besprinkled earth,
There was but one great soul, and that had flown.

[TOURS]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxviii); reprinted 1876.]

MEN will be slaves; let them; but force them not;
To force them into freedom is stil worse;

In one they follow their prone nature's bent,
But in the other stagger all awry,
Blind, clamorous, and with violence overthrow
The chairs and tables of the untasted feast.

Bastiles are reconstructed soon enough,
Temples are long in rising, once cast down,
And ever, when men want them, there are those
Who tell them they shall have them, but premise
That they shall rule within them and without.

10

Their voices, and theirs only, reach to heaven,
Their sprinkler cleanses souls from inborn sin
With its sow-bristles shaken in the face,
Their surplice sanctifies the marriage-bed,
Their bell and candle drive the devil off
The deathbed, and their purchast prayers cut short
All pains that would await them after death.

O plains of Tours that rang with Martel's arms
Victorious! these are then the fruits ye bear
From Saracenic blood! one only God
Had else been worshipt . . but that one perhaps
Had seen less fraud, less cruelty, below.

20

Title. Not in either ed. [In August 1852 the Municipal Council at Tours passed a resolution in support of Louis Napoleon. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. vii).]

MONTALEMBERT and Baraguay,
Rejoice! 'tis Freedom's closing day.
Rejoice! one only is the reign
Now from the Neva to the Seine.

[Charles Forbes René, Comte de Montalembert (*ob.* 1870), though a constitutional monarchist, had in 1848 declared himself in favour of Prince Louis Napoleon. General Achille Baraguay d'Hilliers (*ob.* 1878) commanded the French forces in Rome in 1848. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[TWO NAPOLEONS]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxiii); reprinted 1876.]

O WRETCHED despicable slaves,
Accomplices and dupes of knaves!
The cut-throat uncle laid ye low,
The cut-purse nephew gags ye now.
Behold at last due vengeance come
For the brave men ye slew at Rome.

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

EXPECT no grape, no fig, no wholesome fruit
From Gaul engrafted upon Corsican.

TO VERONA

[Published in 1853 (No. cci); reprinted 1876.]

To violate the sanctitude of song,
Of love, of sepulture, have I abstain'd,
Verona! nor would let just wrath approach
Garden or theater: but wrongs are heapt
On thy fair head: my pen must help the sword
To sweep them off.

Shall Austria hatch beneath
Thy sunny citadel her mealworm brood?
Shall Austria pluck thy olives, press thy grapes,
Garner thy corn, thy flocks and herds consume?
Enough 'tis surely that Parthenopè
Bends under the false Bourbon. Foren force
Crushes, and let it crush, the unmanly race,
Degenerate even from Sybarites; but thine
The warlike Gaul and Rome's austerer son
Rear'd up to manhood and begirt in arms.
Rise then, Verona! Lift the wave of war,
As Nature lifts Benacus at thy side,
Tempestuous in its surges, while the banks
Are blithe around, and heaven above serene.
The toad's flat claws hold not the dolphin down,
Nor sinks and sewers pollute the Adrian wave.

10

20

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ROME

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLI); reprinted 1876.]

At Rome may everything be bought
But honesty, there vainly sought:
For other kinds of costly ware
The pontif opens a bazar.
If you have lost your soul, you may
Procure a better . . . only pay.
If you have any favorite sin,
The price is ticketed . . . walk in.
For a few thousand golden pieces
Uncles may marry here their nieces;
The pontif slips the maiden sash,
And winks, and walks away the cash.
Naples, so scant of blushes, sees
And blushes at such tricks as these,
Until a ghostly father saith
Behold, my sons! the ancient faith.
This ancient faith brought faithful Gauls,
In guise of friends to scale the walls
Of manfull Rome; and Louis' word
Unsheath'd Christina's tarnisht sword.

10

20

ll. 17-20 also printed with variants as a separate poem (A) in 1853 (No. xciii), and so reprinted in 1876. 17 This] The 1853 A. brought faithful] brings recreant 1853 A. 19 manfull . . . and Louis'] manful . . . as false their 1853 A. 20 Unsheath'd . . . tarnisht] As ever, and more foul the 1853 A.

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. CXLIII); reprinted 1876.]

Know ye the land where from its acrid root
The sweet nepenthè rears her ripen'd fruit,
Which whoso tastes forgets his house and home?
Ye know it not: come on then; come to Rome.
Behold upon their knees with cord and scourge
Men, full-grown men, pale puffy phantasts urge!
Holiness lies with them in fish and frogs,
Mid squealing eunuchs and mid sculptured logs,
Mid gaudy dresses changed for every scene,
And mumbled prayers in unknown tongue between.
These wrongs imposed on them they call their rights!
For these the poor man toils, the brave man fights!

10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Exclaiming "Saints above! your triumphs o'er,
Shall roasted Riddleys crown the feast no more?
Shall all our candles gutter into gloom,
And faith sit still, or only sweep the room?"

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. v); reprinted 1876.]

SEEING Loreto's holy house descend,
Two robbers were converted. Into what?
Into more robbers; robbers without end,
Who grind men's bones and feed upon men's fat.

[TO MAZZINI]

[Published in 1853 (No. xcvi); reprinted 1876.]

In summer when the sun's mad horses pass
Thro more than half the heavens, we sink to rest
In Italy, nor tread the crackling grass,
But wait until they plunge into the west:
And could not you, Mazzini! wait awhile?
The grass is wither'd, but shall spring agen;
The Gods, who frown on Italy, will smile
As in old times, and men once more be men.

Title. Not in either ed. See l. 5.

TO THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO

[Published in 1853 (No. ccliv). A Latin version "*Carmen ad Heroinam*" was printed on a leaflet in 1849 and published in *Hellenica*, 1859.]

RIGHT in my path what goddess	Shedding fresh blessings, purer
stands?	light . .
Whose is that voice? whence those	And hast thou left the Alpine
commands?	hight,
I see thy stately step again,	The yellow vale, grey-budding
Thine eyes, the founts of joy and	vine
pain,	Whom guardian maple's nets en-
Daughter of the Triulzi! those	twine, 10
But now on Lario's lake arose,	The villa where from open sash

[Christina, daughter of the Marchese Trivulzio and wife of the Prince of Belgioioso, took part in the rising in Lombardy, 1848. See her *Scènes de la vie Nomade*, Paris, 1855, and Landor's imaginary conversation *Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgioioso*, 1848. W.]

TO THE PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO

We heard columnar fountains dash,	Cry thro' gnasht teeth, nor (oozing stil) 30
While candid Gods unmoved above Softened and quietly reprove	To staunch the dense dark blood. At feats
Such restlessness, and citron's bloom	Like these the prowling thief re- treats.
Waves from clear gem its warm perfume.	Untrue to Italy, to all, Untruest to himself, the Gaul!
No loitering here: we must obey, Where the loud trumpet points the way,	The splayfoot of our British Muse Wags woefully in wooden shoes; Nor will the Graces bind their zone
Where new-born men Ausonia calls, And standards shine from moulder- ing walls 20	Round panting bosom overgrown; But thou shalt never feel the wrong
O'er dark Albunea's woods, and o'er	Of bruises from a barbarous tongue: 40
Where graceful Tibur's temples soar.	No, nor shall ditty dull and weak Raise wrath or blushes to thy cheek;
Cornelia's race lives yet; nor drown'd	Nor shall these wreaths which now adorn
In the drear gulph is Clelia; found Again is Arria's dagger; now Who bears it? Belgioioso, thou.	Thy brow, drop off thee, dead ere morn.
Light on the wounded rests a hand	When wars and kingly frauds are past,
Kings may not kiss, much less command;	With Justice side by side, the last Sad stain of blood (O blessed day!)
Nor shrinkest thou to hear the shrill	Egeria's lymph shall wash away.

TO A PROFESSOR IN GERMANY

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclvi).]

TELL me; which merits most the hangman's hold?
This, who leaps boldly in the crowded fold
And kills your sheep before your eyes, or that
Whom your too plenteous kitchen clothed with fat;
Who, mischievous from idleness, repairs,
To steal the cupboard-keys you keep upstairs,
And, when you catch him, suddenly turns round
And throws you, bruised and maim'd, along the ground?
The choice has puzzled you? and you are loth
To favour either! Well then, give him both.

10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Had my last words been heard by yon wise folk,
 Your necks no longer had endured the yoke.
 Were but some twenty perjurers driven forth,
 Fear would have chain'd the wolf that gnaws the north:
 Poland had risen from her death-like trance,
 And shamed, the foulest of seducers, France.
 Kossuth and Klapka then at home might die,
 Nor Turks alone teach Christianity;
 Rome on no weak old wanton place her trust,
 But stamp her brittle idols into dust. 20
 Perjurers, traitors, twenty at the most,
 Cast upon Britain's weed-collecting coast,
 Unharm'd, and carrying with them all their own,
 Leaving but what they forfeited . . the throne . .
 Had left each German people safely free,
 And shown what princes are, and men can be.
 While cries of anguish pierce thro cries of joy,
 Moves the huge God who moves but to destroy:
 O'er India's children the grim idol lours,
 Its weaker shadow, westering, reaches ours. 30
 Kings in their madness trample nations down,
 Madder are nations who adore a crown:
 One only shines beneficent: the love
 Of England guard it! guard it His above!

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXXII); reprinted 1876.]

HUNGARIANS! raise your laurel'd brows again,
 Ye who can raise them from amid the slain,
 And swear we hear but fables, and the youth
 Who sways o'er Austria never "swerv'd from truth."

LAST OF DECEMBER, 1851

[Published in 1853 (No. CCLXV).]

BRIGHT sets the year in yonder sky,	And follow'd thee across the
A flood of glory fills the west,	deep.
The two-neckt eagles' hungry cry	Three nations upon earth remain
Disturbs not there man's whole-	Who earn'd their freedom; one
some rest.	is crost 10
Enjoy it, Kossuth! rest awhile,	By adverse fate; the other twain
Awaken'd only from thy sleep	Light her to find the gem she
By those <i>hurrahs</i> that rent our Ile	lost.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO LORD DUDLEY C. STUART

WITH AN ODE TO KOSSUTH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxlv).]

THIS is my hour	Go then, my line!
To bow to Power.	His knees entwine
"What Power?" you ask, with	(Better than garter) who hath
wonder in your eye.	cheer'd the slave.
Soon said and heard	Little can you,
The simple word . .	Poor infant! do . .
That Power which bends before	Be led by Stuart to the just and
Humanity.	brave.

Title. See "To Kossuth", p. 54.

AMERICAN CHRISTMAS GAMES

[Published in 1853 (No. xl); reprinted 1876.]

WHEN eating and drinking and spitting and smoking
And romping and roaring and slapping and joking
Have each had fair play, the last toast of the night
Is "Success to the brave who have fought the good fight."
Then America whistles, and Hungary sings,
"The cards in the pack are not all knaves and kings.
There are rogues at Vienna, and worse at Berlin,
Who chuckle at cheating so long as they win;
For us yet remains a prime duty to do,
Tho we dirty the kennel by dragging them thro." 10

[EPIGRAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxv); reprinted 1876.]

THERE are some tears that only brave men shed,
The rest are common to the human race.
The cause of Hungary when Kossuth pled
Such tears as his roll'd down the sternest face.
Girls wonder'd, by the side of youths who loved,
Why they had never wept until that hour;
Tender they knew those hearts, but never moved
As then. Love own'd there was one greater power.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO GUYON

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CXXLII); reprinted 1876.]

GUYON! thy praises few dare sing,
But not so few shall hear.
From virgin earth thy laurels spring
O'er fountain deep and clear.

Honor, not Glory, led thee forth,
Young, ardent: at thy word
Up rose the Danube; and the North
Saw the last sheath'd thy sword.

[Richard Debaufre Guyon (1803–1856), son of an English naval officer, served in 1818 with the British Legion in Portugal. In 1823 he entered the Austrian service but in 1848 joined the Hungarian insurgents. From 1853 to 1855 he fought for the Turks in Asia Minor and was Chief of the Staff at Kars. W.]

TO THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON

February 2, 1854.

[Published in *Letters of an American*, 1854.]

Never was such power in the hands of one man as in Louis Napoleon's. The civilized world stands at his side, expecting his determination. I know not what poet, American he should be, has written what I shall now transcribe.

Thou hast, Napoleon, seiz'd on power: one-half
Of thoughtful men condemns thee, one applauds:
Unite them, for thou canst; let Western Rome
And Eastern spring to life again by thee.
Wave timorous counsel off; distrust the speech
Anile, of statesmen who from earliest days
Have bowed to every despot, strong or weak.
Audacity, the necromancer's wand,
Can make them follow silent and submiss;
Or, like some muttered spell from lips accurst,
Can hold them fast and motionless in chains.
Fools! ignorant that wrong engenders wrong,
And that inaction is Death's stepping-stone,
Rais'd on the manly breast that beats no more.

10

We Britons have resigned our heritage,
Our ancient privilege to help oppress
And struggling nations. In my soul's dark depths
I grieve, with grief tumultuous, that swells o'er,

TO THE EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON

And forces from my breast one last appeal,
And must it, O Napoleon, be to thee? 20
It must be! none hath courage, none hath strength,
To crush the snow-colossus, to stamp down
Into his native sands that shapeless bulk,
But thou alone. Rise then, Napoleon,
To greatness he who went before thee might
(Had Honor led him onward) have attained.
If Poland's voice had reacht his frozen ear,
The nations of the earth had repossess
Their birthright: give it thou: give back what he
Held out, and then withdrew. No Scythian snows 30
Impede thy path, no bodies of the slain,
League after league, upright as centinels,
On either hand against the roadside ice,
But palms alone, and acclamation loud,
At which the war-horse in mid triumph rears.
May 20.

TO THE CHILDREN OF GARIBALDI

[Published in *The Examiner* May 6, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CHILDREN! be not too proud, altho the man
Whom Ocean smiles on with parental love,
And Earth from every coast with loud applause
Hails a deliverer, children! is your sire.
O what vast empire have ye to defend!
A name so high, so inaccessible,
Virtues so pure and courage so humane,
All are your heritage: by liveried serfs,
On right and left will these be long assail'd:
March ever onward, but march watchfully, 10
Follow his steps, and ye are safe; depart
One furlong from them and ye sink beneath
The vilest head that ever dozed on throne
Or ever bow'd to it: be true to Faith,
Not Faith recumbent upon downy lies,
But Faith that grasps the hand of Providence
And Justice in this darkened world of ours,
And bends to One above, to none below.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE TURNING THE TZAR'S PORTRAIT AGAINST THE WALL AT CHATSWORTH

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 15, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Wonder not, stranger, coming from the dome
Where Nature in her beauty sits enthroned,
To find that Virtue exiles from her home
Him at whose feet whole nations long have groaned.

Wonder not that the tyrant's painted mask
Is turn'd against the wall: his generous host
Knew not the traitor . . Fount of Truth! we ask
In fear if such example must be lost

In other palaces, in higher seats,
Whose floor erewhile the smooth barbarian trod, 10
The heart of Cavendish this verse repeats,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

July 7.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[The 6th Duke of Devonshire (ob. 1858), was sent to Russia in 1826 to represent his sovereign at the coronation of Nicholas I, who when in England in 1844 visited him at Chiswick. W.]

Date and signature om. 1858.

ON THE EARTHQUAKE AT ST. SAUVEUR AND BIARITZ THE NIGHT OF THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

THE mountains bow'd and trembled as he came,
Shall not Earth's man-gorged monsters do the same?

W. S. L.

[Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie arrived at Biaritz from Paris, July 21, 1854. On the morning of the previous day earthquake shocks were felt throughout the Pyrenees. W.]

Signature om. 1858.

WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

WHERE are the brave?

With God: for Earth gives up
All who would circulate the social cup
Of sober Freedom.

What men have chain'd down
Italians, Poles, Hungarians?

What? Our own.

Title not in 1854.

WHERE ARE THE BRAVE?

Blush, honest England: thy embroidered knaves
Adapt the links that despots drill on slaves.
Ah England! *art* thou honest? but for thee
Man had been manly, Europe had been free.

W. S. L.

6 Adapt] Have forged 1858.

Signature om. 1858.

A FOX IN A CRADLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1854; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A fox, to Castlecombe pursued*	There are some black ones at their
From Badmington, thro' down	holes
and wood,	Who lick their lips for you, poor
In a child's cradle took his place	souls!
And lay there like a babe of	I sniff the scent; I hear the sign
Grace.	In Wilberforce's distant whine. 10
Ah babes of Grace! beware lest	Let your old nurses tuck you tight,
you	Or they will share your sheets at
Be come about by foxes too.	night.

W. S. L.

* Fact related to Mr. Beckford. [L. om. 1858.]

Title not in 1854. 10 Wilberforce's [Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford's brother, had resigned preferments in the Church of England in August 1854 and on November 1 was received into the Roman Catholic Church. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

TO PRINCE ADAM CZARTORISKI

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 18, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

THE house of mourning in a foren land
I have no privilege to enter now;
When all were happy there I entered it,
A not unhonored nor ungrateful guest.
By bad men hated and by good beloved,
I have lived on, not unconcern'd, amid
The struggles and uprisings of our world,
The shattered hopes of nations, which their God
Calls with his trumpet to unite again,
And to embody in more glorious form.
I panted to be present on that day,
And may yet see it.

10

Down, usurpers, down

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Ye perjurers, ye blasphemers! Down, false Gods,
Who made earth hell! in hell be now adored.
One like yourselves shall smite you, that the blow
May fall the heavier on your abject heads.

Shalt not thou, Czartoriski, live to see
The justice thy beloved land implores
Of those her valor rescued from the sword?
Perhaps thou mayest not; for years and cares 20
Have weigh'd upon thee sorely: but whoe'er
Hath lived as thou hast lived may look behind
And hear the plaudits of a noble race
Bursting thro' light and darkness from afar.
Is there no solace in the gentle voice
Of that brave man whose brow was gasht with swords,
But before sword or scepter never bent?
The shameless were ashamed: his prison-door
Flew open: he went forth, and breath'd free air
In other lands than those which celebrate 30
His natal day in sadness and despair.
To such Death's portal opens not in gloom,
But its pure chrystal hinged on solid gold
Shows avenues interminable, shows
Amaranth and palm, quivering in sweet accord
Of human mingled with angelic song.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

27 scepter . . . bent?] sceptre . . . bent? * *with footnote* * Kosciusko. 1858. [Anna Maria, sister of Prince Adam George Czartoriski, died in Paris, October 21, 1854. Her marriage to Duke Lewis Frederick of Württemberg had been dissolved in 1792. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

[SEVASTOPOL]

[Published in Linton's *English Republic*, 1854.]

SEVASTOPOL is won! Deplore all
Inmates of Windsor and Balmoral:
And with both wristbands rub thy een,
Bootless and breechless Aberdeen.

[On October 2, 1854, nearly a year before the event, London papers published telegrams announcing the fall of Sebastopol. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

RELIEF AT THE CRIMEA

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 20, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FLANNEL, and potted meat, and rum,	And upon shallow pools might bear.
Before the dogdays will have come	A gentleman from Tipperary,
In Ellesmere's expected yacht . .	Alert as he is wise and wary, 10
I know but one event like that.	Wrote home for skates: one fine
Here is the story . . I remember	May morn
About the middle of December	The skates he wrote for reach
Icefringed the Arno, crisp and clear,	Leghorn.

L.

Title not in 1855. 2 dogdays] dog-days 1858. 3 yacht [Lord Ellesmere's yacht, *Erminia*, with warm clothing &c. for the troops arrived February 13, 1855. See Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea*, vi. 392. W.]
Signature om. 1858.

[LORD ABERDEEN]

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 10, 1855.]

Doom'd to the gallows, once a lord	Leaves Riga hemp for vulgar
Craved hanging by a silken cord:	use;
On the same errand, Aberdeen	Low rogues on rougher rope may
Receives the garter of our Queen.	swing,
He who hath long played <i>fast and</i>	But lords, . . 'tis quite another
<i>loose</i> ,	thing.

W. S. L.

1 a lord [Lawrence Shirley, Earl Ferrers, executed May 5, 1760. W.] 3 Aberdeen
[the Earl of Aberdeen announced the resignation of his ministry on February 1, 1855 and on February 6 was invested with the Order of the Garter. W.]

THE LADIES OF LEEDS

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, February 17, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

LADIES of Leeds! the arts of peace	In strenuous strife, in righteous
With golden crown have crown'd	war,
your sires;	And well ye know the help they
And Heaven, the blessing to in-	need.
crease,	
Hath ranged you round domestic	A traitor, hid behind the throne,
fires.	Has barr'd the honest house-
	dog in; 10
Mindful are ye from theirs how far	While the safe wolf stalks slyly on,
Your country's brave defenders	And hears and mocks his angry
bleed,	din.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

For war and warlike song unfit,
 Along the vale of years I creep;
 Glory and virtue charm me yet,
 And make the darkness round
 less deep.

The vale of years is not a vale
 Where flowers that teem with
 honey shine,

Where shepherds love to tell the
 tale,
 And then the coronal to twine.

Here on my elbow as I rest, 21
 And faintly blow the unequal
 reeds,

Harmonious voices sing, "*Be blest
 In love, just pride of parent
 Leeds!*"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 17, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A COWARD! who dares call Sir
 James

Such inappropriate, ugly names?
 Against the world will I uphold
 No Briton ever was so bold.

Say, did he, minister of state,
 One hour, one moment, hesitate
 To open letters not his own,
 Nor relevant to England's throne?
 And did he not full surely know—
 Nay, take good heed, they should

lay low 10
 Two youthful heads that Greece
 had crown'd,

Chaunting immortal hymns a-
 round.

I warrant you the brave Sir James
 Would toss these hymn-books on
 the flames,

And start straitforward and defy
 Hisscowering country's scornful cry.
 Fame! what is fame?—a passing
 gust

That gathers up and scatters
 dust:

But cabinets are close and warm,
 Where Shame may sit and fear no
 harm. 20

Title Graham om. 1858 (no title in 1855). [He was Postmaster-General for a few days in Palmerston's Ministry, 1855. W.] 11 Two . . . heads [sc. The Bandieri. See p. 65. W.]

ON THE FAST-DAY AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED

[Published in *Pen and Pencil*, March 24, 1855.]

No longer presbyterian snarls
 At that most blessed martyr,
 Charles.

Enough, to praise the Lord and
 say
 That every dog has had his day.

Saint Peter! you may hold the keys
 And may let enter whom you
 please.

We have another Saint, quite even
 With you. behind the bridge . .
 St. Stephen.

ON THE FAST-DAY AS BY LAW ESTABLISHED

Our Saint is never overnice,
No, nor in any face looks twice 10
Before he says "*Come in*," like you
Ready to take the fee his due.

High are the honors he has won,
For much expended, little done;
And now lies* drifted on the sands
The *Ship of Fools* that he commands.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* One of the ministers said "We are *drifting* towards war." Never was expression more unintentionally appropriate. Ships do not drift if under steerage. [L. The phrase quoted was Lord Clarendon's in the House of Lords, February 14, 1854. March 21, 1855 was by Royal Proclamation a fast day, and prayers were said for blessings on "a just and necessary war." W.]

THE GEORGES

[Published in *The Atlas*, April 28, 1855.]

GEORGE the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
(God be praised!) the Georges ended.

W. S. L.

[For another version see *Notes and Queries*, May 3, 1902, p. 354. The lines are said to have been suggested by Thackeray's lectures on the four Georges. W.]

ON THE SPEAKER SANCTIONING WORDS WHICH A PREDECESSOR HAD REPROVED

[Published in *The Atlas*, May 5, 1855.]

"TAKE away that bauble!" cried England soon again may hear:
Cromwell, with indignant pride. What the manly voice of one
Ah, those very words, I fear, Uttered, millions may intone.

W. S. L.

[In the House of Commons on May 1, 1855, the member for North Warwickshire referred to Maynooth College as an institution which taught an idolatrous religion. The member for Cork asked the Speaker whether such an expression should be allowed. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's reply was not what might be inferred from the title of Landor's poem, but it may have been provoked by an incorrect report of the incident. W.]

TO THE EMPEROR

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 5, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Now thou hast left this friendly Crisping afar the pliant wave
shore, That bore the beauteous with the
And civic shouts are heard no brave . .
more, Aloof from others, here I stand

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Erect upon my native land.

Napoleon! never came I near
The courtly train while thou wert
here,

Nor sought the depths of that
calm eye

To me once friendly: hear me
why. 10

No, hear not *me*, but Rome; and
there

Look on the broken curule chair.

Above its fragments sits elate

A priest! o'er all that once was
great.

We grieve it gone, but grieve far
more

To lose what one man could
restore.

April 22.

Date and signature om. 1858.

Whatever country be our home,
We had one nurse, and she was
Rome.

The past is past, but may re-
turn,

And wisdom yet more wisdom
learn. 20

Power is unstable, Truth is not;
Be both, for Europe's sake, thy
lot!

Tell Justice to outspread her
wings

And cool the crazy heads of kings:
Her balance may be now restored

By throwing in the Gallic sword.

Thy future glory let it be

To serve the good and rule the
free.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A PUISSANT PRINCE

[Published in *The Atlas*, June 9, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

A most puissant picture-scouring Prince,
Whose charger never has been known to wince
Before a bayonet or cannon ball,
Resolved Sebastopol's beleaguered wall
In one more brief campaign should tumble down
Beneath the terrors of his fatty frown.
What said Napoleon?

This Napoleon said,
And shook ambiguously the imperial head.
"Let others trench, and undermine, and storm,
Prince! you have higher duties to perform, 10
Leave you one Titian only half extinct,
One Claude, one Rubens."

Thus he spake, and winkt.

1 Prince [thought to be the Prince Napoleon whose part in the Crimean war won for him the *soubriquet* of Plon-Plon. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

LEADERS AND ASPIRANTS

[Published in *The Atlas*, July 28, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PALMERSTON "lies and gives the lie
With equal volubility."
Even the "artful Dodger," little John,
Is scarce a match for Palmerston.
Who next? Jim Crow; he prigs our letters,
And parries Freedom like his betters.

Title. Leaders and Aspirants] Rhyme and Reason 1855. 3 Even the] The 1858.
4 scarce a] scarcely 1858. 5, 6 not in 1855. 5 Jim Crow [sc. Sir James
Graham. W.]

THE BRAVER MAN

[Printed in *The Atlas*, October 6, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

WHY should not A. meet the Tzar,
And terminate at once our war?
What earthly foe can A. fear?
Has he not quell'd both hare and deer?
Let him now put the feathered hat on,
And earth will quake before his baton.

Title. The Braver Man] The Pacific Hero. 1858 1, 3 A.] Albert 1858. 2 our]
this 1858. 4 hare] grouse 1858. 6 will quake] shall quail 1858.

ON A STATEMENT IN THE "TIMES"

[Published in *The Atlas*, October 6, 1855.]

A NOBLE duke in vain is prickt
With sharpest jibes: cuft, cudgel'd, kickt:
When Honor calls he shuts the door;
"I never saw your face before,"
Cries he, and frowns, and fans him cool
Upon his consort's lapdog-stool
From all this hero wins the race.
Is there no *Garler* for his Grace?
Must "Woods and Forests" show alone
The trophies his right-hand hath won?

10

[*The Times*, September 29, 1855 published correspondence about a dispute between
the Duke of Somerset and Mr. Alfred Hamilton. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

BOURBONS

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 24, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ISABELLA spits at Spain,	Rolls it now? I smell it under 11
Bomba strips and scourges	That fat priest in that foul chair.
Naples:	
Are there not then where they	Never was there poet wanting
reign	Where the lapdog licks the
Rotten eggs or rotten apples?	throne;
	Lauds and hymns we hear them
Halters, gibbets, axes, blocks!	chanting,
Your old textbook ye forget:	Shame if I were mute alone!
Treadmills, pillories, humbler	
stocks!	Let me then your deeds rehearse,
Ye perform your duties yet.	Gem of kings and flower of
	queens!
Men have often heard the thunder	Tho' I may but trail a verse
Roll at random; where, O where	Languider than Lamartine's. 20

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 Rotten] Addled 1858. ll. 5-6=ll. 7-8 1858. ll. 7-8=ll. 5-6 1858.
 8 perform . . . duties] repeat . . . lessons 1858. ll. 13-16 also printed in 1858 as
 separate poem (B) headed Poets on Duty, and with variants noted below:
 13 was there] yet was. 14 the . . . the] a lapdog lickt a. 15 Lauds . . . them]
 While a priest the lauds was. 16 Shame . . . mute] I stand off and muse.
Signature om. 1858

TO A TRAITOR

[Printed in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855. See note at end of volume.]

Thy lying heart, and not thy vanquish'd arms,
 Degrade thee, vilest of earth's vilest race!
 On France descends her glory with fresh charms,
 On thee thy infamy with fresh disgrace!

'Twas not enough to thrust in Hymen's hand
 A torch that would not light while Love wept by;
 At midnight couch to bid a Bresson stand,
 Stifling with threats a victim niece's cry.

'Twas not enough to seat beside thy Queen
 A harlot reeking with thy kinsman's blood;
 'Twas not enough to lick the spoils obscene
 Which that low losel cast before thy brood.

10

TO A TRAITOR

But thou must pilfer the poor pittance thrown
 To those who carv'd for thee the royal feast.
 Off! off! let France stand upright, stand alone,
 From Austria, Guizot, Philip, Fraud, releast!

Feb. 25 [1848]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PEACE

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 5, 1856; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

HE who would wish his country	Couple your hungry hounds where
great	runs
Must call around her every state,	Your Elbe, for never England's
Upholding high their rights and	sons
laws;	Shall wear a collar punctured by
Must spurn usurpers, and despise	you.
As weak and worthless all allies	Away with leaders who forget,
Who fight against Man's common cause.	Or have to learn their duties yet!
Princes of Germany! if some	If Peace illumine not every town,
Half-naked to our hearths have come	O may we never see her back!
And we have cloth'd and fed them too,	Never, to trail a train of black
	And bind her brow with fragile crown!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1858.

POET AND MAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 17, 1856.]

POET.	Its mirth, its youth, its life, is
WHY, hurrying by us, dost thou	past,
cease	Fever and Famine close the
To breathe as thou art wont,	scene.
O May?	This year no crown is mine; I
	see
MAY.	None save where drowsy hem-
Disastrous war, disgraceful peace,	locks grow,
Have taken all my breath away.	No ribbon save round palsied
Let me go on. My eyes are cast	knee . .
In vain along the village-green;	Whistle or weep, but let me go.
May 9.	W. S. L.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO THE AMERICANS FROM AN AMERICAN

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 13, 1856.]

HENCEFORTH, Americans, let none
Pronounce the name of Washington;
Whoever shall, that wretch restrain
From mischief with a ball and chain;
Let such felonious monster be
Held doubled under lock and key;
Let our brave Kansas soldiers turn
Their backs on freedom; let them burn
House, barge, men, women, children, till
Not one be left to burn or kill;
And for our toasts we then may sing
President Pierce and Bomba King.

1

Sept. 5.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ON GENERAL COUNT LEININGEN, COUSIN OF QUEEN VICTORIA, MURDERED AT ARAD BY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, OCT. 6, '49

Published in *The Examiner*, October 4, 1856; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. See note
at end of volume.]

AMONG the foremost of Earth's freeborn men
Hungarians still bemoan thee, Leiningen!
Even England, fallen from her low estate,
Beholds, tho' dimly, the sublimely great.
She hugged too fondly her distorted sons,
Castlereas, Cannings, Russells, Palmerstons:
No more asleep or drunk, she marks afar
Deserted Guyon o'er the Raglan star,
And blesses Kossuth's Demosthenic tongue,
Dividing true from false and right from wrong.
O could thy spirit fly across the sea,
And those who boast thy blood resemble thee.

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

On General Count Leiningen] Title. 1858 substitutes: The Prince of Leiningen.
Murdered October 6, 1849, by the Austrian. 2 still] stil 1858. 3 low]
misprint. high 1853. Signature om. 1853.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON AGESILAO MILANO

Published in *The Examiner*, January 10, 1857; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

EVEN the brave abase the head
To lick the dust that tyrants tread;
Not thus Milano: he alone
Would bow to Justice on the throne.
To wear a crown of thorns he trod
A flinty path, and slept with God.

W. S. L.

On Agesilao Milano] *Title not in 1857.* 1 Even . . . abase] Sometimes the brave
have bent 1858. 2 tyrants] despots 1858. 3 thus] so, 1858. 5 wear]
win 1858. 6 slept] rests 1858.

[At a review in Naples, December 8, 1856, Milano, a soldier of the 3rd Chasseurs,
rushed from the ranks and struck King Ferdinand II with his bayonet. He was tried
by court martial and hanged. W.]

Signature om. 1858.

CROMWELL IN COUNCIL

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

PRELATES and Judges! Privy-Councillors!
In virtue of my office I besought
Your presence.

Ye were taught obedience,
And ye should teach it, if so be ye learnt
Your lesson ere ye thrust it into hands
Under your ferule, smarting from it yet.

What is that word I caught from yonder corner?

Jabber no longer. Talk to me of laws!

Laws there are thousands; Justice there is one,

One only. God created her, well pleas'd

10

With his creation. Men like you can make,

And *do* make, year by year and day by day,

What ye call laws. Laws thrust down Eliot

Into Death's chamber, agonized with blows

Of ponderous damp incessant. Better men

Than you or I are doom'd if one escape.

But, by the Lord above! whose holy name

I utter not profanely, by the Lord!

That one shall *not* escape. God's signature

I bear, and I affix it on the blood

20

Of those brave hearts that bounded at Dunbar.

(*The Prelates and Judges &c. go.*)

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Are those folks gone?

Conduct them tenderly;

Draw up thy gloves for it, thy softest pair.
Ireton! thou hast not glibber speech than I,
But tell those cravats, frills, and furbelows,
Those curl'd purveyors to the Unicorn,
A bushel of such heads, priced honestly,
Is not worth one grey hair of Eliot
Pluckt by the torturer Grief, untoucht by Time.
Givers of laws, forsooth!

The feast is over

30

Which they got drunk at, striking right and left
Until their shins and shoulders fared the worst.
Troth! I can scarce be grave in looking at them;
They have now done their work, let us do ours.
We, tho' unworthy of a sight so grand,
Shall see God strike the throne: they who again
So sin, shall see Him raise it in His wrath.

23 thy gloves] the gloves 1858, *corrected in Landor's proof.*

GEORGE THE THIRD'S STATUE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ALTHO' against thee, George the Third!
I threw sometimes a scornful word,
Against thy nape I did not nail
Characteristical pig-tail.
What is thy genus none can doubt
Who looks but at thy brow and snout.

[The bronze statue by Matthew Cotes Wyatt now in Pall Mall East was erected in 1837. W.]

ESPOUSALS OF H.M. OF PORTUGAL

[Published 1858.]

YOUNGSTER of Coburg! thou hast found a throne
Easy to mount, and easier to slip down:
But, in the name of wonder! who beside
Of mortal men could mount thy royal bride?
So vast an enterprize requires the force
And ladder too that scaled the Trojan horse,

[Prince Ferdinand Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (1816-1885), married (by proxy on January 1, 1836 and actually on April 9, 1836), Queen Maria II da Gloria, of the house of Braganza. W.]

ESPOUSALS OF H.M. OF PORTUGAL

In whose rank orifice some hundreds hid
Themselves and arms, and down the rampire slid.
Thou hast achieved a mightier deed and bolder,
And hast not dislocated hip or shoulder.

10

ON ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

No less than either who have borne the name
Of Sidney, those two Napiers of their time,
Is thine, who stoodest upon Acca's mound
And hurledst thence defiance on the host
That would have won Byzantion, which remain'd
The solitary city unsubdued
By fraud or force, from Afric's desart sands
To Zembla's and Siberia's frozen sea.
The vanquisht loved thee for thy generous soul
And own'd thee worthy to be French almost,
While England sent thee forth unrecompent
To live and die among them.

10

Thus it fared
With Rodney too: but Rodney never walkt
Amid the wretched to relieve their wants,
To speak kind words, to press the palsied hand,
And carry from his own now scanty store
A portion under a worn cloak* . . thou didst
Therefor be blessings on thee! therefor praise,
From one who can bestow it, and who deals
Thriftyly that, and watches for desert.

20

* This was related to me by Mr. Sandford, who caught him in the fact. [L. For William Graham Sandford, see p. 328.]

20 Thriftyly] *misp.* 1853, here corrected.

CREDO

[Published in 1858.]

I do believe a drop of water
May save us from the fire herea'ter.
I do believe a crumb of bread,
O'er which the priest his prayer hath said,
May be the richest flesh and blood . .
I would believe too, if I could,
Pius's word is worth a crumb
Or drop; but here awe strikes me dumb.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE FARMER THEOLOGIAN'S HARANGUE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Good people! I wonder now what ye are a'ter,
Who made such a bother o' late about water;
Whether children on whom not a drop ever fell
Could escape, good or naughty, the torments of hell.
While one wants it fresh and while one wants it salt,
I advise you to give it a slight dash of malt.

ILL SUCCESS OF SAINT PETER

[Published in 1858.]

SAINT Peter could fish up	So he rigs a new skiff
No shark of a bishop	And is wondering if
In the waters of far Galilee,	He can find one in Exeter See.

6 Exeter See [Dr. Henry Phillpotts became Bishop of Exeter in 1831. W.]

LOUIS NAPOLEON

[Published in 1858.]

BEEs on imperial mantle Louis bears,
And the same emblem thro' his court appears,
They buz about the hall, they mount the chamber,
The Empress washes them in liquid amber.
They lull the people with their humming wings,
Few taste their honey, many feel their stings.
Yet England's praise hath Louis justly won
In sheltering valiant Guyon's homeless son.

PIGMIES AND CRANES

[Published in 1858.]

I LIVE among the Pigmies and the Cranes,
Nor care a straw who loses or who gains.
Peel doffs the harness, Russell puts it on,
The late Sir Robert is the live Lord John,
Close in the corner sits the abler man,
But show me the more tricky if you can.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ENGLAND! WELL DONE!

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ENGLAND! well done! you strike at last,
And no false German holds you fast.
What say Balmoral and Berlin
When, spite of them, you thus begin?
Perhaps they say you go too far,
And wound all princes thro' the Tzar.

CROKER

[Published in 1858.]

DISPOSER of our fleet is Croker,
He should have been at most a stoker.

[John Wilson Croker, many years Secretary to the Admiralty, resigned that post in 1830. He died August 10, 1857. W.]

LYONS

[Published in 1858.]

THE horn-eyed, cold, constrictor	To battle down the rampant
Tzar,	beast . .
With crouching German satel-	Look, traitor princes! look and
lites,	quail.
Rattles the scaly crest of war	Ere now the victory is won,
To scare off all who seek their	For thro' ten thousand breasts
rights.	thy soul 10
Onward, brave Lyons! thou at	Hath shot its patriot fire, that
least	shone
Art ready, whosoever fail,	The brightest o'er Sebastopol.

[Admiral Sir Edmund (afterwards Lord) Lyons (1790-1858), succeeded Sir Deans Dundas in command of the Black Sea Fleet in 1855. W.]

THE TWO FIELD-MARSHALS

[Published in 1858.]

OF two Field-marshals there is	Among the brushwood. Ha! by
one	Jove!
Who never heard an angry gun:	They come; I see their caps
The other, hearing it, cries "What	above."
Would the mad Menschikoff be at?	O History! be thou impartial,
Get ready, some of you, and see	And duly honor each Field-
Why all this bustle there should be	marshal. 10

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ABSENCE ON LEAVE FROM THE CRIMEA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

" <i>SEE the conquering hero comes,</i> "	He shall teach his country-folk a
Bites his nails and twirls his	Marvelously pretty polka,
thumbs,	Tell what cities he will storm
Under fondest kindred eye	In a major's uniform, 10
He shall eat his Christmas-pie,	Uniform so justly due
While his comrades droop afar	In another year or two;
Pincht by frost and crusht by	By the Army-list 'tis shown
war	He hath served already one.

THE CRIMEAN HEROES

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

HAIL, ye indomitable heroes, hail!
Despite of all your generals ye prevail.

THE ROYAL FEAST

[Published in 1858.]

'Twas at the royal feast for Kars	"Then," quoth the Mars-born,
By faithful Russia won;	"we will ask
Seated, if not aside of Mars,	Our master in the north
Aside of Marsis son,	What (may it please him!) such
	a task
Who bears a plume of purest white,	Perform'd for him is worth." 20
Which plume he proudly shows	
To guide old chiefs agape for fight,	Assure him it is our intent
But fitter for repose,	For ever to go on so:
'Twas at this royal feast Panmure	Odessa shows him how we meant
His portly paunch displaid . . 10	To please him and Woron-
"But art thou very, very sure?"	zow.
The baldpate patron said.	
"Ay, sixteen thousand," quoth	Napier, than whom no seaman
Milord,	braver
"Surrendered to our Tzar,	Hath scourged the Baltic coast,
Enforced by Famine: now the	Threatens his city; we will save
sword	her:
Methinks is sick of war."	Gunboats! yes; four at most.

[Kars was surrendered to the Russians November 1855. Lord Panmure, afterwards 11th Earl of Dalhousie, was then Secretary of State at War. W.]

THE ROYAL FEAST

Say we have daughters growing up	Else we may see the world go wrong
Who like such pretty things 30	And Kars the Turk's agen.
As jewels, and should never stoop	Tell Palmerston he may, if wise,
Below the rank of kings.	Our firm support rely on.
Panmure, be ready with thy	Say he may praise above the skies
tongue,	But must pull down that
Be ready with thy pen,	Guyon. 40

TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

POOR Somerset! 'twas safer work
At Bentham dead to shake thy dirk,
Than sling thy brooklet's small black stone
At the high brow of Hamilton.

2 Bentham [For the Duke's disparagement of Jeremy Bentham see his speech in the House of Commons, when sitting as Lord Seymour, May 22, 1855, and Landor's letter in *The Examiner*, June 2, 1855. W.] 3 Hamilton [For the controversy with Mr. Hamilton see p. 95. W.]

HEROICS OR DACTYLICS

[Published in 1858.]

FORCE me (and force me you must if I do it) to write in heroics,
Taking (as model in English) the meter of Homer and Virgil.
Leave me, O leave me at least my own hero, my own field of battle.
Sing then, O Goddess! O Muse! or in whatever name thou delightest,
Neither a cut-throat on land nor a vagabond over the ocean,
Offering me sacksful of wind . . I can buy them as cheaply of Russell,
Palmerston, Grey, Aberdeen, Jockey Derby, or Letterman Graham.

"The following verse must be added: And (removed over the way) the old slop-shop of Ben-Disraeli" [L. in a letter].

LAYING A FOUNDATION-STONE

[Published in 1858.]

WHAT has prince * * done that he
Without a monument should be?
He in his bounty placed a stone
For mason-boys to build upon;

[In November 1855 the Prince Consort laid the foundation stone for an Institute at Birmingham. This may be the incident referred to. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Should not like mason-boys bestow
A stone on him? a *quid pro quo*?
If they will not, there are who will;
Some, be assured, are grateful stil.
Austrian and Russian, King and Tzar
Owe him for Turk held down from war,
For navies burnt, for cities razed,
Our ships at anchor, God be praised
And smelling from afar the smoke
That might have blacken'd British oak.
Statues! inscriptions! what are they?
Gems, gems alone, such worth repay;
Necklaces, crosses; from one hand
Fall these, and, where they fall, command.
How long unbroken shall remain,
Europe! thy *adamanline* chain?

10

20

PEOPLE AND PATRIOTS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

PEOPLE like best the patriots who betray 'em;
They trusted Russell and they trusted Graham;
Past folly's last extreme they now are gone,
And pant, and halt, and cling to Palmerston.

THE DERBY AND DROP

[Published in 1858.]

DERBY! we read, a noble dame
Of France cast luster on your name,
Which ne'er before and ne'er since then
Shone half so brightly in the men.
Ye catch it now upon the course
And share your thirds with man and horse:
I rank (can such precedence shock ye?)
The horse the first, and next the jockey.
Nobles, 'tis true, no longer sit
Where steel-spurr'd cocks drive mad the pit,
Or where the dog and bull engage,
And mildness is provoked to rage;

10

1 a noble dame [Charlotte de la Trémoille, wife of the 7th Earl of Derby. W.]

THE DERBY AND DROP

Yet stil they haunt the listed ground
 Where thieves and gamblers sit around,
 And eagerly hold out a hand
 To the old sages of the stand,
 And clutch the profer'd gold they won
 The night before from youths undone,
 A sister's pride, a father's hope,
 Or drooping widow's slender prop. 20
 See Palmer! for that wretch, my lord,
 Your fellow-workmen noost the chord,
 And the same wheel that twisted it
 In the same ropewalk rolls on yet.
 Beneath an unblest turf he lies,
 Not deader than your sympathies.
 Were ye devout or were ye just,
 Ye had enshrined your martyr's dust,
 Or, better, wiped away the score,
 And turn'd him loose . . to murder more. 30

21 Palmer [The Rugeley poisoner executed June, 1856. W.]

OUR STATESMEN

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

CANNING, in english and in latin strong,
 Was quite an infant in each other tongue.
 Proud, yet an easy embassy he sought
 From the kind comrade he traduced and fought:
 Poet, yet certain 'twas no poet's dream
 That stil the Tagus rolls a golden stream.
 And now is sent the son he thought a fool
 O'er restless India's tottering realm to rule!
 And shall not England with stern hand chastise
 Those who her warnings and her woe despise? 10
 For every thousand let but only one,
 The basest for the bravest men, atone.
 She has spent all, or nearly all, her shot,
 But all her timber she (thank God!) has not.

1, 2 In english and in latin one was strong

But quite an infant *first proof* 1858.

4 [an allusion to George Canning's duel with Castlereagh in 1809. W.]
 [Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, 1856-1862. W.]

7 the son

HISTORY AND POLITICS

GOVERNORS OF INDIA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AUCKLAND, Dalhousie, Canning! shall we ever
Again see three such rulers? three so clever
At shattering the foundations of a state
And hastening on the heavy step of Fate.

A BACK-BITER

[Published in 1858.]

If thou wert only foul and frowsy, If only itchy, only lousy, Bold men might take thy hand, Dalhousie!	If thou hadst only run away While Napier kept our foes at bay, None would have cried, " <i>Come back! stay, stay!</i> "
Thou art a prudent chiel, my lord, And in thy little heart are stored Lies stamp'd and mill'd, a precious hoard!	Many like thee are not o'er-brave, Like thee their bacon they would save, 11 But ne'er besmirch a veteran's grave.

8 Napier [General Sir Charles Napier died August 29, 1853. For a different account of his disputes with the Governor-General see *Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie*, 1910. W.]

MILITARY MERIT REWARDED

[Published in 1858.]

WORTH is rewarded, even here, With praises; nor is <i>this</i> all: Havelock wins fivescore pounds a year, And Guyon . . a dismissal.	But Napier, who on many a day Perform'd the foremost part, And fill'd the murderers with dis- may . . He won . . a broken heart.
---	--

3 Havelock [The pension of £1,000 a year which was to be granted to him was awarded, after his death, to his son. W.] 4 Guyon [See pp. 86, 98, 102, 105. Toward the end of 1855 after fighting for the Turks in Anatolia he was put on half pay by the Ottoman Government and denied further employment. W.] 5 Napier [General Sir Charles Napier. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

CHORUS OF ITALIANS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Stanza i with variants and signed WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR had been published in *The Examiner*, September 27, 1856: see footnotes. Text 1858.]

SIREN of high Siena! thine
Is not a song that lures the
weak:

To thee stern Freedom's ears in-
cline,

Through thee the purer Muses
speak;

Etruria's Genius follows thee,
Triumphant Piccolomini!

From his Subalpine region springs
The only bard like bards of yore,
The Man of Asti.* Lo! he brings
From Delphi's hight the crowns
they wore;

Crowns fresh as ever . . but thy
breath
Would have blown off the blight
of death.

If Italy awakes again,
'Twill be at thy Seraphic strain,
Soul-giver Piccolomini!
Enough from thee one ardent word

To heave the sigh or draw the
sword,
To make men slaves or set them
free.

But dare we look into thine eyes
While tears of shame in ours arise
That those bright stars,† our
guiding Twins,
Are unavenged? Along the beach
They lighted on, who strives to
reach
The goal? Where Valor halts,
Crime wins.

Prophetic was that old man's
dream
(Who sang it out) of Polypheme.
Where lies the avenging torch?
extinct?

No; the blind monster left behind
Others as brutal and as blind . .
Shake, shake your chains until
unlinkt.

* Alfieri. [L.]

† The Bandieras. [L. See p. 65.]

Title. Chorus of Italians] To Marchesa Piccolomini. 1856. [The first time she sang in London was at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1856 in *La Traviata*. W.] 3 stern] do 1856. 5 Etruria's] Italia's 1856. ll. 7-30 not in 1856.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, Nov. 2, 1857

[Published in 1858.]

MOUNTAINS are less inert than men.
Vesuvius blazes forth agen;
He has borne more, for fewer
years,
Than every soul about him bears.
I know what victim would appease
The Spirit of Empedocles.

How joyous would be then the roar
Across the bay from shore to
shore:
Tremendous the accord would be
Of those insurgents, fire and sea.
No human victim should it cost,
Only a Bourbon at the most.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

NONO SITS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

GOD made his likeness, Man: when this was done
He said to Nono "Sit thou for my son."

TO THE NOBLES OF VENICE, ON THE RECEPTION OF THE AUSTRIAN

[Published in 1858.]

LORDS of the Adriatic, shores and iles,
Nobles! of that name sole inheritors!
Bravely ye acted, worthy of yourselves
And ancestors, who shut your palaces
When Perjury stalkt forth along the square
Where Doges sat beneath their patron saint.

While swords and crowns weigh down the scale, and while
Nations once free wish faintly, or wish not,
To see your freedom and high state restored,
Can ye but dwell upon your ruins?

Hark!

10

To Tarvis and Isonzo swells a blast
From far Taranto, not forgetful now
Of Sparta; brave the sires, the sons as brave
Spring forth. The indomitable Allobrox,
Who pluckt the Roman eagles, and rais'd higher,
Across his mountains hears the voice of Tell,
And Hofer, echoing, tho' less loud behind.

Rise, unentangled by your flowing robes;
Put newer armour on; march forward; march,
Reckless of German threat and Gallic fraud.

20

TO MANIN IN HEAVEN

[Published in 1858.]

MANIN! thy country mourns thee; but afar
Shines o'er the Adrian sea thy cloudless star,
And every child throughout the land to thee
At rising sun and setting, bends the knee.
To thy pure soul ten thousand altars bear
Each a thanksgiving sigh and hopeful prayer.

[Daniele Manin, Venetian patriot, died September 22, 1857. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ON THE DESCENT INTO HELL OF EZZELINO DI NAPOLI

[Published in *Hellenica*, appendix, 1859.]

REJOICE, ye nations! one is dead
By whom ten thousand hearts
have bled.

Widows and orphans, raise your
voice . .

One voice, ye prostrate peoples,
raise

To God; to God alone be praise!
All dwellers upon earth, rejoice:

The imprisond soul, the tortured
limb,

Are now at last set free by Him.
Each king their fellow king
supplied

With thongs to scourge ye: but
your wrongs ¹⁰

Reacht highest heaven; Angelic
tongues

Shouted when Earth's Flagel-
lant died.

The Demons heard and yell'd below,
Glad that his endless day of woe
(Long after theirs) had dimly
dawn'd.

The proudest of them all sate dumb,

Angry that any Prince should
come,

Who grudg'd to give the soul
he pawn'd.

He gnasht his teeth; opprobrious
names

Muttered on Death, and wisht his
flames ²⁰

Could crack his stubborn ribs
. . in vain . .

He must resign or share the place
Imperial; he must bear disgrace

While that intruder feels but
pain.

The Devils' mouths but seldom
water,

Yet, sniffing this fat slug of
slaughter,

Theirs do, they then this grace
begin,

"We have carous'd on king and
pope

By dozens; could the worthiest
hope ²⁹

A second course of Ezzelin?"

[Ferdinand II (King Bomba) died May 22, 1859. For Ezzelino di Roma, his prototype, infamous for his cruelty, see Dante, *Inferno*, xii. 109. W.]

ON THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE PO

[Published in 1859.]

WHY is, and whence, the Po in flames? and why

In consternation do its borderers raise

Imploring hands to mortal men around

And Gods above? Are Gods implacable?

Or men bereft of sight at such a blaze?

Apollo hath no more a son; his breath

Is stifled, and smoke only fills the air

Where once was fire, and men to men were true.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Fierce ones and faithless now approach the waste,
Who look transversely with an evil eye, 10
And scowl and threaten, and uplift the sword,
And, if they lower it, 'tis but to grasp more
And more of amber left on either bank.

Apollo hates the land he once so loved,
Nor swan is seen nor nightingale is heard
Nigh the dead river and affrighted vale,
For every Nymph shed there incessant tears,
And into amber hardened all they shed.

13, 18 amber [See Ovid, *Metam.*, ii. 364-6. W.]

AD GARIBALDUM

[A Latin version with 'this free paraphrase' of it was published in *The Examiner*, September 3, 1859. The Latin version, but not the English, was reprinted in 1863.]

"*O glory of Liguria!*" Thus began
My song to Garibaldi, when the Muse
Seiz'd on the pen, and said, "*Liguria boasts*
His birth, but Rome asserts another claim.
He marshal'd her true sons in her defence
Against a perjurer to Liberty,
And follow'd her, nor call'd her home in vain.
Let others mount the throne; his seat stands higher;
Therefore shall Rome with solemn jubilee
Sing of him in the voice she sang of old, 10
When from her gates first skulkt the fraudulent Gaul."

W. S. L.

THE RESURRECTION OF SICILY

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 4, 1860. Another version printed from a MS. in *Letters &c. of Landor*, 1897.]

AGAIN her brow Sicania rears
Above the tomb: two thousand years
Have sorely swept her beauteous breast,
And War forbidden her to rest.
Yet War at last becomes her friend,
And cries aloud—

"*Thy grief shall end,*
Sicania! hear me; rise again;
A houseless hero breaks thy chain."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

3 sorely swept] smitten sore 1897. 6 cries] shouts 1897. 7 Sicania . . . me,]
Throw off the pall, and 1897. 8 houseless] homeless 1897.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA OF TRENT

(*Mariotti has related these events.*)

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 103; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.

DOLCINO was pursued with fire and sword,
Until the bloodhounds which had suckt the dugs
Of Rome's old wolf had trackt him, coucht among
His native hills.

At Serravalle first
He halted briefly; there they scented him
Amid the faithful poor whose bread he ate.
Bread freely proffered and blest gratefully.
Next was his flight to the castellated
Robialto, where Biandrate held to him
A hospitable hand, a hand unmail'd
But rarely. Long the pious fugitive
Would not imperil him who stood observed
In eminence of station. More obscure
Emiliano Sola, who contrived
How from Dalmatia he might best return
To Italy, now brought to Campertogno
The weary pilgrim. Emiliano Sola
Would rather leave his home and fertile mead
Along Valsesia than desert his friend.
He loaded many teams with wheat and wool,
And drove before him oxen, freed from yoke,
Unused to mount steep crags; the household dog
Followed, though oft rebukt, and halting oft
Under the shadow of the panting kine.
Two winters then were spent above the snow,
And food was wanting both for man and beast,
So that the direst famine shrivel'd them,
Leaving but hearts what they had been before.
Escape was none; five thousand foes around,
After five thousand had already tinged
With ropy gore the Sesia, like red snakes
Twisting, convolving, clashing, numberless.

Who has not seen Varallo, and not paused
Amid the beauteous scene to mourn the fate
Of men so brave, of women brave no less,
Whose flesh was torn from them while wolves around

2 dugs] so in *corrigenda* 1863; dregs in *text*.

28 hearts] half 1876.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

Growl'd for it as 'twas cast into the flames;
But there was little for them had they all.

Ranieri di Perzana was ordained
Lord Bishop of Vercelli, proud alike 40
Of crosier and of sword, and rendering each
Its service to the other; princely state
Was his, with palaces and wide domains,
While over icebergs, over precipices,
Homeless and roofless, with eight hundred men,
Women, and children, Fra Dolcino fled.
"Now," said the bishop to his holy band,
"See, what avails it to have purified
Our violated church with fire and blood
Of thousand thousand reprobates, while one 50
Defies us from his Alpine fastnesses,
Consorted with that wicked Margarita
Of Trent, who shares his faith and who pretends
To live with him in virgin purity,
Altho' she never took the cloistral vows
Nor call'd the Church's blessing.

They presume
To read that book which we alone may read,
Christ's WILL AND TESTAMENT, bequeathed to us,
Residuary legatees of all
In his rich treasury for our use lockt up, 60
And Peter's heir holds in his hand the key.
Against the abomination rise, my sons,
And leave on yonder mount no soul alive.
But there are some whom we may first convert.
Tell the rude rabble, snorting now and rearing
Against that sacred chair which Christ himself
Placed for St. Peter and St. Peter's heirs,
"That I prepare in my dispensary
An application for stiff necks and wry,
The which shall straiten them and set them up." 70
Familiarly and pleasantly, as wont,
Thus spake Ranieri, by the Grace of God
And God's vicegerent, Bishop of Vercelli.

A patriot, bold as those whose hardy deeds
He traces with a poet's fire, relates
How winter after winter, destitute
Of fuel and of food, these mountaineers
Maintained their post, nor daunted nor deceived.

FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA

How not the stronger sex alone sustained
The brunt of battle: of the weaker stood 80
A hundred, fighting til a hundred fell.
Men, it is said, by famine so reduced
Have eaten their slain enemies; one wretch
Askt if 'twere worse to eat men than to slay,
To eat the murderer than to slay the helpless;
Then, turning to a priest who taunted him,
*"Madden'd by famine brought on us by you
We ate our enemies, you eat your God."*
Pincers tore out the tongue that thus blasphemed.
After long winters and hard fights against 90
Successive hosts, the fortalice was won:
Few the survivors; one Dolcino was,
Another was the virgin; neither wish'd
For life, both yearn'd for truth and truth alone.
Dolcino was led forward: pots of pitch
And burning charcoal were paraded round
The cart that bore him, iron pincers glowed
With fire, and these contending priests applied
To every portion of his naked flesh
Until the bones were bare; then was he dragg'd 100
Thither where Margarita stood above
Small fagots, for her lingering death prepared.
Few and faint words she spoke, nor heard he these.
*"Have we not lived together, O Dolcino,
In sisterhood and brotherhood a life
Of chastity, God helping this desire,
Nor leaving other in the cleansed heart."*
She paused; his head hung low; then added she
*"Our separation is the worst of pangs
We suffer: bear even this: pincers and barbs 110
I now feel too."*

*"Dolcino, art thou faint?
Speakest thou not? then is thy spirit fled,
Mine follows."*

There was on each eye a tear
(For Margarita was but woman yet)
Not one had fallen, else the flames had dried it.
She uttered these last words, scarce audibly,
*"Blessed be God, thou seest his face, Dolcino,
O may I see it! may he grant it soon!"*

HISTORY AND POLITICS

EXCOMMUNICATION DENOUNCED ON JANUARY 30, 1850

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 191.]

CURSED be the wretch who snarls	The blasphemers of Saint George.
At the blessed martyr Charles,	Let our Church with annual rites
And who traitorously opposes	Celebrate the first of knights,
Slitting ears and shortening noses.	While the choir more loudly sings
Fifty thousand Devils scourge	Glory to the best of kings! 10

[This and the following piece were printed far apart in 1863, but may have been written as one poem. W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 133.]

CURSING Milton, Hampden, Sidney,	Sacred to our Lord's anointed,
And all others of their kidney,	We will close it with a prayer
Satan's sons, who drew the sword	Such as He may deign to hear.
'Gainst the anointed of our Lord,	<i>Short prayer after long banning.</i>
Whence this day hath been ap-	"Ever be there worship't by us
pointed,	Kings as merciful and pious! 11

CROMWELL

[Published in 1863, p. 161; reprinted 1876.]

Gop's servant, Milton's friend! what higher praise
Can man attain who labors all his days?
Protector of three realms! a power was thine
Dangerous to hold, more dangerous to resign.
England proclaimed thee with her trumpet voice
And England's will was ever Cromwell's choice.
Let weaker men, and weaker all men are,
How they would mount such eminence beware.
Outcast of his own slaves, one dared to mock
The voice of Truth . . . he rots upon a rock: 10
The vultures and the cormorants fly round
To feast upon a heart so long unsound.
Each says, "*I am his kindred; and the least
He should bequeath me is a final feast.*"

Cunning the wretch may be, but never wise,
Who thinks a head is safe that rests on lies.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

A ROYAL PRESENT TO A LEARNED PROFESSOR

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 171.]

GEORGE* sent the skull of Robert Bruce
To Blumenbach. "Sire! of what use,"
Said Blumenbach, "is Bruce's skull?
And who was Bruce? now, were it full
Of hock or (better) old tokay,
I'd drink your health some jolly day
And never mind whose scalp it was,
But toss it off and let it pass."

* George IV, who knew little of Blumenbach and cared less for Bruce, whom the learned Blumenbach had never heard of. See Hayward's *Faust*, p. 329. [L. A cast of the skull, made when in 1818 the skeleton was found in the Abbey Church of Dumferline, was sent to Blumenbach. See Abraham Hayward's translation of *Faust*, appendix. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR SIDNEY SMITH

[Published in 1863, p. 138.]

I AM invited (why?) in latin phrase
To write thy epitaph.

Two glorious men,
Sydney, have borne thy name through distant lands,
But here no sailor, here no orphan, lifts
His mournful head to read what Rome would write
And place among the noblest, wert thou hers.

Children, in earlier or in later life,
May play grave follies in the sculptured aisle,
And lengthen out in it the stiffer tongue;
It suits not me to make the rustic stare
And ask what booby never learnt to spell
A name that every cabin-boy has chalkt,
And every sunday-school-girl has prickt out
Upon her sampler for the brighter silk,
The name of Sidney; of that Admiral
Who left his ship and stood on Acre's tower
Tottering beneath him, and drove back dismayed
The renegade of honor and of God.

More than one realm by that one blow he saved;
Some by their weakness are about to fall,
Some by their violence . . . may these fall the first!

10

20

[Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris May 26, 1840, and was buried in Père La Chaise. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

PTOLEMAÏS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 264.]

No city on the many peopled earth
Hath been the witness of such valiant deeds
As thou hast, Ptolemais! and by whom
Were they achiev'd? by Britons, one and all.
The first our lion-hearted king may claim;
And who the second? he who drove across
The torrid desert the (til then uncheckt)
Invader, from those realms the Ptolemies
Ruled, and the Cæsars follow'd in their train,
Sidney, the last of chivalry . . . One more
Rode o'er the sea to win the crown that hung
Inviting on thy walls: he also bore
A name illustrious even as Sidney's own,
Napier was he.

10

'Tis somewhat to have held
His hand in mine, 'tis somewhat to record
One of his actions in the crowded page.

Title om. in 1876. [Ptolemais Phœniciaë (Acre). Captured by Richard Cœur de Lion, 1191. Relieved and defended against the French by Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, 1799. Bombarded by allied squadrons under Admiral Stopford with Commodore Charles Napier second in command, 1840. W.]

RECALL OF SIR EDMUND HEAD

[Published in 1863, p. 184.]

Our ministers, we hear, recall
The Governor from Montreal.
I wonder whom they send instead,
I only know they want a Head.

[Sir Edmund Walker Head, Governor-General of Canada 1854 to 1861 when he retired. W.]

ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII

A FRENCH POET SINGS

[Published in 1863, p. 255; reprinted 1876.]

DESCEND, ye Muses, one and all,	Three cities, three without one
Obedient to a Frenchman's call.	blow,
Which of you e'er refused to sing	Fell at the trumpet of Boileau:
The feats of a most christian king,	He would have play'd without a
Or help to raise the Oriflamme	line,
Above the towers of Notre-Dame?	The devil with the Philistine,

10

ON THE RESTORATION OF LOUIS XVIII

No need, against him to prevail, The weightier broadsword of Cor- neille.	Upon the seven hills of Rome. Our Louis never shows the scars His doublet suffer'd under Mars,
Voltaire struck down with flash of pen	Tho' many creatures daily fell 21 Before him ere the vesper bell.
The League, the Iberian, and Mayenne,	But said, on looking down his file Of steel and silver with a smile,
And, if ye help me, with a touch I doubt not I can do as much.	Far better thus than bid our men go
Then shall ye see the lilies bloom	For empty glory to Marengo.

[LOUIS NAPOLEON]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 170; reprinted 1876.]

THEY tell us, the persuasive Greek,
When from the bema he would speak,
To make more clear some weighty truth
Roll'd a round pebble in his mouth.
Napoleon, try this help again,
Or any other, to speak plain,
For now, your words so strangely jar,
War sounds like peace and peace like war.

Title not in either edition.

[Published in 1863, p. 262; reprinted 1876.]

CHANGARNIER and a poet with a *De*
Now to his name cry *freedom!* and make free,
O Rome, to quarter hungry thieves on thee.

[General Changarnier had strongly supported Louis Napoleon before their rupture in January 1851. The poet (*l. 1*) may have been Lamartine. W.]

[LOUIS NAPOLEON]

[Published in 1863, p. 262; reprinted 1876.]

THERE was one powerful man, and only one
In God's wide world; what could he not achieve?
He might have driven from her citadel
Defiant Falsehood, and her tawdry guards
And bastard progeny innumerable:
He might have propt up cities with one arm
And driven with the other from the temple
Sellers of bones, of charms, of opiates,
Of glittering gauds and cutlery occult;

Title not in text.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

He, like the blessed one of Nazareth,
Might have restored the sight of the stone-blind
And rais'd the prostrate cripple up erect.
Earth spread her feast before him, millions rose
To serve him and to bless him; did he bring
An honest man with him? he brought instead
Desperate swordsmen and astuter knaves,
Who sit around him, and will sit until
The night falls heavily on their carouse,
And the seats reel beneath 'em unregain'd.

10

TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 140; reprinted 1876.]

PLEAS'D was I when you told me how In hat that buffeted the brow And mason's loose habiliment With masons thro' Ham's gate you went. Heartily glad was I to see A prisoner, though a prince, set free. "Prince!" said I, "you've es- caped two worst Of evils." "I have known a first," Said you, "but that is only one, Tell me the other." "'Tis a throne." I could not add what now I might, It keeps the worthy out of sight, Nor lets the sinner sit upright. Can there be pleasure to keep down	In rusty chains a struggling town? Can there be any to hear boom Your cannon o'er the walls of Rome? Or shows it strength to break a word As easily as girls a cord Of flimsy cotton, when the bell Calls them to dinner? . . . To rebel Against rebellion in your eyes Is criminal, to crouch is wise. Louis! your father thought not so; His scepter he disdain'd to owe To falsehood; all his cares he bent To make the realm he ruled con- tent. He proved, what many people doubt As often as they look about, A wonderful unheard of thing . . . An honest man may be a king. 31
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THE COLONELS' CRY

[Published in 1863, p. 164; reprinted 1876.]

SIRE! sire! cast off the worn-out garb Of that old Brutus; mount thy barb,	Leap o'er the Channel, spurn and spit on The turbulent and faithless Briton.
--	--

[Addresses from the army congratulating Napoleon III on his escape from assassination, January 1858, were marked by some strong language against England. W.]

THE COLONELS' CRY

Blood we must have, for without blood	By their confinement to the Atlantic,	10
Who can digest his daily food?	When Glory, true French Glory,	
Give us it; rather than have none,	calls	
We would a brother's or our own.	To batter Montezuma's walls.	
Already are our bravemadefrantic	Remember, 'tis your mission, sire, To set two hemispheres a fire.	

THE TWO NILES

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 101.]

THERE are two Niles, the white and blue;	From Arctic to Antarctic zone,
Little it interests me and you	And now she says aloud, " <i>The</i> <i>Rhine</i>
Whether this springs from a lagoon,	<i>With all on the left hand is mine.</i> "
That from the mountains of the moon.	Proving it must be hers because
But whether our old Thames be ours	Her sword thrust down his throat her laws.
To-morrow, or another Power's,	Thus if you catch a thief and tear
Is now the question in dispute	From him the stolen goods,
And not a Briton should be mute.	"Beware,"
Did ever wily France lie still,	20 Cries he, " <i>Fail accompli! let go.</i> "
Unsatisfied her ravenous will? 10	He swears and shakes his fist.
Satisfied one brief hour, the next	Just so
Again she springs, and seems per- plext	Says France to Europe; Europe hears,
What else to lay her hands upon,	Trembles, and staggers, and for- bears.

LYONS AND THE POPE

[Published in 1863, p. 143; reprinted 1876.]

LYONS! thou art a grateful city,	For wearing thy embroider'd dress,
To feel for Pius so much pity.	Well suiting that three-storied steeple,
His velvet slippers now look neater,	Ring its bells above the people,
With so much bullion clubbed for Peter.	Instead of harbouring those poor Who now infest thy weaver's door.
But thou could'st offer nothing less,	

Title in neither ed. [No record of a gift from Lyons to Pio Nono has been found in the civic archives. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TARANTO SENT BY THE POPE TO RESIDE AT NAPLES

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 237; reprinted 1876.]

TARANTO now has lost her guide, And stretch out flat and lick his fur,
A prelate without prelate's pride. And switch his tail, and gape and
On that Parthenopean coast purr.
Incredulous of fog or frost, O my two friends! may, many a
His Median puss he smiles to see day,
Leap boldly on a stranger's knee, Both think of me when far away! 10

[The Archbishop Giuseppe Capececiattolo (ob. 1836) was said to have been so punished for favouring the Carbonari. W.]

TO VENICE

[Published in 1863, p. 109; reprinted 1876.]

DISHONOR'D thou hast been, but not debased,
O Venice! he hastes onward who will bring
The girdle that enclosed thy virgin waist,
And will restore to thee thy bridal ring.

Venice! on earth are reptiles who lift high
The crested head, both venomous and strong
Are they; and many by their fangs shall die,
But one calm watcher crushes them ere long.

So fare who ever twists in tortuous ways,
Strown with smooth promises and broken vows, 10
Who values drunken shouts, not sober praise,
And spurns the scanty pittance Truth allows.

[Published in 1863, p. 229.]

REJOICE all ye Freedom hastes home
Who once were free, To ruin'd Rome
And what ye were again shall be; And Venice rises from the sea.

THE LATER DAY

[Two versions, A. B. published in 1863, pp. 196, 216; B. reprinted 1876.] Text B. 1863.

Who in this later day shall there arise
To pierce the cloud that overspreads thy skies,
Fair trustful Italy, too long beguiled
By one who treats thee like a pouting child.

Title not in A. 1863. 3 Italy,] Italy! A. 1863.

THE LATER DAY

Break off the painted handle of his whip,
And spring no more to kiss his frothy lip:
Alone in Garibaldi place thy trust,
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

6 his] that *A. 1863.*

SYRACUSE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 110; reprinted 1876.]

In brighter days the Dorian Muse
Extoll'd the kings of Syracuse.

Hieros and Gelons shook the rein
Of coursers on the Olympic plain,
Victors at Elis, where they won
A crown no king can leave his son.
There Pindar struck his harp aloud,
And shared the applauses of the crowd.

Then Science from deep study
rais'd

A greater man than bards have
praised. 10

When Syracuse met Roman foes,
Above her proudest he arose;
He called from heaven the Lord of
Light

To lend him his all-piercing might.
The patriot's pious prayer was
heard,

And vaunting navies disappeared;

7 Pindar] *mispr.* Pinder 1863.

1860, and proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily "in the name of Victor Emmanuel of Italy". W.]

Through clouds of smoke sparks
widely flew,

And hissing rafts the shore bestrew;
Some on the Punic sands were cast,
And Carthage was avenged at last.
Alas! how fallen art thou since, 21
O Syracuse! how many a prince
Of Gallia's parti-color'd brood
Have crept o'er thee to suck thy
blood!

Syracuse! raise again thy head,
Long hast thou slept, but art not
dead.

A late avenger now is come
Whose voice alone can split the
tomb.

Hearest thou not the world
throughout

Cry Garibaldi? One loud shout 30
Arises, and there needs but one
To shatter a polluted throne.

30 Garibaldi [he landed at Marsala May 10, 1860, and proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily "in the name of Victor Emmanuel of Italy". W.]

THE VIRGIN OF IMPRUNETA

[Published in 1863, p. 166.]

In Impruneta may be seen
An image of our heavenly queen,
Who once appear'd in full court-
dress

Us, who adore her there, to bless;
Hence amethysts and sapphires
shine

For ever round that head divine.

But lest the other self awake
Our piety, and we mistake,
She makes her face as black as
ink,

And seldom has been known to
wink. 10

We pray the black for timely rain,
The white to send the sun again.

2 An image [The picture of the Madonna in the Church of St. Maria at Impruneta near Florence. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

[CARDINAL ANTONELLI]

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 254.]

BOLD Atlas carried on his shoulder
The globe, but Antonelli bolder
Shuffles it off, and kicks it down
And crushes with a triple crown.

Title not in text.

[TO ITALY]

[Published in 1863, p. 191.]

HERE are two millstones, and thou must
O Italy! be ground to dust.
Who can say which most grinds thee, whether
It be the upper or the nether?

[Published in 1863, p. 203.]

Two nations may contend which stands the highest
In sight of Europe for one warlike deed.*
Struck down, O Venice, in thy blood thou liest,
France, O Helvetia, swears thou too shalt bleed.

* The Switzers at Morat, the Venetians at Agnadello. [L. Charles the Bold of Burgundy was defeated by the Swiss at Morat 1476. Louis XII of France defeated the Venetians at Agnadello 1509. W.]

[GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE]

[Published in 1863, p. 208.]

THEY whom blind love hath led to take a wife
Often have changed soft flute for shriller fife,
And felt how different from the pliant maid
She who now trims the brow with horn cockade.
Cæsar and Marlboro' bore it in times past,
And Garibaldi will not be the last.
Against the wedded harlot weak men cry,
The braver scorn her and the wiser fly.
Dante soon lost his Beatrice, and fell
From Paradise to Gemma and to Hell.

10

Title not in text. [Garibaldi married in 1860 the Marchese Giacomo Raimondi's daughter. They parted barely an hour after the ceremony and never met again. The marriage was annulled in 1880. The lady died at her villa on Lake Como, April 29, 1918. W.]

GARIBALDI'S MARRIAGE

Of ribald lords 'twas hard to mount the stairs,
To climb his own was worse than climbing theirs.
Bitter it seem'd by strangers to be fed,
Bitterest of all he found the household bread.
When Delia was another's more than his,
Tibullus wooed avenging Nemesis.
Her hand dispell'd from life its early gloom
And waved away the faithless from his tomb.
In his own land the bones of Albius rest,
Why was the wandering Dante not so blest?

20

16 Tibullus] *so in corrigenda*; Tibulling *in text*.

[BARON BETTINO RICASOLI]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 195.]

RICASOLI, thou wantest power	When they shall cease to sting and
At present, and must wait thy	hum.
hour	Now thou hast only to stand wide
When thou shalt smoke away the	Of plunderers upon every side.
drones	Thou hast high-pressure friends,
That mount from hassocks over	and those
thrones.	Are the most dangerous of thy
That hour assuredly will come	foes.
	10

Title not in text. [Ricasoli, King Victor Emmanuel's Chief Minister after Cavour's death, resigned office under compulsion in 1862. W.]

THORWALDSEN LEAVING ROME FOR COPENHAGEN

[Published in 1863, p. 149.]

THORWALDSEN, thou art going	Revisit her, but leave behind
forth	The brood of thy creative mind. 10
To brave the breezes of the north.	Partial is Italy to those
Its star attracts thee, and (above	Hearing whose voice the Arts
That stedfast star) the star of	arose,
Love;	Amid them Buonarotti sate,
Not Love the God whom poets	Proud monarch of a triple state,
feign	Until he bow'd his aged head
To lead us idlers in his train,	And bade thee reign o'er one
But such as patriots see him stand	instead.
Pointing toward their native land.	

[Thorwaldsen returned to Copenhagen for the last time in 1841. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

CHARLES II OF SPAIN TO HIS PRIME MINISTER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 129.]

MEDINA CELI, you well know	To have put under every man
Our treasury is sadly low,	And woman a wide dripping-pan;
And I have scarcely in my pocket	We might have lighted, had we
Enough to buy the queen a locket.	done so,
Now surely out of twenty-one	The Virgin and Saint Ildefonso. 10
Burnt heretics, 'twere better done	

1 Celi] *so in corrigenda* 1863, Ceti *misp. in text.*

PROPHECY

[Published in 1863, p. 130.]

THE Mexicans will flay the Spaniards
And throw their skins into the tanyards;
The tawny tribes around will wrench
Their beards and whiskers off the French,
And, after a good hearty scourging,
Devote them to the Blessed Virgin.

TO KOSSUTH PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY

[Published in 1863, p. 116.]

MAN is not what God made him: God ordain'd
That he should walk upright and bend the brow
To Him alone; God gave to Man our earth
Created by His breath few days before.
Kossuth! what demons burst into the midst
Of this his Eden, this his Paradise,
These lofty trees that bore their fruit unpruned
Nor crawl'd upon by reptiles from below.
Look round thee, and what seest thou? men in form,
Gaming with minor men as they were dice 10
Or cards, and sweeping them from off the board.
What millions have succumb'd, and stil succumb,
To light these gamblers at their deadly game!
How many lands, once till'd, lie desolate
To widen their wild hunting-ground, and glut
With human venison the royal feast!

[Hungary was declared a free State, with Kossuth as supreme Governor, in April 1849. W.]

TO KOSSUTH PRESIDENT OF HUNGARY

Exchanges are now made of flocks and herds
Biped: see Nice and Venice led in chains;
See Poland, flay'd, dismember'd, parcel'd out
Among the bloodhounds; see thy Hungary 20
Offer'd a note promissory instead
Of the seal'd parchment of her titled deeds.
The arctic icebergs make more nigh approach
Year after year to sunnier climes and threaten
To bar all intercourse of free with free:
In this condition is the world of Mind.

GREECE! BE TOLERANT

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 277; reprinted 1876.]

"*Children of Pallas!*" is the voice that swells
Above the lofty Parthenon, "awake, awake
From heavy slumber and illusive dreams,
Throw the door open . . Look at Babylon,
Corinth and Carthage and Jerusalem,
Earth's giant offspring whom she rear'd in vain:
They all are dust, or worse than dust, a haunt
Of brutes, and brutal men, who tear the beard
One off another to cram down their throats
Incredibilities which both call creeds. 10

Whatever stands must fall; the dust alone
We trample on rises and keeps its form.
There was one holy man who said to all
'*Love ye each other:*' all have heard the words,
Few mind them; prayer stands for obedience.

Grivas! whom Hellas now invokes by name,
Albeit that name was never heard of yore
And time has paralyzed the mother tongue . . .
Do thou forbid the insidious foot to tread
Thy sacred land: let speech and thought be free; 20
So shalt thou hear such hymns as shook the fanes
When Æschylos from Marathon return'd,
And Athens envied most the wounded brave."

16 Grivas [Lieutenant Grivas, a young artillery officer, was one of the leaders of the revolt at Nauplia, February, 1862. His father, General Theodoraki, joined the national movement which ended eight months later in King Otto's abdication. W.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

IDLE WORDS

[Published in *Letters, &c. of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

THEY say that every idle word
Is numbered by the Omniscient Lord.
O Parliament! 'tis well that He
Endureth for Eternity,
And that a thousand Angels wait
To write them at thy inner gate.

RELIGION IN DANGER*

[Published in 1897.]

ALAS! infidelity darkens the land,
Which we must enlighten with faggot and brand,
For how can we ever expect any good
From churchmen who question if hares chew the cud?

* "This I wrote on seeing in the *Times* last Tuesday the persecution of Bishop Colenso." *Landor to A. de Noé Walker* [?March 1863. W.]

IRELAND

[Published in 1897.]

IRELAND! now restless these eight hundred years!
Thy harp sounds only discords; day and night
Thy cries are cries for murder, friend or foe
It matters not. Ah! when wilt thou repose?
When will thy teachers cease to preach against
All human laws? when bid obey thy prince,
Nor listen to another who assumes
To rule as God's vicegerent, yet who knows
That God is truth and God's command is peace?
"Ye can not serve two masters," so said He,
Yet thou rejectest one who rules thy land,
Obeying one who calls across the sea,
Who claims the tribute and who girds the sword.

10

DESPOTS OF EUROPE

[Published in 1897.]

REGAIN, ye despots, if ye can, your thrones,
And drown with trumpeting a nation's groans.
For you in vain do watchful dragons keep
The lonely darksome intervals of sleep.
Ere long shall justice from high heaven descend,
And man's worst grief, when you she smites, shall end.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

ORSINI'S LAST THOUGHTS

[Published in *Letters, &c.* 1897.]

CONDEMN'D I die, by one who once conspired
With me, and stood behind me while I struck.
Where are the Gracchi, where are those twin-stars
Who guided men thro' tempests? are they set
Never to rise again? No, there remain
For Italy, brave guides to lead her sons
In the right path, altho' its end be death.

I would live one day longer, only one,
Not that a wife and children might embrace
A neck so soon to let its weight fall off, 10
The eyes yet rolling round, nor seeing them;
For the worst stroke comes from that word *adieu*,
And heavier than the stroke is the recoil.

Rome's ravens feed not the deserted child,
But God will feed it, and in God I trust:
His breath shall cleanse the temple long profaned,
And the caged doves within the portico
Flutter, leap up, and wildly flit around
Hearing the scourge of him who lets them out.

Free thou wast never long, beloved Rome! 20
But free thou wast, and shalt again be free.

[Felix Orsini, condemned to death for an attempt to assassinate Napoleon III, was executed March 13, 1858. W.]

WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA

[Published in 1897.]

WILLIAM! great men have sat upon the throne
Beneath whose weight thy Prussian subjects groan.
Frederic and Frederic's father bravely fought,
And did, tho' scepter'd, some things as they ought.
Illiterate was the latter, and severe
To those about him, more so to those near.
The wittiest and the wisest of their times
Bestow'd on him what he could spare of rhymes,
And in his closet saw no sin or shame
(For who was there to do it or to blame?) 10
In washing what he call'd his *dirty linen*,
Which, like us others, he was apt to sin in.
Thy smear'd and daily change wants cleansing more
Than what those bloody ones required before.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

TO AMERICA, ON ITALY

[Published in *Letters, &c.* 1897.]

My eyes first saw the light upon the day
It dawn'd on thee, but shone not brightly yet,
America! and the first shout I heard
Of a mad crowd, around a madder king,
Was shout for glorious victory, for blood
Of brethren shed by brethren.

Few the years
Before I threw my cricket bat along
The beaten turf to catch the song of France
For freedom—ah poor slave! free one short hour.
Glorious her women: will she ever bear 10
A man, whom God shall raise so near Himself
As Roland, Corday, and the Maid of Arc,
Deliverer of her country, vanquisher
Of her most valient chiefs, enraged to see
The captive lilies droop above the Seine?

America! proud as thou well mayst be
Both of thy deeds and thy progenitors,
Thy hero, Washington, stands not alone;
Cromwell was his precursor, he led forth
Our sires from bondage, Truth's evangelist, 20
And trod down, right and left, two hostile creeds.
Brothers of thine are we, America!
Now comes a sister, too long held apart.
Lo! Italy hath snapt her double chain,
And Garibaldi sounds from shore to shore.

1 the day [Landon was born on January 30, 1775. His earliest book of poetry contains an Ode to George Washington. W.]

NICE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI

[Written June 13, 1860, published in 1897.]

In fields of blood however brave,	Until the red-hot ploughshare
Base is the man who sells his slave;	burn
But basest of the base is he	Upon the waves whereon 'twas
Who sells the faithful and the free.	thrown:
Nicæa! thou wast rear'd of those	Such were thy sires, such thine
Who left Phocæa crusht by foes,	alone. 10
And swore they never would	Cyrus had fail'd with myriad
return	host

NICE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI

To chain them down; long tem-
 pest-tost,
 War-worn and unsubdued, they
 found
 No refuge on Hellenic ground.
 All fear'd the despot: far from
 home
 The Cimri saw the exiles come,
 Victorious o'er the Punic fleet,
 Seeking not conquest but retreat,
 A portion of a steril shore
 Soliciting, nor vantage more. 20
 There rose Massilia. Years had
 past
 And once again the Tyrian mast
 Display'd its banner, and once
 more
 Phocæans won it; on thy shore,
 Landed their captives and raised
 high
 Thy city named from victory.
 Firmly thou stoodest; not by
 Rome,

Conqueror of Carthage, overcome.
 Fearing not war, but loving peace,
 Thou sawest thy just wealth in-
 crease. 30
 Alas! What art thou at this hour?
 Bound victim of perfidious Power.
 Bystanders we (oh shame!) have
 been
 And this foul traffic tamely seen.
 Thou wast not heart-broken
 yet,
 Nor thy past glories will forget;
 No, no, that city is not lost
 Which one heroic soul can boast.
 So glorious none thy annals show
 As he whom God's own voice bade
 go 40
 And raise an empire, where the
 best
 And bravest of mankind may
 rest.
 Enna for them shall bloom again
 And peace hail Garibaldi's reign.

MILO AND PIO NONO

[Published in *Letters*, &c. 1897.]

MILO of Croton with a stroke
 Of his clencht fist could fell an
 ox;
 But when he tried to split an oak,
 He found himself "in the wrong
 box."
 He thrust both hands into the slit.
 It closed on them; he stamp't
 and swore.
 Would it not open? Not a bit;
 It only held him fast the more.
 Pio could bring down kings and
 princes
 By dozens, but there comes at
 last 10

An ugly customer who winces
 And kicks amain, and holds him
 fast.
 O, Mother Church! what hast thou
 done?
 I hardly think thy fornications
 Deserve the curse of such a son;
 A plague to thee, a scourge to
 nations.
 Ah! but thou taughtest him to lie
 When first he sat upon thy
 knee;
 Now thy weak frown he dares
 deny, 19
 And spits upon thy rotten see.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

MARCHESE DI AZEGLIO

[Published in *Letters, &c.* 1897.]

AZEGLIO is departed: what is left
To Italy, of such a son bereft?
Hope, valour, virtue, all the Arts—they rest,
Tho' sadly sighing, on a mother's breast.

[Massimo Taparelli, Marchese di Azeglio, painter, author, patriot, and statesman. became Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia. Lander dedicated to him "Last Fruits". W.]

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

[Published in 1897.]

Look up, thou consort of a king whose realm
Is wider than our earth, and peopled more,
A king, a god; look up, Persephone!
Behold again the land where thou wast born,
The field where first thy mother from her knee
Let down, with both her hands, thy dimpled feet,
Cautiously, slowly, where the moss was soft
And crowds of violets bow'd their heads around.
From thy calm region cast thine eyes again
On Enna, where sang once thy virgin choir, 10
And gather'd flowers for thy untroubled brow;
Here never wilt thou shudder at a car
Of ebony and iron, nor bite his arm
Who lifted thee above the sable steeds,
Snorting and rearing, and then rushing down,
Nor hearing the shrill shrieks of those behind.
Happy art thou, and happy all thou seest
Around thee, far as stretch the Elysian plains,
Where weapons bright as in the blaze of war
Are interchanged by chiefs who strove at Troy, 20
And music warbles round the concave orb
Of golden cup, well-drain'd, of roseate wine.
But, O Persephone! what wasting herd
O'erruns the meadow of thy joyous youth!
What monsters lurk amid those chesnut groves,
And ilexes, and trample down the bank
Of rivers where thou freshenedst thy limbs
Glowing with brightness thro' the boughs above!
Dwarf Cyclopes, more hateful than the huge,
Crunch daily in their cavern brave men's bones, 30

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

And howl against the pilot who directs
The sad survivors thro' the swelling sea.

The largest hearts are overladen most,
They swell to bursting; wrath dries up the tear
Of grief; strong men sink at the feet of weak!
Dastards, where once rose heroes, and where rang
The hymn of triumph sung by bards as bold,
Depopulated thy cities and thy fields,
Follow'd by slaves in arms.

Persephone!

Thou art persuasive; none but thou alone 40
Can bend the monark; raise thy cheek against
His rigid beard and kiss his awful brow;
Promise him, swear to him by Styx itself,
That thou wilt give him twice the worth of what
He once made drop from thee he well knows where;
Remind him how his true and constant love,
While other gods swerv'd wide from constancy,
Hath made him dearer than thy earlier friends,
And charm'd away even thy fond mother's grief;
Tell him that he, true king, must hate the false; 50
Tell him to let them pass the Styx unhurt,
And walk, unstay'd, untterrified, until
Phlegethon drown their cries in liquid fire.

POLAND AND THE CZAR*

[Published in *Letters, &c.* 1897.]

Who would not throw up life to be exempt
From Europe's execration and contempt,
From all the written and unwritten scorn
Of thousands round, and thousands yet unborn,
That withers with a tongue of quenchless shame
Wilhelm and Nicholas and one more name?

* "I am confident you would not willingly omit the verses I wrote last night, after reading the atrocious threat of the Czar, ordering the death-stroke to be given to Poland within ten days."—*Landon to A. de Noé Walker* in 1863.

THE RISING IN POLAND

[Published in 1897.]

MARCH, tyrant, o'er Sarmatia's blooded plain.
One hand may do what armies dare in vain.
Few of thy race have died a natural death,
Or drawn without fierce pangs their latest breath.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

What have I spoken? inconsiderate word!
Natural their death is, by the drug or sword,
Who burn the cottage and the babe within,
No doubt to purge him of original sin.
Some call it cruel, others think it odd
In those who govern by the Grace of God: 10
Others impatiently rush forth with arms
Across the wastes which lately were their farms;
Sickle and scythe are all that now remain,
But these shall reap their harvest—not of grain.

A WARNING TO KINGS

[Published in *Letters, &c.* 1897.]

My mule! own brother of those eight	And whitest of the white, shouldst die 10
Which carried Ferdinand in state;	Under the plate some robber steals
Alas! how many a dublado	Stabb'd by another at his heels.
I paid for thee to Infantado.	Thou never stumbledst; but my
None but his Excellence and Grace	humble
Possesses thy unequal'd race.	Prayer is that thou some day wilt
I grieve not that my gold is gone,	stumble,
My noble Mule! I grieve alone	And break the neck of him whose reign
That thou, the highest of the high	Is now extending over Spain.

[A reminiscence of Landor's campaigning days in Spain. W.]

SPAIN

[Published in 1897.]

LATELY 'twas shown that usurpa- tion	Sadly we fear the holy oil
Will suit no more the Spanish nation.	In these hot days will waste and spoil;
The luckless king of Mountain Mill	Let those who vend it get fresh grease
In his campaign succeeded ill.	To smear him, chanting " <i>Rest in Peace.</i> "

3 Mountain Mill [The Count of Montemolin renounced his claim to the Spanish throne in April, 1860. W.]

GREECE

[Published in 1897.]

A VOICE descending from the Parthenon
Cried "Rise up, sons of Hellas!" It was borne
Beyond the land of Pelops, and beyond

GREECE

The Ægæan and Ionian sea, across
The Adriatic, to that wounded man
Who gave a kingdom and who lost a home.
They whom he saved dared strike him. Death dared not;
Standing above his head with lifted dart.
The voice assuaged his anguish; on his lips
Ye might have fancied hung these warning words: 10
“My friends, my future comrades! stand compact,
And drive the intruder from your sacred soil.
Be vigilant; look westward; he who feign’d
Deliverance is enslaver; he attunes
His fiddle to the steps of dancing slaves,
And stamps on toes that keep not to his time.
The Briton has been free two hundred years,
Longer the Hollander, Helvetia’s son
Preceded him, and won the upland race;
Be Hellas fourth, no sluggard in the field. 20
Their glory none of those had merited
Had they forbidden God to hear the prayers
Of his weak children in their mother tongue.
The human body rises not at once,
But member after member; its extremes
Are first to stir, and they support the rest.
Give freedom if thou wouldst thyself be free,
Resurgent Hellas! force not on the neck
Of others that spiked yoke thou hast thrown off;
Leave his one God to the quell’d Osmanli, 30
Nor tread the papal slipper down at heel,
Nor drive the quiet Martin from thy gate.
Take and hold stedfastly one more advice.
Remain within thy ancient boundary.
Worst of all curses is the thirst of rule
O’er wide dominion: where is Babylon?
Where Carthage? Earth’s proud giant brood, they lie
Along the dust; the dust alone remains
Imperishable and by age unchanged.
Marble and bronze may crowd the peopled street, 40
Men will ask who were those? I place my palm
On a small volume which contains his words
Who rous’d and shook and would have saved thy land,
Demosthenes, the patriot who disdain’d
To live if life must be a despot’s gift.
Cherish his memory, teach thy sons his lore.”

HISTORY AND POLITICS

SEARCH AFTER HONOUR

[First printed as a whole in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. Ll. 78-89, sent to Lady Blessington on 25 April 1835 for insertion in this poem, were first published in Mad-dan's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

"WHERE now is Honour fled?" the Earth exclaims,
"And who last saw him?"

Many cry at once,
"Along the Vistula we traced his steps,
Each track with blood filled up, and thro' morass
And forest, and along the pine-paved road,
And cindery cities and stray villages
And tents of shaggy rushes, where the yell
Of Famine, following Pestilence, unearths
The wolf, and drives him also from his home,
With one prickt ear and one suspended shank,
Stops he, turns back, and with his fellow brute
Whipt into courage, frightened into fight,
The tamer Russ howls to partake the prey?"

10

"But where is Honour fled?" again men ask,
Knowing him tired and wounded.

"He was seen",
The generous German unabased replies
And many long long years was his abode
At Olmutz, in the dungeon keep of him
Who pusht his daughter on a thief to screen
His crouching back, lest one stroke more should fall,
And Prussia's lord unbound him; but he shrank
From the cold heart, frowned on its hollowness,
And left a bitter enemy behind.

20

We hear his voice, we need it, we rise up
By day, by night, from exercise, from rest,
From modern love, from ancient, from the friends
Unseen for years, to be for years unseen,
And in our linden walks await him still"

A louder voice from duskier visage cries,
"Again in mien terrific he stood up

30

In Zaragosa, and upon the sands
Of Cadiz too, but disappeared before
The soldiers of the faith, before a cross
Where a god's blood is all washed off by Mars."

Has he gone back then to his ancient halls,
Gothic or Saracenic; or delights
To plow the Sabine farm or prune the vines

SEARCH AFTER HONOUR

Of Argive Tibur, and indulge in dreams
Hovering for ever o'er that dewy dell?"
No; I too have been there and found him not. 40
Ausonian hills and dales short time delayed
His northward steps. He past the crowing Celt
Who snatcht his name and stuck it on his crest
With slaver, under cistus-flowers, the first
Of flowers to fall in sunshine or in shade.
"All this we know," said they; "but bend aside
Appenine shades, thrird Anio's labyrinth,
Follow the Nar, that whitens with his speed
Sulphureous and o'erleaps the precipice,
And runs again more rapid thus opposed. 50
Look round the Alban lake, round Tusculum
Behind the shrines of Latian Jove, behind
Soractè; stands no sign of him? no trace?"
Must I repeat my coward's ill-success?
He never loved to breathe the southern gale.
And tho' his temple stood upon one hill
Among the seven that o'ertopt the world,
He had no image and few worshippers.
Farther and farther back the soberer guides
Would lead us: this lays sorrowingly his hand 60
On Phocion's bust, this shows the name that shines
Eternal on the damnatory shell.*
Here Solon and Lycurgus sit between
Two forms not higher than their own; the one
Bears Jove's own egis, while the other looks
Heavenward, nor wants an egis nor a Jove.
'Tis he; 'tis Honour. Mortals worship here!"
I knew not that I spake; they started back
(As started back the woodman who sought Death)
At such impiety. It then behoved 70
To soothe them, and in lower tone I said,
"Friends, friends, the earth is old, and her best sons
Are gone before her; spare the puny brood
That suck her wrinkled paps at this late hour,
And cannot rest, and will not let us love
Him who the braver loved and sought and found."
At this they shook their heads and went their ways.
The swimmers in the stream of politicks,
That keep each other down, where none float high

* Aristides [L.]

HISTORY AND POLITICS

But who are rotten, shouted in my ear,
"Come hither, here is Honour; on this side;
He hates the other."

80

I past on, nor lookt,
Knowing the voices well; they troubled me
Vociferating. I searcht for willow wand
To scourge and silence the importunates,
And turn'd me round. Lo, they were all upon
The further bank, and, basking in the sun,
Mock'd at me, and defied me to cross o'er,
And broke their cakes and gave their curs the crumbs.

Weary with wanderings and with questionings,
And more with answers that perplexed the road,
How sweet was my release! I stretched my limbs
Whereon the mind its sevenfold weight had laid,
And fell asleep and dreamed: he then appeared.
He, Honour, for he told me his own name,
He stood before me, Honour's very self,
As often do the dying and the dead,
In form and stature like a Faery's dwarf;
In action like a beggar boy, who runs
Chattering and tumbling to entice your pence.
Then tumbled he, then chattered he; but where?
Where was his station while he played his pranks
And entertained me with his pert harangue?
On the curl'd lip and lard belaid moustache
Of the free Frenchman thirty times forsworn.

90

100

THE FOUR WILLIES

[Published in *The Modern Language Review*, July, 1912.]

NEVER was braver prince than he	Who in french perrukes and
Whom Normandy's prime chiv-	french blood
alry	Nine inches (half his stature)
Follow'd across the narrow sea.	stood.
Nor aught less brave his bright-	But braver than them all, our
hair'd son	fourth
Whom Tyrrel's arrow pierced	That bears the name: he from the
upon	North
The forest glade; nor less, that	Brought Howick: what can that
plague	man fear
Of poor old Louis from the Hague,	Who fears not ruin when appear

10

[A manuscript copy of this poem was found by Monsieur J. M. Carré in a letter to Henry Crabb Robinson, May 1835, preserved in Dr. Williams's Library, London.—W.]

THE FOUR WILLIES

Such swaggerers, arm'd with staves
and stones
And links and brands for crazy
thrones.
Steddy, boys, steddy! once he
roar'd
And knuckled hard the festive
board;

Now he is safely on dry land
Can he no longer sit or stand?
Must children in another age 20
When catechized on History's
page,
Be sugar-plum'd who rightly lisp,
"Dame! he was surnamed *Will o'
th' Whisp.*"

EPISCOPAL EXHORTATION AND FINAL PRAYER

[Printed in Messrs. Maggs's Catalogue, December, 1913.]

WHOSOEVER horse and cab hath,
Let him duly keep the sabbath!
Going to your church or chapel,
Peers! take heed, or it may hap ill,
That you alway block the door
With a comely coach and four.
Always let the vile free-thinkers
Find your horses in their blinkers,
Else the rogues would swear, no
doubt,
That they idly stare about, 10
And, while you are gone to pray,
They enjoy the sabbath-day.

PRAYER.

"Be, O element of air!
On that day the worse for wear,

Coming from a thousand mouths,
Each one hotter than the South's.
Come, O element of water!
Just at one o'clock, no later.
He who sigh'd all week for sun,
Sick or healthy, shall see none; 20
And the children of the sinner
Have their roast soakt thro' for
dinner.

O thou element of fire!
Coax not any warm desire:
Think how high and pure thou art,
And crack through the cherry tart;
So that every urchin groan,
'Mammy! Dad! The juice is gone!
Look! here's only skin and
stone!'"

PRISONERS OF WAR

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, June 7, 1923, from a manuscript.]

SOME angel aided in thy flight,
Brave Sidney! not more brave than Wright:
And yet how different was his doom
From thine! how distant lies his tomb!
The tyrant grins and curses fate
To feel that now he can but hate.

[Captains William Sidney Smith (afterwards Admiral Sir Sidney Smith) and John Wesley Wright, taken prisoners by the French in 1796, were held in captivity till 1798 when they escaped. Wright was again taken prisoner in 1804 and died in captivity October 27, 1805. It was long believed in England that he was put to death, but the French authorities asserted that he died by his own hand. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[KEATS]

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

FAIR and free soul of poesy, O Keats!
O how my temples throb, my heart-blood beats,
At every image, every word of thine!
Thy bosom, pierced by Envy, drops to rest;
Nor hearest thou the friendlier voice, nor seest
The sun of fancy climb along thy line.

But under it, altho a viperous brood
That stung an Orpheus (in a clime more rude
Than Rhodope and Hemus frown upon)
Still writhes and hisses, and peers out for more 10
Whose buoyant blood they leave concreted gore,
Thy flowers root deep, and split the creviced stone.

Ill may I speculate on scenes to come,
Yet I would dream to meet thee at our home
With Spenser's quiet, Chaucer's livelier ghost,
Cognate to thine . . not higher, and less fair . .
And Madalene and Isabella there

Shall say, *without thee half our loves were lost.*

Keats] *Title not in either ed.* [This and the lines on Burns, see next piece, were inserted in the *Imaginary Conversation*, "Landor, English Visitor and Florentine Visitor", and with prose context were omitted in 1876 ed. W.]

7 altho] although 1846.

9 Hemus] Hæmus 1846.

[BURNS]

[Published in 1828; reprinted 1846.]

HAD we two met, blythe-hearted Burns,
Tho water is my daily drink,
May God forgive me but I think
We should have roared out toasts by turns.
Inquisitive low-whispering cares
Had found no room in either pate,*
Until I asked thee, rather late,
Is there a hand-rail to the stairs?

* *Pate*, as T. Warton sagely informs us, was not a ludicrous or illiberal word formerly. It occurs in our translation of the Psalms. "His wickedness shall fall on his own *pate*." *Ps.* 7. [L. om. 1846.]

Burns] *Title not in either ed.*
8 stairs?] stairs! 1846.

1 blythe-] blithe 1846.

5 low-] low 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

EPITHALAMIUM

[Published in *Gebir*, &c. 1831.]

WEEP Venus, and ye
Adorable Three
Who Venus for ever environ!
Pounds shillings and pence
And shrewd sober sense
Have clapt the strait waistcoat on * * *

Off, Mainot and Turk,
With pistol and dirk,
Nor palace nor pinnace set fire on:
The cord's fatal jerk
Has done its last work,
And the noose is now slipt upon * * *.

10

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

[Written 1833; corrections sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, 23 Dec. 1833. Published in *The Athenæum*, January 4, 1834; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, *Works*, 1846, 1876.]

I

INDWELLER of a peaceful vale,
Ravaged, erewhile, by white-hair'd Dane;
Proud architect of many a wondrous tale,
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

II

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,
And see, methinks, the lake below
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair
And radiant than the purest waters are,
Even when gurgling, in their joy, among
The bright and blessed throng,
Whom—on her arm recline',
The beauteous Proserpine
With tenderest, regretful gaze,
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

10

To Robert Southey] Title. An Ode. 1833 1837. To SOUTHEY 1833 1846. 2 white-]
red-MS. emendation 1837. 3 Proud] Rare 1837, 1846. 4 Which, till] That
til correction. 11 recline'] recline 1837, recline,* 1846 with footnote

So Milton: *Par. Lost*, B. iv, v. 333.

"sideling [? side-long] as they sat, recline
On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flowers."

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

III

Alas! that snows are shed
 Upon thy laurell'd head,
 Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!
 Malignity lets none
 Reach safe the Delphic throne;
 A hundred kennel curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues. 20

IV

But this is in the night; when men are slow
 To raise their eyes; when high and low,
 The scarlet and the colourless are one:
 Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,
 And active minds again are risen;
 Where are the curs?—dream-bound and whimpering in the sun.

V

At fife's, or lyre's, or tabor's sound,
 The dance of youth, Oh! Southey runs not round,—
 But ceases at the bottom of—the room,
 Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom; 30
 Where the weary sit them down,
 And beauty too unbraids and waits a lovelier crown.

VI

We hurry to the river we must cross,
 And swifter downward every footstep wends;
 Happy, who reach it 'ere they count the loss
 Of half their faculties and half their friends!
 When we have come to it, the stream
 Is not so dreary as They dream
 Who look on it from haunts too dear;
 The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air! 40

VII

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven
 To poet, sage, or hero given;
 No breast more tender; none more just
 To that He largely placed in trust:

16 laurell'd] laurel'd 1846. 19 Reach safe] Approach 1837, 1846. 20 kennel]
 carrion MS. emendation 1837, lane-fed 1846. 28 Oh! Southey] O Southey, 1837,
 1846. 32 beauty] Beauty 1846. 37 have] are 1837, 1846. 38 They dream]
 they dream 1837, they deem 1846.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY

Therefore shalt Thou, whate'er the date
Of years be thine, with soul elate
Rise up before the Eternal throne,
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

VIII

Not—were that submarine
Gem-lighted city mine,
In which my name, engraven by Thy hand
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;
Not—were all Syracuse
Poured forth before my Muse,
With Hiero's cars, and steeds, and Pindar's lyre,
Brightening the path with more than Solar fire;
Could I—as would beseem—requite the praise
Showered upon my low head from Thy most lofty lays.

50

Florence, Dec. 1833.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

45 Thou, whate'er the] thou, whatever 1837, 1846. 51 In which] Wherein 1837,
1846. Thy] thy 1837, 1846. 52 Above . . . gleam] High o'er . . . dawn correction.
54 Muse] muse 1837, 1846. 56 Solar] solar 1837, 1846. 58 Thy] thy 1837,
1846. Date and signature at end om. after 1834.

TO WORDSWORTH

[Sent to Lady Blessington, 23 Dec. 1833. Published in *The Athenæum*, February 1, 1834; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; *Works* 1846, 1876; *The Blessington Papers*, 1896.]

THOSE who have laid the harp aside And turn'd to idler things, From very restlessness have tried The loose and dusty strings; And, catching back some favourite strain, Run with it o'er the chords again.	Pleases me better than the toil, Of smoothing under hardened hand, With attic emery and oil, The shining point for Wisdom's wand; Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills Descending from thy native hills.
But Memory is not a Muse, O Wordsworth!—though 'tis said They all descend from her, and use To haunt her fountain-head: 10 That other men should work for me In the rich mines of Poesie,	Without his governance, in vain Manhood is strong, and youth is bold. 20 If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold,

To Wordsworth] Title, Ode 1837. 5 favourite] favorite 1846. 20 youth] Youth 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Beneath his pinions deep and
frore,
And swells, and melts, and flows
no more,

That is because the heat beneath,
Pants in its cavern poorly fed.
Life springs not from the couch
of Death,
Nor Muse nor Grace can raise
the dead;
Unturn'd then let the mass re-
main,
Intractable to sun or rain. 30

A marsh, where only flat leaves
lie,
And showing but the broken
sky,
Too surely is the sweetest lay
That wins the ear and wastes the
day;
Where youthful Fancy pouts
alone,
And lets not Wisdom touch her
zone.
He who would build his fame up
high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say—I'll do what I have
plann'd,
Before he try if loam or sand 40
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's
base.
With skilful eye and fit device,
Thou raisest every edifice:

Whether in sheltered vale it stand
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodamia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the
space
Bounded for mortals' earthly race;
We both have crossed life's fervid
line, 51
And other stars before us shine.
May they be bright and prosperous
As those that have been stars for
us!
Our course by Milton's light was
sped,
And Shakspeare shining overhead:
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;
None ever crost our mystic sea,
More richly stored with thought
than he; 60
Tho' never tender nor sublime,
He struggles with and conquers
Time.

To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,
I've left much prouder company.
Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led;
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one—and that too shall be
theirs,
But after many rolling years, 70
When 'mid their light, thy light
appears.

W. S. LANDOR.

24 flows] glows 1895. 42 polish'd] polisht 1846. 47 those] the 1837,
1846. mourn] morn 1837 mispr. 48 Laodamia] Laodameia 1837, 1846, 1895.
50 Bounded] Listed 1837, 1846; Banded 1895. mortals'] mortal's 1837, 1846.
51 crossed] crost 1837, 1846. 62 struggles] wrestles 1837, 1846. 59 None]
1837 Few MS. emendation 1837. 64 I've] I 1837, 1846. 68 highly blessed]
the immortal MS. emendation 1837. Signature om. after 1834.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[WILLIAM GIFFORD]

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

CLAP, clap the double nightcap on!

Gifford will read you his amours . .

Lazy as Scheld and cold as Don . .

Kneel, and thank Heaven they are not yours.

Title in no ed.

TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB

[MS. in a letter to H. Crabb Robinson, 1835, in Dr. Williams's Library. Published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, June 13, 1835; reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; *Works*, 1846, 1876. Shorter version in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner,	He may have left the lowly walks
yet awhile!	of men.
Again shall Elia's smile	Left them he has. What then?
Refresh thy heart, when heart can	Are not his footsteps followed by
ache no more.	the eyes
What is it we deplore?	Of all the good and wise?
He leaves behind him, freed from	Tho' the warm day is over, yet
griefs and years,	they seek
Far worthier things than tears:	Upon the lofty peak
The love of friends without a single	Of his pure mind the roseate light
foe,	that glows
Unequall'd lot below!	O'er Death's perennial snows.
His gentle soul, his genius, these	Behold him! From the spirits of
are thine;	the Blest
Shalt thou for those repine? 10	He speaks, he bids thee rest. 20

W. S. LANDOR.

Title. To the Sister of Charles Lamb] Verses addressed to . . . 1837; To the sister of Elia 1846. No title in 1869. 3 when] where 1837-1869. 11. 9-12 not in 1869. 10 Shalt . . . those] For these dost thou 1837, 1846. 18 Death's] death's 1837, 1846. 19 spirits] region 1846, 1869. Blest] blest 1846. 20 speaks, he] speaks! He 1837; speaks: he 1846.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, 25 Apr. 1835. In a letter to Southey, early in 1835, printed in Forster's *Landor: A Biography*, 1869. Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published with variants 1846. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. Text 1837.]

ONCE, and once only, have I seen thy face,
 Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
 Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left
 Impression on it stronger or more sweet.

Title om. 1846. 3 heart] breast 1846, 1869. 4 or] and 1895.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
 What wisdom in thy levity, what soul
 In every utterance of that purest breast!
 Of all that ever wore man's form, tis thee
 I first would spring to at the gate of Heaven.

6 soul] truth 1846, 1869. 7 that] thy 1895. breast] soul 1846, 1869. 8 Of
 . . thee] Few are the spirits of the glorified 1846, 1869. thee] there 1895 (misp.).
 9 I . . . to] I'd spring to earlier 1846, 1869.

TO POETS

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1838. See note at end of the volume.]

PATIENCE! coy songsters of the Delphic wood,
 The brightest sun tempts forth the viper brood;
 And, of all insects buds and blooms enclose,
 The one that stinks the most infests the rose.

W. S. L.

ON THE PERPETUAL EMPLOYMENT OF THE WORDS "PALMY STATE"

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

I've never seen a book of late	Its highth and girth before them
But there is in it <i>palmy state</i> .	dwindle
To realm or city you apply	Into the measure of a spindle.
The palm, and think it rais'd	But often you would make it bend
thereby.	To some young poet, if your friend.
Yet always does the palmy crown	Look at it first, or you may fit
On every side hang loosely down,	Your poet-friend too well with it.
And its lank shade falls chiefly	The head of palm-tree is <i>so-so</i> ,
on	And bare or ragged all below.
Robber or reptile, sand or stone.	If it suits anything, I wist
Compare it with the Titan groves	It suits the archæologist. 20
Where, east or west, the savage	To him apply the "palmy state"
roves, 10	Whose fruit is nothing but a <i>date</i> .

Title om. 1846.

ON SHAKSPEARE

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1838; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

IN poetry there is but one Supreme,
 Though there are many angels round his throne,
 Mighty, and beauteous . . . while his face is hid.

W. S. L.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO BARRY CORNWALL

ON READING HIS *ENGLISH SONGS*

[Sent to Lady Blessington, 11 July 1836. Published in *The Examiner*, December 29, 1839; reprinted 1846, 1876. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

BARRY! your spirit long ago
Has haunted me: at last I know
The heart it springs from: one
more sound

Ne'er rested on poetic ground.
But, Barry Cornwall, by what
right

Wring you my heart and dim my
sight,
And make me wish, at every
touch,
My poor old hand could do as
much?

No other in these later times
Has bound me in so potent
rhymes. 10

I have observed the curious dress
And jewelry of brave Queen Bess,
But always found some o'er-
charged thing—

Some flaw in even the richest ring;
Admiring in her men-of-war
A rich but too argute guitar.

Our foremost now are more prolix,
And scrape with three-ell fiddle-
sticks,

And, whether bound for griefs or
smiles,

Are slow to turn as crocodiles. 20
Once, every court and country
bevy

Chose the gallants of loins less
heavy,

And would have laid upon the
shelf

Him who could talk but of him-
self.

Reason is stout, but even reason
May walk too long in Rhyme's hot
season:

I have heard many folks aver
They have caught horrid colds
with her.

Imagination's paper kite,
Unless the string is held in tight,
Whatever fits and starts it takes,
Soon bounces on the ground and
breaks. 32

You, placed afar from each ex-
treme,

Nor dully drowse, nor idly dream,
But, ever flowing with good
humour,

Are bright as spring and warm as
summer.

'Mid your Penates not a word
Of scorn or ill-report is heard,
Nor is there any heed to pull

A sheaf or truss from cart too
full, 40

Lest it o'erload the horse, no
doubt,

Or clog the road by falling out.
We, who surround a common
table,

And imitate the fashionable,

Sub-title om. 1846.

10 Has] Hath 1895.

of war 1846, 1895.

1846, 1876.

wildly 1846, 1895.

3 springs] sprung 1846.

14 richest] brightest 1846, 1895.

16 argute] argute 1895.

22 gallants] gallant 1846.

39 heed] need 1846, 1895

6 heart] breast 1846, 1895.

15 men-of-war] men

18 three-ell] three-fell [misprint]

25 reason] Reason 1846.

34 idly]

41 o'erload] overload 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Wear each two eye-glasses: this lens	That all may have their whole desert,	50
Shows us our faults, that other men's:	We would melt down the stars and sun	
We do not care how dim may be This by whose aid our own we see;	In our hearts' furnace to make one Thro' which the enlightened world might spy	
But, ever anxiously alert	A mote upon a brother's eye!	

W. S. LANDOR.

45 this] *this* 1846, 1895.
Signature om. after 1839.

46 that] *that* 1846, 1895.

48 This] *This* 1846.

ON READE'S CAIN

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July 1842; reprinted 1858.

THE reign of justice is return'd again:
Cain murder'd Abel, and Reade murders Cain.

Title only in 1858. [The couplet with its allusion to *Cain* by John Edmund Reade, was printed in a review by Landor of Reade's *Record of the Pyramids*. W.] 1 reign] rule 1858. is] hath 1858.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 21, 1844; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

Go then to Italy; but mind	A shout . . <i>Here comes the Minister!</i>	
To leave the pale low France	Yes, thou art he, although not sent	
behind;	By cabinet or parliament:	
Pass through that country, nor	Yes, thou art he. Since Milton's	
ascend	youth	
The Rhine, nor over Tyrol wend:	Bloom'd in the Eden of the South,	
Thus all at once shall rise more	Spirit so pure and lofty none	
grand	Hath heavenly Genius from his	
The glories of the ancient land.	throne	
Dickens! how often, when the	Deputed on the banks of Thames	
air	To speak his voice and urge his	
Breath'd genially, I've thought	claims.	20
me there,	Let every nation know from thee	
And rais'd to heaven my thankful	How less than lovely Italy	
eyes	Is the whole world beside; let all	
To see three spans of deep blue	Into their grateful breasts recall	
skies.	How Prospero and Miranda dwelt	10
In Genoa now I hear a stir,	In Italy: the griefs that melt	

TO CHARLES DICKENS

The stoniest heart, each sacred tear
 One lacrymatory gathered here;
 All Desdemona's, all that fell
 In playful Juliet's bridal cell. 30
 Ah! could my steps in life's
 decline
 Accompany or follow thine!
 But my own vines are not for me
 To prune, or from afar to see.
 I miss the tales I used to tell
 With cordial Hare and joyous Gell,
 And that good old Archbishop
 whose
 Cool library, at evening's close
 (Soon as from Ischia swept the
 gale
 And heav'd and left the darkening
 sail), 40
 Its lofty portal opened wide
 To me, and very few beside:
 Yet large his kindness. Still the
 poor

Flock round Taranto's palace-
 door,
 And find no other to replace
 The noblest of a noble race.
 Amid our converse you would
 see
 Each with white cat upon his knee,
 And flattering that grand com-
 pany:
 For Persian kings might proudly
 own 50
 Such glorious cats to share the
 throne.
 Write me few letters: I'm con-
 tent
 With what for all the world is
 meant;
 Write then for all: but, since my
 breast
 Is far more faithful than the rest,
 Never shall any other share
 With little Nelly nestling there.

W. S. LANDOR.

36 [Francis George Hare, *ob.* 1842. Sir William Gell, *ob.* 1836. W.] 37 [Giuseppe Capèce-Latro, Archbishop of Tarentum, *ob.* 1836. W.] 40 darkening] dark'ning 1846.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

[Published in *The Morning Chronicle*, November 22, 1845; reprinted for Browning's father on a leaflet 1845, and in *Works* 1846, 1876. Text *Morning Chronicle*, 1845.]

THERE is delight in singing, though none hear
 Beside the singer; and there is delight
 In praising, though the praiser sit alone
 And see the prais'd far off him, far above.
 Shakspeare is not *our* poet, but the world's,
 Therefore on him no speech; and short for thee,
 Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
 No man hath walk'd along our roads with step
 So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
 So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
 Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze

10

6 short] brief 1846.

8 walk'd] walkt 1846.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

Nov. 19, 1845.

W. S. LANDOR.

12 heights] highths 1846.

Signature and date om. after 1845.

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

WILL mortals never know each other's station
Without the herald? O abomination!
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men!
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,
And far below him spring the baseless arches
Of Iris, coloring dimly lake and fen.

TO A LADY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

SWEET are the siren songs on eastern shores,
To songs as sweet are pull'd our English oars;
And farther upon ocean venture forth
The lofty sails that leave the wizard north.
Altho' by fits so dense a cloud of smoke
Puffs from his sappy and ill-season'd oak,
Yet, as the *Spirit of the Dream* draws near,
Remembered loves make Byron's self sincere.
The puny heart within him swells to view,
The man grows loftier and the poet too.
When War sweeps nations down with iron wings,
Alcæus never sang as Campbell sings;
And, caught by playful wit and graceful lore,
The Muse invoked by Horace bends to Moore.
Theirs, not *my* verses, come I to repeat,
So draw the footstool nearer to your feet.

10

[POET MATHO]

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

DEEP forests hide the stoutest oaks;
Hazels make sticks for market-folks;
He who comes soon to his estate
Dies poor; the rich heir is the late.
Sere ivy shaded Shakspeare's brow;
But Matho is a poet now.

Title not in either ed.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO SOUTHEY

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THERE are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulph the poet; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey! mount
Up to these teachers; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his stedfast stately course
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineherd; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous's cypresses;
He covers with his aged black-vein'd hand
The plumy crest that frighten'd and made cling
To its fond-mother the ill-fated child;
He walks along Olympus with the Gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simōis glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms, soon tire.
The glorious Theban then?

10

The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paus'd, deserves more praise
Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak,
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up
And with the dust and straws are swept away;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light-bodied Fancy, Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs
Where none but insects find their nutriment;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.

20

30

Great is that poet, great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggle hard with Poverty,

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

40

SENT WITH POEMS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

LITTLE volume, warm with wishes,	Change she wants not, self-con-
Fearnot brows that never frown!	center'd,
After Byron's peppery dishes	She whom Attic graces please,
Matho's mild skim-milk goes	She whose Genius never enter'd
down.	Literature's gin-palaces.

TO AN AGED POET

[Written in 1836 when included in *Satire on Satirists*; published as a separate poem in 1846. Text 1846.]

WHY, O true poet of the country! why
With goatskin glove an ancient friend defy?
Think timely (for our coming years are few)
Their worst diseases mortals may subdue;
Which, if they grow around the loftier mind,
Death, when ourselves are smitten, leaves behind.
Our frowardness, our malice, our distrust,
Cling to our name and sink not with our dust.
Like peer's and pauper's are our flesh and blood,
Perish like them we can not, if we would.
Is not our sofa softer when one end
Sinks to the welcome pressure of a friend?
If he hath rais'd us from our low estate,
Are we not happier when they call him great?
Some who sat round us while the grass was green
Fear the chill air and quit the duller scene:
Some, unreturning, through our doors have past,
And haply we may live to see the last.

10

[ll. 1-2, 3-18=ll. 311-13, 340-55 of *Satire on Satirists*, 1836, for which see vol. iv, p. 217] 1 Why] But 1836. 6 smitten] gathered 1836. 9 peer's . . . are] prince and pauper in 1836. 10 can not] cannot 1836 can not . . . would] cannot . . . wou'd 1836. 13 from] in 1836. 15 sat] sate 1836. 17 through] thro' 1836.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO LEIGH HUNT, ON AN OMISSION IN HIS *FEAST OF THE POETS*

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

LEIGH HUNT! thou stingy man, Leigh Hunt! May Charon swamp thee in his punt, For having, in thy list, forgotten So many poets scarce half rotten, Who did expect of thee at least A few cheese-parings from thy <i>Feast</i> . Hast thou no pity on the men Who suck (as babes their tongues) the pen,	Until it leaves no traces where It lighted, and seems dipt in air. 10 At last be generous, Hunt! and pry thee Refresh (and gratis too) in Lethe Yonder sick Muse, surcharged with poppies And heavier presentation-copies. She <i>must</i> grow livelier, and the river More potent in effect than ever.
---	--

TO MACAULAY

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

THE dreamy rhymer's measured snore Falls heavy on our ears no more; And by long strides are left behind The dear delights of woman-kind, Who win their battles like their loves, In satin waistcoats and kid gloves, And have achieved the crowning work When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk. Another comes with stouter tread,	And stalks among the statelier dead. 10 He rushes on, and hails by turns High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns, And shows the British youth, who ne'er Will lag behind, what Romans were, When all the Tuscans and their Lars Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.
--	---

TO H.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

SNAPPISH and captious, ever prowling
For something to excite thy growling;
He who can bear thee must be one
Gentle to beasts as Waterton.

[H. was doubtless meant for Henry Hallam, believed by Landor to have written a criticism of *The Pentameron* in *The British and Foreign Review*. W.] 4 Waterton
[Charles Waterton, ob. 1865, traveller and naturalist. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[G. P. R. JAMES]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONWARD, right onward, gallant James, nor heed
The plunging prancers of a grease-heel'd breed.
Onward, our leader thro' the tower-lit scenes
Of genial Froissart and of grave Commynes.
Minisht by death, by sickness, and by pain,
Poitiers sends forth her glorious few again:
Again o'er pennons gay and hawberks bright
The sable armour shines in morning light:
And cries of triumph from the brave and true,
And those who best reward them, swell for you.

10

Title not in either ed.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

PLEASANT it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off?
Invidious or morose! Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much unless 'tis mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed,
While the broad chump leans back against the stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till night.

10

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

UNJUST are they who argue me unjust
To thee, O France! Did ever man delight
More cordially in him who held the hearts
Of beasts to his, and searcht into them all,
And took their wisdom, giving it profuse
To man, who gave them little in return,
And only kept their furs and teeth and claws.
What comic scenes are graceful, saving thine?
Where is philosophy like thy Montaigne's!
Religion, like thy Fenelon's? Sublime
In valour's self-devotion were thy men,
Thy women far sublimer: but foul stains
At last thou bearest on thy plume; thy steps

10

TO FRANCE

Follow false honour, deviating from true.
A broken word bears on it worse disgrace
Than broken sword; erewhile thou knewest this.
Thou hughest thy enslaver: on his tomb
What scrolls! what laurels! Are there any bound
About the braver Corday's? Is one hymn
Chaunted in prayers or praises to the Maid
To whom all maidens upon earth should bend,
Who at the gate of Orleans broke thy chain?

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

If hatred of the calm and good,	Ye arbiters of nations, spare
And quenchless thirst of human	The land of Rabelais and Molière,
blood,	But swing those panthers by the
Should rouse a restless race again,	ears
And new Napoleonsscour the plain,	Across the grating of Algiers.

TO MICHELET

ON HIS *PRIESTS, WOMEN, AND FAMILIES*

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

MICHELET! Time urges me down life's descent,
Yet suffers me to breathe and look abroad
And view one object, grand and luminous,
In the clear south: 'tis thou; apart, alone,
Brave combatant, above all bravery
Of proudest battle-field! No eloquence
In thy own land, altho' that land pour'd forth
From Paschal and from Bossuet such as Rome
And Athens never heard, is warm as thine.
To raise the feeble, to abase the proud,
To strike the mask from frockt Hypocrisy,
Is worthy of thy genius. Deign to hear
One more applauder. If unfit to judge
How far above all others of our day
Thou standest, how much higher every hour
Will come to raise thee, deign to hear a voice
That falters with thy own, while that large heart
Swell's o'er a mother's dust. Albeit too poor
Wert thou to bury her, the glorious son
Hath now erected over her a tomb
Such as, with all his wealth, no king to king,
No grateful nation to protector rais'd.

10

20

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO MICHELET

ON HIS *PEOPLE*

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

I PRAIS'D thee, Michelet, whom I saw
At Reason's Feast, by Right and Law.
Must then, when Discord's voice hath ceast,
And when the faggot fails the priest,
All present Frenchmen, like all past,
Cry for a lap of blood at last?

I prais'd] praise 1876 [*misprint*].

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONE leg across his wide arm-chair,
Sat Singleton, and read Voltaire;
And when (as well he might) he hit
Upon a splendid piece of wit,
He cried: "I do declare now, this
Upon the whole is not amiss."
And spent a good half-hour to show
By metaphysics why 'twas so.

2 Singleton [? Thomas Singleton (1783-1842), Archdeacon of Northumberland. W.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO ELIZA LYNN

ON HER *AMYMONE*

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 22, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. cccx), 1876.]

HIGH names, immortal names, have women borne;
In every land her amaranthine crown
Virtue hath placed upon the braided brow;
In many, courage hath sprung up and shamed
The stronger man's unbrave audacity;
In many, nay in all, hath Wisdom toucht
The fairer front benignly, and hath kist
Those lids her lessons kept from their repose.
Only for Hellas had the Muses dwelt
In the deep shadow of the gentler breast,
To soothe its passions or repeat its tale.

10

Title Walter Savage Landor *om.* 1853. [Eliza Lynn: afterwards Mrs. Lynn Linton (1828-98). *Amyone* was published in 1848. W.] 11 passions] passion 1853.

TO ELIZA LYNN

They lived not but in Hellas. *There* arose
 Erinna, *there* Corinna, *there* (to quench
 The torch of poesy, of love, of life,
 In the dim water) Sappho. Far above
 All these, in thought and fancy,* she whose page
 The world's last despot seiz'd and trampled on,
 Casting her forth where Summer's gladdened sun
 Shone o'er the nightless laurel from the Pole.
 Before her advent, England's maidens heard
 The *Simple Story*: other voices since
 Have made their softness sound thro' manly tones
 And overpower them. In our days, so sweet,
 So potent, so diversified, is none,
 As thine, Protectress of Aspasia's fame,
 Thine, golden shield of matchless Pericles,
 Pure heart and lofty soul, Eliza Lynn!

20

* Savary, by order of Bonaparte, seized the whole impression of *Madame de Staël's Germany*, and forced her to take refuge in Sweden. [L.]

21 *Simple Story* [By Mrs. Inchbald, 1791. W

EPISTLE TO ARNDT

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CCLXI), 1876.]

AGAINST the frauds of France did Europe rise
 And seize the robber who had lost his way,
 Blinded with blood; she threw him upon rocks
 Where none but gulls wail'd over him; she heav'd
 (Well may the Muses blush to speak the word)
 A tallow-tub on her indignant breast,
 And mid her shrieks and writhings the sword's point
 Scrawl'd on the foul bulk-head four letters, K.I.N.G.
 'Twas at thy voice, O Arndt, that Europe rose,
 England's was weak, and Germany's was tuned
 To orchestras, and lower'd to palace ears;
 But thy loud clarion waked all living, waked
 The dead to march among them. Prussia saw
 Her warrior burst his cerements; Blucher strode
 Aside the old man's charger, even-paced,
 Along the path where glory shone austere,
 Shedding a dim but no uncertain light.

10

Title. Epistle om. 1853.
 11 orchestras] theatres 1853.
 covenants; Bluker 1853.

7 mid] , midst 1853.
 palace] ducal 1853.
 16 shone] shines 1853.

8 Scrawl'd] Graved 1853.
 14 cerements; Blucher]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Cry out again, brave Arndt! cry out the words
 Proclaim'd of old, "*Learn justice! * Be forewarn'd!*"
 And tell the princes of thy native land 20
 That, sprung from robbers, they are robbers too;
 Cry out, "*Abstain! or forfeit crown and life!*"
 There is a nation high above the rest
 In virtue and in valour: we have wrong'd,
 We Englishmen have wrong'd her, we her sons;
 We owe her more than riches can repay,
 Or penitence or sympathy atone;
 Let us at least the arms we seiz'd restore,
 And drive the cow'd invader from her coast.
 Arndt! thou art stronger than the strongest arm 30
 That wields in Germany a patriotic sword,
 How much then stronger than whichever wields
 One temper'd not by justice! 'Tis to thee
 Alone, the greatest of God's great, I call,
 I, who alone can now be heard so far;
 For (let me whisper) we have ribbon'd lute
 And rural fiddle, trumpet we have none.
 He who had bled for Wallace, at his side
 Lies with due honours; due, but long deferr'd:
 He too, the great magician, multiform, 40
 Who sang the fate of Marmion, and convoked
 From every country all who shone most high
 In arms or beauty, drain'd the bowl of grief
 And sleeps! Another, his compatriot bard,
 Whose thunder shook the Baltic and the Nile,
 And stay'd the Danaw swoln with ice and blood,
 Lies . . . dead as Nelson . . . nor more dead than he.
 Our richest fruits grew under northern skies;
 We have no grafts; we have but sprigs and leaves.
 Up thou! burst boldly through the palace-gate, 50
 Announce thy errand, bid a king be just;
 So mayest thou, good Arndt, as heretofore,
 When first I claspt that guiding hand at Bonn,
 Return with other laurels, and enjoy
 Thy ripening orchard and domestic peace.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* Discite iustitiam moniti. VIRGIL. [*L. Æneid*, vi. 620.]

29 cow'd] coward 1853.
 genda 1853 fiddle but *text* 1853.
 1853.

31 patriotic] patriot 1853.

39 honours] honors 1853.
Signature om. 1853.

37 fiddle,] fiddle; *corri-*
 45 Baltic] Baltick

49 sprigs] twigs 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO AUBREY DE VERE

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 7, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. CCXLIII), 1876.]

WELCOME! who last hast climbed the cloven hill,
 Forsaken by its Muses and their God!
 Show us the way; we miss it young and old.
 Roses that cannot clasp their languid leaves,
 Puffy, and colourless, and overblown,
 Encumber all our walks of poetry.
 The satin slipper and the mirror boot
 Delight in pressing them: but who hath trackt
 A Grace's naked foot amid them all?
 Or who hath seen (ah! how few care to see!) 10
 The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct?
 Thou hast; and she hath placed her palm in thine.
 Walk ye together in our fields and groves.
 We have gay birds and graver, we have none
 Of varied note, none to whose harmony
 Late hours will listen, none who sings alone.
 Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
 Aubrey de Vere! Fling far aside all heed
 Of that hyæna race whose growls and smiles
 Alternate, and which neither blows nor food, 20
 Nor stern nor gentle brow, domesticate.
 Await some Cromwell, who alone hath strength
 Of heart to dash down its wild wantonness,
 And fasten its fierce grin with steady gaze.
 Come, reascend with me the steeps of Greece
 With firmer foot than mine. None stop our road,
 And few will follow: we shall breathe apart
 That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.
 Lead thou the way; I knew it once; my sight
 May miss old marks; lend me thy hand; press on; 30
 Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

September 23, 1848.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

4 cannot] can not 1853. 5 colourless] odorless 1853. 16 Late hours] Time
 long 1853. 19 whose] which 1853. 24 steady] stedly 1853. 25 reascend]
 re-ascend 1853. 26 our] the 1853. Date and signature om. 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

SHAKSPEARE AND MILTON

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 24, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxxxix), 1876.]

THE tongue of England, that which myriads
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyzed*
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth
Above the flight of ages, two alone;
One crying out,

"All nations spoke thro me."

The other,

*True; and thro this trumpet burst
God's word; the fall of Angels, and the doom
First of immortal, then of mortal, Man.
Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* French ministers, under kings the most bestial, have promoted the extension of their language: English ones, even under the least bestial, never. Pitt said, "*Let letters take care of themselves.*" Fox dabbled in them; but deeper in the dice-box. Canning, a clever epigrammatist, cared as little for his country's honour as for his own, surrendering Spain, black all over with English blood, to the Jesuit, the Inquisitor, and the Bourbon. If ministers have done nothing for the procession of a language which a younger nation will extend over the globe, parliamentarians have done much. Grote is unwilling that Napier should be our only great historian. Another comes close after: and the superficialities of Macintosh dry up under the fervour of Macaulay. W. S. L.

Footnote and signature om. after 1849.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *MARY BARTON*

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 17, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cclxviii), 1876.]

A FEW have borne me honor in my day,
Whether for thinking as themselves have thought
Or for what else I know not, nor inquire.
Among them some there are whose name will live
Not in the memories but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and rais'd,
And, where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn feature and disfigured limb.
Such thou art, pure and mighty! such art thou,
Paraclete of the Bartons! Verse is mute
Or husky in this wintery eve of time,

10

[*Mary Barton. A Tale of Manchester Life*, by Mrs. Gaskell, was published in 1848. W.] 6 rais'd] cheer'd 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *MARY BARTON*

And they who fain would sing can only cough:
 We praise them even for that. Men now have left
 The narrow field of well-trimm'd poetry
 For fresher air and fuller exercise;
 And they do wisely: I might do the same
 If strength could gird and youth could garland me.
 Imagination flaps her purple wing
 Above the ancient laurels, and beyond. 20
 There are brave voices that have never sung
 Olympic feats or Isthmian; there are hands
 Strong as were his who rein'd the fiery steeds
 Of proud Achilles on the Phrygian plain;
 There are clear eyes, eyes clear as those that pierced
 Thro Paradise and Hell and all between.
 The human heart holds more within its cell
 Than universal Nature holds without.
 This thou hast taught me, standing up erect
 Where Avon's Genius and where Arno's meet.
 I hear another voice, not thine nor theirs,
 But clear, and issuing from the fount of Truth. . .
None can confer God's blessing but the poor,
None but the heavy-laden reach His throne.

March 11.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

14 We . . . now] And yet we praise them. Some more strong 1853. 15 trimm'd]
 trim'd 1853. 16 fuller] wider 1853. For l. 21 1853 substitutes:
 Aye, there are harps that never rang aloft
 22 feats] deeds 1853. 23 as . . . who] even as those that 1853. 24 Phrygian]
 Dardan 1853. 29 taught] shown 1853. Between ll. 29-30 1853 inserts one line:
 While I sat gazing, deep in reverent awe,
 l. 31 om. 1853. 32 But . . . from . . . Truth . . .] And thou hast taught me at . . .
 Truth; 1853. 33 None can] That none 1853. 33, 34 not in italics in 1853.
 Date and signature om. 1853.

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND

[Published in *The Examiner*, June 2, 1849; reprinted 1853 (No. cclxvi), 1876.]

HEREDITARY honors who confers?
 God; God alone. Not Marlboro's heir enjoys
 A Marlboro's glory. Ye may paste on walls,
 Thro' city after city, rubric bills,
 Large-lettered, but ere long they all peel off,
 And others take their places. 'Tis not thus

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Where genius stands; no monarch here bestows,
No monarch takes away; above his reach
Are these dotations, yea, above his sight.
Despise I then the great? no; witness Heaven! 10
None better knows or venerates them higher,
Or lives among them more familiarly.
Am I a sycophant, and boaster too?
A little of a boaster, I confess,
No sycophant. Now let me teach my lore.

Those are the great, who purify the hearts,
Raise lofty aspirations from the breasts,
And shower down wisdom on the heads of men.
Children can give, exchange, and break their toys,
But giants can not wrench away the gifts 20
The wise, however humble, may impart.

I have seen princes, but among them all
None I would own my equal; I have seen
Laborious men, and patient, Virtue's sons,
Men beyond Want, yet not beyond the call
Of strict Frugality from embered hearth,
And inly cried, "*O, were I one of these!*"
How many verses, verses not inept,
But stamp'd for lawful weight and sterling ore,
Are worth one struggle to exalt our kind! 30

Here let me back my coursers, and turn round.
Hereditary honors! few, indeed,
Are those they fall to. Norton! Dufferin!
Rich was your grandsire in the mines of wit,
Strong in the fields of eloquence, but poor
And feeble was he when compared with you.

O glorious England! never shone the hour
With half so many lights; and most of these
In female hands are holden. Gone is she
Who shrouded *Casa-Bianca*,* she who cast 40
The iron mould of *Ivan*, yet whose song
Was soft and varied as the nightingale's,
And heard above all others. Few are they
Who well weigh gems: instead of them we see
Flat noses, cheek by jowl, not over-nice,
Nuzzle weak wash in one long shallow trough.

* Felicia Hemans. [L.]

THE HEROINES OF ENGLAND

Let me away from them! fresh air for me!
I must to higher ground.

What glorious forms
Advance! No *man* so lofty, so august.
In troops descend bright-belted Amazons . .
But where is Theseus in the field to-day?

50

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *FESTUS*

ON THE CLASSICK AND ROMANTICK

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 29, 1849; reprinted with additions 1853
(No. ccxxxviii), 1876.]

PHILIP! I know thee not, thy song I know:
It fell upon my ear among the last
Destined to fall upon it: but while strength
Is left me, I will rise to hail the morn
Of the stout-hearted who begin a work
Wherin I did but idle at odd hours.

The Faeries never tempted me away
From higher fountains and severer shades;
Their rings allured me not from deeper tracks
Left by Olympick wheels on ampler plains,
Yet could I see them and can see them now
With pleasurable warmth, and hold in bonds
Of brotherhood men whom their gamesome wreath
In youth's fresh slumber caught, and still detains.
I wear no cestus; my right-hand is free
To point the road few seem inclined to take.
Admonish thou, with me, the starting youth,
Ready to seize all nature at one grasp,
To mingle earth, sea, sky, woods, cataracts,
And make all nations think and speak alike.

10

20

Some see but sunshine, others see but gloom,
Others confound them strangely, furiously;
Most have an eye for colour, few for form.
Imperfect is the glory to *create*,
Unless on our creation we can look
And see that all is good; we then may rest.

Title "Festus" [By Philip James Bailey: 1839.] 9 tracks] track 1853.
wheels . . . plains,] wheel . . . plain; 1853. 14 still] stil 1853.

10

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

In every poem train the leading shoot;
 Break off the suckers. Thought erases thought,
 As numerous sheep erase each other's print
 When spongy moss they press or sterile sand. 30
 Blades thickly sown want nutriment and droop,
 Altho' the seed be sound, and rich the soil.
 Thus healthy-born ideas, bedded close,
 By dreaming fondness, perish overlaid.
 We talk of schools . . . unscholarly; of schools.
 Part the romantick from the classical.
 The classical like the heroick age
 Is past; but Poetry may reassume
 That glorious name with Tartar and with Turk,
 With Goth or Arab, Sheik or Paladin, 40
 And not with Roman and with Greek alone.

The name is graven on the workmanship.
 The trumpet-blast of *Marmion* never shook
 The walls of God-built Ilion; yet what shout
 Of the Achaïans swells the heart so high?
 Shakespeare with majesty benign call'd up
 The obedient classicks from their marble seats,
 And led them thro dim glens and sheeny glades,
 And over precipices, over seas

32 Altho'] Although 1853.
 1853 inserts seventeen lines:

34 overlaid] overlain 1853.

Between ll. 34-5

A rose or sprig of myrtle in the hair
 Pleases me better than a far-sought gem.
 I chide the flounce that checks the nimble feet,
 Abhor the cruel piercer of the ear,
 And would strike down the chain that cuts in two
 The beauteous column of the marble neck.
 Barbarous and false are all such ornaments,
 Yet such hath poesy in whim put on.
 Classical hath been deem'd each Roman name
 Writ on the roll-call of each pedagogue
 In the same hand, in the same tone pronounced;
 Yet might five scanty pages well contain
 All that the Muses in fresh youth would own
 Between the grave at Tomos, wet with tears
 Rolling amain down Getick beard unshorn,
 And that grand priest whose purple shone afar
 From his own Venice o'er the Adrian sea.

Tomos [On the Black Sea. Ovid died there. W.] Grand priest [Cardinal Bembo. W.]
 35 of schools.] if schools 1853. 44 walls . . . = built] God-built walls of 1853.

Between ll. 45-6 1853 inserts two lines:

Nor fainter is the artillery-roar that booms
 From Hohenlinden to the *Baltick* strand.

47 seats] seat 1853.

48 glens . . . glades] glen . . . glade 1853.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *FESTUS*

Unknown by mariners, to palaces 50
 High-archt, to festival, to dance, to joust,
 And gave them golden spurs and vizors barred,
 And steeds that Pheidias had turn'd pale to see.
 The mighty man who opened Paradise,
 Harmonious far above Homerick song,
 Or any song that human ears shall hear,
 Sometimes was classical and sometimes not.
 Rome chain'd him down, the younger Italy
 Dissolved, not fatally, his Sampson strength.

I leave behind me those who stood around 60
 The throne of Shakespeare, sturdy, but unclean;
 To hurry past the opprobrious courts and lanes
 Of the loose pipers at the Belial feasts,
 Past mimes obscene and grinders of lampoons . .
 Away the petty wheel, the callous hand!
 Goldsmith was classical, and Gray almost.
 Cowper had more variety, more strength,
 Gentlest of bards! stil pitied, stil beloved!
 Romantick, classical, the female hand
 That chain'd the cruel Ivan down for ever, 70
 And followed up, rapt in his fiery car
 The boy of Casabianca to the skies.
 Wordsworth, in sonnet, is a classick too,
 And on that grass-plot sits at Milton's side;
 In the long walk he soon is out of breath
 And wheezes heavier than his friends could wish.
 Follow his pedlar up the devious rill,
 And, if you faint not, you are well repaid.
 Large lumps of precious metal lie engulft

50 mariners] mariner 1853. 52 spurs . . . vizors] spur . . . vizor 1853. 59 Sampson so in all editions. 63 feasts] feast 1853. 64 mimes . . . grinders . . . lampoons] mime . . . grinder . . . lampoon 1853. Between ll. 66-7 1853 inserts two lines:

So was poor Collins, heart-bound to Romance:
 Shelley and Keats, those southern stars, shone higher.

Between ll. 68-9 1853 inserts three lines with foot-note:

Shrewder in epigram than polity
 Was Canning; Frere more graceful; Smith more grand;*
 A genuine poet was the last alone.

* Bobus Smith [L.]

Between ll. 72-3 1853 inserts five lines:

Other fair forms breathe round us, which exert
 With Paphian softness Amazonian power,
 And sweep in bright array the Attick field.
 To men turn now, who stand or lately stood
 With more than Royalty's gilt bays adorn'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

In gravelly beds, whence you must delve them out, 80
 And thirst sometimes and hunger; shudder not
 To wield the pickaxe and to shake the sieve.
 Too weak for ode or epick, and his gait
 Somewhat too rural for the tragick pall,
 Which never was cut out of duffel grey,
 He fell, entangled, "on the grunsel-edge"
 Flat on his face, "and shamed his worshippers."

Classick in every feature was my friend
 The genial Southey: none who ruled around
 Held in such order such a wide domain . . 90
 But often too indulgent, too profuse.

The ancients see us under them, and grieve
 That we are parted by a rank morass,
 Wishing its flowers more delicate and fewer.
 Abstemious were the Greeks; they never strove
 To look so fierce: their muses were sedate,
 Never obstreperous: you heard no breath
 Outside the flute; each sound ran clear within.
 The Fauns might dance, might clap their hands, might shout,
 Might revel and run riotous; the Nymphs 100
 Furtively glanced, and fear'd, or seem'd to fear:
 Descended on the lightest of light wings,
 The strong tho' graceful Hermes mused awhile,
 And now with his own lyre and now with voice
 Tempered the strain; Apollo calmly smiled.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

80 gravelly] gravely 1853. 82 sieve.] sieve, 1853. 83 or epick] and epick 1853.
Between ll. 82-3 1853 inserts one line:

Well shall the labour be (tho hard) repaid.

86-7 edge" . . . "and] edge . . . and 1853 [*quotation marks being wrongly omitted: see Milton, Par. L., i. 460-1. W.]* 96 muses] Muses 1853. 103 strong . . . awhile]
graceful son of Maia mused apart 1853. Between ll. 103-4 1853 inserts one line:

Graceful, but strong; he listen'd; he drew nigh;

105 tempered] temper'd 1853. *Signature om. 1853.*

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. CLXXVIII), 1876.]

Askest thou if in my youth I have mounted, as others have mounted,
 Galloping Hexameter, Pentameter cantering after,
 English by dam and by sire; bit, bridle, and saddlery, English;
 English the girths and the shoes; all English from snaffle to crupper;

ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

Everything English around, excepting the tune of the jockey?
 Latin and Greek, it is true, I have often attach'd to my phaeton
 Early in life, and sometimes have I ordered them out in its evening,
 Dusting the linings, and pleas'd to have found them unworn and un-
 tarnisht.

Idle! but Idleness looks never better than close upon sunset.
 Seldom my goosequill, of goose from Germany, fatted in England, 10
 (Frolicsome though I have been) have I tried on Hexameter, knowing
 Latin and Greek are alone its languages. We have a measure
 Fashion'd by Milton's own hand, a fuller, a deeper, a louder.
 Germans may flounder at will over consonant, vowel, and liquid,
 Liquid and vowel but one to a dozen of consonants, ending
 Each with a verb at the tail, tail heavy as African ram's tail.
 Spenser and Shakspeare had each his own harmony; each an enchanter
 Wanting no aid from without. *Chevy Chase* had delighted their fathers,
 Though of a different strain from the song on the *Wrath of Achilles*.
 Southey was fain to pour forth his exuberant stream over regions 20
 Near and remote: his command was absolute; every subject,
 Little or great, he controll'd; in language, variety, fancy,
 Richer than all his compeers, and wanton but once in dominion;
 'T was when he left the full well that for ages had run by his homestead,
 Pushing the brambles aside which encumber'd another up higher,
 Letting his bucket go down, and hearing it bump in descending,
 Grating against the loose stones 'til it came but half-full from the
 bottom.

Others abstain'd from the task. Scott wander'd at large over Scotland;
 Reckless of Roman and Greek, he chaunted the *Lay of the Minstrel*
 Better than ever before any minstrel in chamber had chaunted. 30
 Never on mountain or wild hath echo so chéerily sounded,
 Never did monarch bestow such glorious meeds upon knighthood,
 Never had monarch the power, liberality, justice, discretion.
 Byron liked new-paperyed rooms, and pull'd down old wainscoat of cedar;
 Bright-color'd prints he preferr'd to the graver cartoons of a Raphael,
 Sailor and Turk (with a sack), to Eginate and Parthenon marbles.
 Splendid the palace he rais'd—the gin-palace in Poesy's purlieus;
 Soft the divan on the sides, with spittoons for the qualmish and queesy.
 Wordsworth, well pleas'd with himself, cared little for modern or
 ancient.

5 around] about 1853.
 has two lines:

6 attach'd] attacht 1853.

Between ll. 30–1 1853

Marmion mounted his horse with a shout such as rose under Iliou;
 Venus, who sprang from the sea, had envied the *Lake and its Lady*.

32 meeds] meed 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

His was the moor and the tarn, the recess in the mountain, the wood-
land

40

Scatter'd with trees far and wide, trees never too solemn or lofty,
Never entangled with plants overrunning the villager's foot-path.
Equable was he and plain, but wandering a little in wisdom,
Sometimes flying from blood and sometimes pouring it freely.
Yet he was English at heart. If his words were too many; if Fancy's
Furniture lookt rather scant in a whitewasht homely apartment;
If in his rural designs there is sameness and tameness; if often
Feebleness is there for breadth; if his pencil wants rounding and
pointing;

Few of this age or the last stand out on the like elevation.

There is a sheepfold he rais'd which my memory loves to revisit, 50
Sheepfold whose wall shall endure when there is not a stone of the
palace.

Still there are walking on earth many poets whom ages hereafter
Will be more willing to praise than they are to praise one another:
Some do I know, but I fear, as is meet, to recount or report them,
For, be whatever the name that is foremost, the next will run over,
Trampling and rolling in dust his excellent friend the precursor.
Peace be with all! but afar be ambition to follow the Roman,
Led by the German uncomb'd, and jiggling in dactyl and spondee,
Lumbering shapeless jackboots which nothing can polish or supple.
Much as old metres delight me, 'tis only where first they were nurtured,
In their own clime, their own speech: than pamper them here I would
rather

61

Tie up my Pegasus tight to the scanty-fed rack of a sonnet.

46 homely] and homely 1853. *Between ll. 51-2 1853 has four lines:*

Keats, the most Grecian of all, rejected the meter of Grecians;
Poesy breath'd over him, breath'd constantly, tenderly, freshly;
Wordsworth she left now and then, outstretcht in a slumberous languor,
Slightly displeased . . . but return'd, as Aurora return'd to Tithonus.

52 Still] Stil 1853. 53 they] we now 1853. 60 metres] meters 1853.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 5, 1850; reprinted in 1853 (No. CCXL), 1876.]

CALL we for harp or song?	Richer and nobler now
Accordant numbers, measured out,	Than when the close-trim'd laurel
belong	markt his brow,
Alone, we hear, to bard.	And from one fount his thirst
Let him this badge, for ages worn,	Was slaked, and from none other
discard;	proudly burst

6 brow,] brow. 1853.

TO CHARLES DICKENS

Neighing, the winged steed.
Gloriously fresh were those young
days indeed! 10

Clear, if confined, the view:
The feet of giants swept that early
dew;

More graceful came behind,
And golden tresses waved upon
the wind.

Pity and Love were seen
In earnest converse on the humble
green;

Grief too was there, but Grief
Sat down with them, nor struggled
from relief.

Strong Pity was, strong he,
But little Love was bravest of the
three. 20

At what the sad one said
Often he smiled, tho Pity shook
her head.

Descending from their clouds,
The Muses mingled with admiring
crowds:

Each had her ear inclined,
Each caught and spoke the lan-
guage of mankind

From choral thralldom free . .
Dickens! didst thou teach *them*,
or they teach *thee*?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

11 if] tho 1853.

view:] view; 1853.

Signature in 1850 only.

DANTE

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cxcix), 1876.]

ERE blasts from northern
lands

Had covered Italy with barren
sands,

Rome's Genius, smitten sore,
Wail'd on the Danube, and was
heard no more.

Centuries twice seven had past
And crusht Etruria rais'd her head
at last.

A mightier Power she saw,
Poet and prophet, give three
worlds the law.

When Dante's strength arose
Fraud met aghast the boldest of
her foes; 10

Religion, sick to death,
Lookt doubtful up, and drew in
pain her breath.

Both to one grave are gone;
Altars still smoke, still is the God
unknown.

Haste, whoso from above
Comest with purer fire and larger
love,

Quenchest the Stygian torch,
And leadest from the *Garden* and
the *Porch*,

Where gales breathe fresh
and free,

And where a Grace is call'd a
Charity, 20

To Him, the God of peace,
Who bids all discord in his house-
hold cease . .

Bids it, and bids again,
But to the purple-vested speaks in
vain.

Sub-tile om. 1853.
centuries 1853.

2 covered] cover'd 1853.
14 still (*his*) stil 1853.

5 Centuries . . . seven] Twelve

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

<p>Write on the rampire of Marseilles <i>Here Power in Virtue's presence</i> <i>quails,</i> 20 <i>And warns the patriot from the</i> <i>pier:</i> Yet the self-exiled sons of Greece* Reposed their shattered limbs in peace, With barbarous nations round them, here.</p>	<p>In inextinguishable flame Write thine with Abdel-Kader's name. On Amboise's high prison-wall: Add, Beranger, these words be- low, <i>Defiance to the advancing foe!</i> <i>Grace to the vanquish'd! faith to</i> <i>all!</i> 30</p>
--	---

October 12.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* The Phocæans, founders of Marseilles. [L.]

26 Abdel-Kader. [Imprisoned by the French at Amboise on the Loire 1848-1852. W.]
Date and signature om. 1853.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX

ON READING A POEM OF WORDSWORTH'S

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 31, 1852; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxxxvi), 1876. See
 note at end of volume.]

DERWENT! Winander! sweetest of all sounds
 The British tongue e'er uttered! lakes that Heaven
 Reposes on, and finds his image there
 In all its purity, in all its peace!
 How are your ripples playing round my heart
 From such a distance? while I gaze upon
 The plain where William and where Cæsar led
 From the same Gaulish coast each conquering host,
 And one the Briton, one the Saxon name,
 Struck out with iron heel. Well may they play, 10
 Those ripples, round my heart, buoyed up, entranced.
 Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
 Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
 Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
 His friend and mine, and every man's who lives
 Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
 Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
 Among the sages of Antiquity,
 Under his hospitable roof whose life
 Surpasses theirs in strong activity, 20
 Whose Genius walks more humbly, stooping down
 From the same highth to cheer the weak of soul

8 coast] strand 1853.

WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX

And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail ye departed! hail thou later friend,
Julius!* but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation! hail . . . and live!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

l. 25 * Archdeacon Hare [L.]
Signature om. 1853.

26 invocation! hail . . .] invocation . . hail, 1853.

ON THE STATUE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT BY NEVILLE BURNARD

Ordered by the working men of Sheffield

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 8, 1853; reprinted 1853 (No. CLXXXIII), 1876.]

GLORY to those who give it! who erect
The bronze and marble, not where frothy tongue
Or bloody hand points out, no, but where God
Ordains the humble to walk forth before
The humble, and mount higher than the high.

Wisely, O Sheffield, wisely hast thou done
To place thy Elliott on the plinth of fame,
Wisely hast chosen for that solemn deed
One like himself, born where no mother's love
Wrapt purple round him, nor rang golden bells,
Pendent from Libyan coral, in his ear,
To catch a smile or calm a petulance,
Nor tickled downy scalp with Belgic lace;
But whom strong Genius took from Poverty
And said *Rise, mother, and behold thy child!*
She rose, and Pride rose with her, but was mute.

10

Three Elliotts there have been, three glorious men
Each in his generation. One was doom'd
By Despotism and Prelaty to pine
In the damp dungeon, and to die for Law,
Rackt by slow tortures ere he reacht the grave.*
A second hurl'd his thunderbolt and flame

20

* See Forster's *Statesmen of the Commonwealth*. [L. 1876 has: Forster's "Life of Eliot".]

[Burnard's bronze statue of Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn Law rhymers", was set up in the market place, Sheffield, in 1854 and removed to Weston Park in 1875. W.]
22 a second [George Augustus Elliott, Lord Heathfield (ob. 1790) defender of Gibraltar. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

When Gaul and Spaniard moor'd their pinnaces,
 Screaming defiance at Gibraltar's frown,
 Until one moment more, and other screams
 And other writhings rose above the wave,
 From sails afire and hissing where they fell,
 And men halfburnt along the buoyant mast.
 A third came calmly on, and askt the rich
 To give laborious hunger daily bread, 30
 As they in childhood had been taught to pray
 By God's own Son, and sometimes have prayed since.
 God heard; but they heard not: God sent down bread;
 They took it, kept it all, and cried for more,
 Hollowing both hands to catch and clutch the crumbs.

I may not live to hear another voice,
 Elliott, of power to penetrate, as thine,
 Dense multitudes; another none may see
 Leading the Muses from unthrifty shades
 To fields where corn gladdens the heart of Man, 40
 And where the trumpet with defiant blast
 Blows in the face of War, and yields to Peace.
 Therefor take thou these leaves . . fresh, firm, tho scant
 To crown the City that crowns thee her son.
 She must decay; Toledo hath decayed;
 Ebro hath half-forgotten what bright arms
 Flasht on his waters, what high dames adorn'd
 The baldric, what torne flags o'erhung the aile,
 What parting gift the ransom'd knight exchanged.
 But louder than the anvil rings the lyre; 50
 And thine hath rais'd another city's wall
 In solid strength to a proud eminence,
 Which neither conqueror, crushing braver men,
 Nor time, o'ercoming conqueror, can destroy.
 So now, ennobled by thy birth, to thee
 She lifts with pious love the thoughtful stone.
 Genius is tired in search of Gratitude;
 Here they have met; may neither say farewell!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

32 prayed] praid 1853.
 51 rais'd] raised 1853.

45 decayed] decaid 1853.
Signature om. 1853.

48 torne] torn 1853.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO THE AUTHOR OF *THE PLAINT OF FREEDOM*

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 23, 1853; reprinted 1858.]

LAUDER of Milton! worthy of his laud!
 How shall I name thee? art thou yet unnamed?
 While verses flourish hanging overhead
 In looser tendrils than stern Husbandry
 May well approve, on thee shall none descend?
 At Milton's hallowed name thy hymn august
 Sounds as the largest bell from minster-tower
 Above the tinkling of Comasco boy.
 I ponder; and in time may dare to praise;
 Milton had done it; Milton would have graspt 10
 Thy hand amid his darkness, and with more
 Impatient pertinacity because
 He heard the voice and could not see the face.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. July 14.

Title "The Plaint of Freedom" [By William James Linton, 1852. W.] 1 Lauder
 . . . laud] Praiser . . . praise 1858. 7 -tower] -tower. 1858. l. 8 om. in 1858.
 8 boy misprint for buoy, as used on Lake Como by fishermen. Signature and date
 om. 1858.

ON CATULLUS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. vi); reprinted 1876.]

TELL me not what too well I know
 About the bard of Sirmio . .
 Yes, in Thalia's son
 Such stains there are . . as when a Grace
 Sprinkles another's laughing face
 With nectar, and runs on.

COWLEY'S STYLE*

[Published in 1853 (No. xxi); reprinted 1876.]

DISPENSER of wide-wasting woe,
 Creation's laws you overthrow.
 Mankind in your fierce flames you burn
 And drown in their own tears by turn.
 Deluged had been the world in vain,
 Your fire soon dried its clothes again.

* Cowley's style in poetry is like Lamartine's in prose; he in his "Raphaëlle" thus writes of a lover who burns the letters of his beloved. "*Je les ai brûlées parce que la cendre même en eût été trop chaude pour la pensée, et je l'ai jetée aux vents du ciel.*" [*Raphaël: pages de la vingtième année, par A. De Lamartine. Paris, 1849, p. 218.*]

The French are returning to their *ancien régime*, we see. [L. om. 1876.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

YOUNG

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXVIII); reprinted 1876.]

THOU dreariest droll of puffy short-breath'd writers!
All thy *night-thoughts* and day-thoughts hung on miters.

[Published in 1853 (No. x0); reprinted 1876.]

"*A Paraphrase on Job*" we see
By Young: it loads the shelf:
He who can read one half must be
Patient as Job himself.

[*A Paraphrase on the Book of Job*, by Edward Young (author of *Night Thoughts*), London, 1719. W.]

[GOLDSMITH'S PUN]

[Published in 1853 (No. xcii); reprinted 1876. See note at the end of volume.]

It often happens a bad pun
Goes farther than a better one.
A miss is often not a bit
Less startling than the fairest hit:
This (under high-raised eyebrows seen)
Poor Goldsmith proved on *Turnham-green*.

Title not in either ed.

[COWPER]

[Published in 1853 (No. ccviii); reprinted 1876.]

TENDEREST of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! such, O Cowper! such wert thou,
But such are not the happiest: thou wert not,
Til borne where all those hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from latin lore and greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task,
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seem'd so precious; in one hour,
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!
Spenser shed over me his sunny dreams;
Chaucer far more enchanted me; the force
Of Milton was for boyhood too austere,
Yet often did I steal a glance at Eve:
Fitter for after-years was Shakespeare's world,
Its distant light had not come down to mine.

10

Title not in either edition.

COWPER

Thy milder beams with wholesome temperate warmth
Fill'd the small chamber of my quiet breast.
I would become as like thee as I could;
First rose the wish and then the half-belief, 20
Founded like other half and whole beliefs
On sand and chaff! "We must be like," said I,
"I loved my hare before I heard of his."
'Twas very true; I loved him, though he stamp'd
Sometimes in anger, often moodily.
I am the better for it: stil I love
God's unperverted creatures, one and all,
I dare not call them brute, lest they retort.
And here is one who looks into my face,
Waving his curly plumes upon his back, 30
And bids me promise faithfully, no hare
Of thine need fear him when they meet above.

ON SOUTHEY'S BIRTHDAY, Nov. 4

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxi); reprinted 1876.]

No Angel borne on whiter wing
Hath visited the sons of men,
Teaching the song they ought to sing
And guiding right the unsteddy pen.
Recorded not on earth alone,
O Southey! is thy natal day,
But there where stands the choral throne
Show us thy light and point the way.
Title Nov. 4 [But Southey was born August 12, 1774. W.]

[BYRON]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxiii); reprinted 1876.]

CHANGEFUL! how little do you know
Of Byron when you call him so!
True as the magnet is to iron
Byron hath ever been to Biron.
His color'd prints, in gilded frames,
Whatever the designs and names,
One image set before the rest,
In shirt with falling collar drest,
And keeping up a rolling fire at
Patriot, conspirator, and pirate. 10

Title not in either ed. 4 Biron] Byron 1876.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[PURSUERS OF LITERATURE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxviii); reprinted 1876.]

MATTHIAS, Gifford, men like those,
Find in great poets but great foes;
In Wordsworth but a husky wheeze,
In Byron but a foul disease,
In Southey one who softly bleats,
And one of thinnest air in Keats.
Yet will these live for years and years,
When those have felt the fatal shears.

1 Matthias [*sc.* Thomas James Mathias (*ob.* 1835), author of *Pursuits of Literature*, &c. W.] 4 In Byron] *so in corrigenda 1853. Misprinted Or Byron in text 1853.*

ON MOORE'S DEATH

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxxi); reprinted 1876.]

Idol of youths and virgins, Moore!	Til the gross spirit sank below. Thy closing days I envied most,
Thy days, the bright, the calm, are o'er!	When all worth losing had been lost. 20
No gentler mortal ever prest His parent Earth's benignant breast.	Alone I spent my earlier hour While thou wert in the roseate bower,
What of the powerful can be said	And raised to thee was every eye,
They did for thee? They <i>edited</i> . What of that royal gourd? Thy verse	And every song won every sigh. One servant and one chest of books
Excites our scorn and spares our curse.	Follow'd me into mountain nooks, Where shelter'd from the sun and breeze
Each truant wife, each trusting maid,	Lay Pindar and Thucydides.
All loves, all friendships, he betraid. 10	There antient days came back again,
Despised in life by those he fed, By his last mistress left ere dead, Hearing her only wretch the locks Of every latent jewel-box.	And British kings renew'd their reign; 30
There spouse and husband strove alike,	There Arthur and his knights sat round
Fearing lest Death too soon should strike,	Cups far too busy to be crown'd; There Alfred's glorious shade ap- pear'd,
But fixt no plunder to forego	Of higher mien than Greece e'er rear'd.

ON MOORE'S DEATH

I never sought in prime or age	Erected on the tower of Hope.
The smile of Fortune to engage,	From Pindus and Parnassus far
Nor rais'd nor lower'd the tele-	Blinks cold and dim the Georgian
scope	star.
	40

TO SHELLEY

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxxv); reprinted 1876.]

SHELLEY! whose song so sweet was sweetest here,
We knew each other little; now I walk
Along the same green path, along the shore
Of Lerici, along the sandy plain
Trending from Lucca to the Pisan pines,
Under whose shadow scatter'd camels lie,
The old and young, and rarer deer uplift
Their knotty branches o'er high-feather'd fern.
Regions of happiness! I greet ye well;
Your solitudes, and not your cities, stay'd 10
My steps among you; for with you alone
Converst I, and with those ye bore of old.
He who beholds the skies of Italy
Sees ancient Rome reflected, sees beyond,
Into more glorious Hellas, nurse of Gods
And godlike men: dwarfs people other lands.
Frown not, maternal England! thy weak child
Kneels at thy feet and owns in shame a lie.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxxix); reprinted 1876.]

Gale of the night our fathers call'd thee, bird!
Surely not rude were they who call'd thee so,
Whether mid spring-tide mirth thy song they heard
Or whether its soft gurgle melted woe.
They knew not, heeded not, that every clime
Hath been attemper'd by thy minstrelsy;
They knew not, heeded not, from earliest time
How every poet's nest was warm'd by thee.
In Paradise's unpolluted bowers
Did Milton listen to thy freshest strain; 10
In his own night didst thou assuage the hours
When Crime and Tyranny were crown'd again.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Melodious Shelley caught thy softest song,
And they who heard his music heard not thine;
Gentle and joyous, delicate and strong,
From the far tomb his voice shall silence mine.

[LORD CAMPBELL'S *LIVES*]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXII); reprinted 1876.]

JACK CAMPBELL! if few are	Beware lest Macaulay,
So stealthy as you are,	Hard-fisted, should maul ye
Few steal with so honest a face:	When he catches you sucking his
But recollect, when	Bacon.
You pluck a fresh pen,	At Lister's church-yard 10
That where the soil's richest is	There is station'd no guard;
deepest the trace.	Creep over; <i>his</i> spoils may be taken.

Title not in either ed. 10 Lister's [*sc.* Thomas Henry Lister, *ob.* 1842, author of *Life, &c.* of first Earl of Clarendon. W.].

[CARLYLE]

[Published in 1853 (No. CX); reprinted 1876.]

STRIKE with Thor's hammer, strike agen
The skulking heads of half-form'd men,
And every northern God shall smile
Upon thy well-aim'd blow, Carlyle!

[TO TENNYSON]

[Published in 1853 (No. XVI); reprinted 1876.]

I ENTREAT you, Alfred Tennyson,	There's a stock of it within,
Come and share my haunch of	And as sure as I'm a rhymer,
venison.	Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
I have too a bin of claret,	Come; among the sons of men is
Good, but better when you share	one
it.	Welcomer than Alfred Tenny-
Tho 'tis only a small bin,	son? 10

Title not in either ed.

HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE ON HIS DEPARTURE

[Published in 1853 (No. COLXIX); reprinted 1876.]

TRAVELER! thou from afar that explorest the caverns of Delphi,
Led by the Muses, whose voice thou rememberest, heard over ocean,
Tell the benighted at home that the spirit hath never departed

HELLAS TO AUBREY DE VERE

Hence, from these cliffs and these streams: that Apollo is stil *King*
Apollo,

And that no other should rule where Olympus, Parnassus, and Pindus
Are what they were, ages past; that, if barbarous bands have invaded
Temple and shrine heretofore, it is time the reproach be abolisht,
Time that the wrong be redrest, and the stranger no more be the ruler.
Whether be heard or unheard the complaint of our vallies and moun-
tains,

From the snow-piles overhead to the furthestmost iland of Pelops, 10
Peace be to thee and to thine! And, if Deities hear under water,
Blandly may Panopè clasp and with fervor the knee of Poseidon!
Blandly may Cymodameia prevail over Glaucos, dividing
With both her hands his white beard and kissing it just in the middle,
So that the seas be serene which shall carry thee back to thy country
Where the sun sinks to repose. But ever be mindful of Hellas!

TO LAYARD, DISCOVERER OF NINEVEH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclxx); reprinted 1876.]

No harps, no choral voices, may enforce
The words I utter. Thebes and Elis heard
Those harps, those voices, whence high men rose higher
And nations crown'd the singer who crown'd *them*.
His days are over. Better men than his
Live among *us*: and must they live unsung
Because deaf ears flap round them? or because
Gold lies along the shallows of the world,
And vile hands gather it? My song shall rise,
Altho none heed or hear it: rise it shall,
And swell along the wastes of Nineveh 10
And Babylon, until it reach to thee,
Layard! who raisest cities from the dust,
Who driest Lethe up amid her shades,
And pourest a fresh stream on arid sands,
And rescuest thrones and nations, fanes and gods
From conquering Time; he sees thee and turns back.

The weak and slow Power pushes past the wise,
And lifts them up in triumph to her car:
They, to keep firm the seat, sit with flat palms 20
Upon the cushion, nor look once beyond
To cheer thee on thy road. In vain are won
The spoils; another carries them away;
The stranger seeks them in another land,

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Torn piecemeal from thee. But no stealthy step
Can intercept thy glory.

Cyrus raised

His head on ruins: he of Macedon
Crumbled them, with their dreamer, into dust:
God gave thee power above them, far above;
Power to raise up those whom they overthrew, 30
Power to show mortals that the kings they serve
Swallow each other like the shapeless forms
And unsubstantial which pursue pursued
In every drop of water, and devour
Devoured, perpetual round the crystal globe.*

* Seen thro a solar microscope. [L. cf. "The Solar Microscope", p. 191. W.]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXIV); reprinted 1876.]

PEOPLE may think the work of	Acknowledge that at every wheeze,
sleep	At every grunt and groan,
That deep-indented frown;	You hear his verses; do not
Its post of honor let it keep,	these
Nor draw the nightcap down.	Proclaim them for his own?

[Cf. "A Poet Sleeping", p. 191. W.]

[Published in 1853 (No. XLVII); reprinted 1876.]

WE know a poet rich in thought, profuse
In bounty; but his grain wants winnowing;
There hangs much chaff about it, barndoor dust,
Cobwebs, small insects: it might make a loaf,
A good large loaf, of household bread; but flour
Must be well bolted for a dainty roll.

[Published in 1853 (No. CXVII); reprinted 1876.]

YE throw your crumbs of bread into the stream,
And there are fish that rise and swallow them;
Fish too there are that lie along the mud,
And never rise, content to feed on worms.
Thus do we poets; thus the people do.
What sparkles is caught up; what sparkles not
Falls to the bottom mingled with the sludge,
And perishes by its solidity.
The minnows twinkle round and let it pass,
Pursuing some minuter particle, 10
More practicable for the slender gill.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxi); reprinted 1876.]

EARLY I thought the worst of lies
In poets was, that beauty dies;
I thought not only it must stay,
But glow the brighter every day:
Some who then bloom'd on earth are gone,
In some the bloom is overblown.

FABLE FOR POETS

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxxv); reprinted 1876.]

A FLEA had nestled to a dove	The dove said, "Should not I love
Closely as Innocence or Love.	best,
Loth was the dove to take offence	The constant partner of my nest?"
As Love would be, or Innocence.	"Come! that won't do: I wish
When on a sudden said the flea	to hear
"I wonder what you think of me."	Which is most handsome, not
Timidly, as becomes the young,	most dear."
The dove thus answer'd.	Innocence in advance of Love
"You are strong	Prompted, and thus replied the
And active, and our house's	dove.
friend."	"He may have richer colors" . . .
"No doubt! and here my merits	"He?
end?"	10 What! and do you too speak of
Cried the pert flea. A moth flew by.	me
"Which pleases most, that moth	20 Disparaging?" Off bounced the
or I?"	flea.

GERMAN HEXAMETERS

[Published in 1853 (No. clxxxiv); reprinted 1876.]

GERMANY! thou art indeed to the bard his Hercynian forest;
Puffy with tufts of coarse grass; much of stunted (no high-growing)
timber;
Keeping your own, and content with the measure your sires have
bequeath'd you,
Germans! let Latium rest, and leave the old pipe where ye found it;
Leave ye the thirtyfold farrow so quietly sucking their mother
On the warm sands; they will starve or run wild in the brakes and the
brambles,
Swampy, intangled, and dark, and without any passable road through:
Yet there are many who wander so far from the pleasanter places,

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Airy and sunny and sound and adorn'd with the garden and fountain,
Garden where Artemis stands, and fountain where Venus is bathing, 10
All the three Graces close by: at a distance, and somewhat above her,
(Only the sky overhead) is Apollo the slayer of Python:

Opposite, minding him not, but intent upon bending his own bow,
Stands other archer, less tall, whom the slayer of Python had knelt to
Often, when Daphne was coy, and who laugh'd at his handful of laurel.
Flounder in mud, honest men, then smoke to the end of the journey,
Only let me undisturb'd enjoy the lone scenes ye relinquish:

Strike we a bargain at once: give me these; and to you I abandon
Carpenter, cordwainer, tapster, host, pedlar, itinerant actor,
Tinker and tailor and baker and mender of saddles and bellows, 20
With whomsoever ye list of *Odd Fellows*, of *Old Free-And-Easy*.

Never shall enter my lips your tobacco-pipe, never your beverage,
Beverage that Bacchus abhors: let it fuddle the beast of Silenus.

Frere is contented to smile, but loud is the laughter of Canning.

23 let . . . Silenus.] when it fuddles the beast of Silenus [Lander's MS. correction in a copy of *Last Fruit* given to his brother Henry. Without this ll. 23, 24 are unintelligible. W.]

TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

[Published in *The Examiner*, July 29, 1854; reprinted, 1858, 1876. See note at end of volume.]

THE hay is carried; and the Hours
Snatch, as they pass, the linden-
flow'rs;

And children leap to pluck a spray
Bent earthward, and then run
away.

Park-keeper! catch me those
grave thieves

About whose frocks the fragrant
leaves,

Sticking and fluttering here and
there,

No false nor faltering witness bear.

I never view such scenes as these,
In grassy meadow girt with trees,
But comes a thought of her who
now 11

Sits with serenely patient brow

July 24, '54.

2 linden-flow'rs] linden flow'rs 1858.
nature om. 1858.

Amid deep sufferings: none hath
told

More pleasant tales to young and
old.

Fondest was she of Father Thames,
But rambled to Hellenic streams;
Nor even there could any tell

The country's purer charms so
well

As Mary Mitford.

Verse! go forth
And breathe o'er gentle breasts
her worth. 20

Needless the task . . but should
she see

One hearty wish from you and me,
A moment's pain it may assuage . .
A roseleaf on the couch of Age.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

25 roseleaf] rose-leaf 1858. Date and sig-

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

GIBBON

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 2, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

GIBBON! if sterner patriots than thyself
With firmer foot have stamp'd our English soil;
If Poesy stood high above thy reach,
She stood with only one on either hand
Upon the cliffs of Albion tall and strong:
Meanwhile gregarious songsters tramp around
On plashy meadow-land, mid noisome flowers
Sprung from the rankness of flush city-drains.
In other regions graver History
Meets her own Muse; nor walk they far below.

10

The rivulets and mountain-rills of Greece
Will have dried up while Avon stil runs on;
And those four rivers freshening Paradise
Gush yet, tho' Paradise had long been lost
Had not one man restored it; he was ours.
Not song alone detain'd him, tho' the song
Came from the lips of Angels upon his,
But strenuous action when his country call'd
Drew him from those old groves and that repose
In which the enchantress Italy lulls all.
No Delphic laurel's trembling glimmery leaves
Checked thy gravel-walk; 'twas even ground,
Altho' mid shafts and cornices o'ergrown
With nettles, and palatial caverns choakt
With rubbish from obliterated names.

20

There are who blame thee for too stately step
And words resounding from inflated cheek.
Words have their proper places, just like men.
I listen to, nor venture to reprove,
Large language swelling under gilded domes,
Byzantine, Syrian, Persepolitan,
Or where the world's drunk master lay in dust.
Fabricius heard and spake another tongue,
And such the calm Cornelia taught her boys,
Such Scipio, Cæsar, Tullius, marshaling,
Cimber and wilder Scot were humanized,
And, far as flew the Eagles, all was Rome.

30

Thou lookedst down complacently where brawl'd

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

The vulgar factions that infest our streets,
 And turnedst the black vizor into glass 40
 Thro which men saw the murderer and the cheat
 In diadem and cowl. Erectly stood,
 After like work with fiercer hand perform'd,
 Milton, as Adam pure, as Michael strong,
 When brave Britannia struck her bravest blow,
 When monstrous forms, half-reptile and half-man,
 Snatcht up the hissing snakes from off Hell's floor
 And flung them with blind fury at her crest.
 Two valiant men sprang up, of equal force,
Protector and *Defender* each alike. 50

Milton amid the bitter sleet drove on,
 Shieldbearer to the statelier one who struck
 That deadly blow which saved our prostrate sires
 And gave them (short the space!) to breathe once more.
 History hath beheld no pile ascend
 So lofty, large, symmetrical, as thine,
 Since proud Patavium gave Rome's earlier chiefs
 To shine again in virtues and in arms.
 Another rises from the couch of pain,
 Wounded, and worne with service and with years, 60
 To share fraternal glory, and ward off
 (Alas, to mortal hand what vain essay!)
 The shafts of Envy.

May Thucydides,
 Recall'd to life among us, close his page
 Ere come the Pestilence, ere come the shame
 Of impotent and Syracusan war!
 Lately (how strange the vision!) o'er my sleep
 War stole, in bandages untinged with wounds,
 Wheezing and limping on fat nurse's arm
 To take a draught of air before the tent, 70
 And for each step too fast or wide rebuked.
 Peace stood with folded arms nor ventured near,
 But Scorn ran closer, and a shout went up
 From north and south above the Euxine wave.

August 22.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

39 factions] fractions *mispr.* 1876.
 [Sir William Napier.]

59 pain] pain * with footnote by Forster *
Date and signature om. 1858.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 16, 1854; reprinted 1858, 1876.]

SWEET odors and bright colors swiftly pass,
Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass.
Byron, the schoolgirl's pet, has lived his day,
And the tall maypole scarce remembers May.
Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth . .
Two only are eternal . . thou and Truth.
Who walks not with thee thro' the dim Churchyard?
Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard?
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon his knee the shyest child?
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

10

W. S. L.

Signature om. 1858.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT]

[Published in 1857 when inserted in *Letter to Emerson*.]

YE who have lungs to mount the Muse's hill,
Here slake your thirst aside their liveliest rill:
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.

ll. 3-4 recur in the poem printed below.

TO RECRUITS

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

YE who are belted and alert to go
Where bays, won only in hard battles, grow,
Asthmatic Wordsworth, Byron piping-hot,
Leave in the rear, and march with manly Scott.
Along the coast prevail malignant heats,
Halt on high ground behind the shade of Keats.

ll. 3-4: see preceding poem.

SWIFT ON POPE

(Imaginary)

[Published in 1858.]

POPE, tho' his letters are so civil,
Wishes me fairly at the devil;
A little dentifrice and soap
Is all the harm I wish poor Pope.

3 dentifrice] dentrifice in text.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

FANNY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FANNY would flatter me: she said
"I think you need not be afraid
Of Byron, tho' the greatest man
At verses since the world began."
"Ah! I replied, a poet's curse is
Not only in another's verses,
But in his youth and beauty too,
If they are felt by one like you."
"Stuff! I should never mind
such things
In poets, not if they were kings. 10
You are not quite so tender, quite
So resolute by day and night.
And could you . . much I doubt it
. . swim
Across the Hellespont, like him?

Was ever such a dear white throat!
And what a *duck* without his coat!
If he had seen me, he had tried
(No doubt of it) to raise my pride;
And that is what you never did,
But only just what you were
bid.
Some there are who might more
expect, 21
And call your careless way *neglect*.
I never would; for you alone
Have given me the proper tone;
You call'd me, what you made me,
wise,
And kist, but never prais'd, my
eyes."

CAUGHT

[Published in 1858.]

HIDE not that book away, nor fear
I shall betray the fallen tear.
Believe me, at a single look
I know the cover of that book.
Nothing with such assiduous care
Is studied in the Book of Prayer;
And never did I see arise

Blushes from David's melodies.
I sadly fear that wicked "*Corsair*,"
Fiery as flint and rough as horse-
hair, 10
More tears from those dim eyes
hath won
Than David shed on Absalom.

MACAULAY'S PEERAGE

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

MACAULAY is become a peer;
A coronet he well may wear;
But is there no one to malign?
None: then his merit wants the sign.

INOPPORTUNE

[Published in 1858.]

A CRUNCHING bear inopportunately bit
Thy finger, Reade!*

It should have been ere thy first verse was writ,
It should indeed!

* John Edmund [L. For Reade, see p. 148.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THERMOMETER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

IF the Rhætian Alps of old
Were insufferably cold,
Colder ten degrees are they
Since *Reade's Poems blew that way,
And those bleak and steril scalps
Now are call'd the Radian Alps.

* John Edmund. [L.]

REWARDS

[Published in 1858.]

To bring is better than to cause	How sadly then those days were
Good news, say they who frame	spent!
our laws.	Repent, O Fanny Brown, repent!
The bravest soldier is not half	And thus, perhaps, in time to
Rewarded as a telegraph,	come,
And Royalty puts no such spurs	A parish girl may lead thee home
on	In thy old age, and thou mayst
A veteran's heels as those of Cur-	find
zon.	One heart that feels for lame and
Yet, poor blind Fanny Brown! at	blind:
last	But, having yet some vigor, hope
On thee a royal glance is cast,	Reward for rubbing Windsor soap
Altho' none ever heard thee	On (if benignant fate so will)
praise	Smock royal and field-marshal
Spaniel or poodle all thy days: 10	frill. 20

6 Curzon [Captain Leicester Curzon (afterwards General Sir Leicester Smyth) *ob.* 1891, was A.D.C. to Lord Raglan in the Crimea, and was sent home with dispatches. W.] 7 Brown [Frances Brown, known as the blind poetess of Ulster, lost her sight after small-pox when an infant. Some of her poems were printed in *The Athenæum*, *Fraser*, and other serials. She was given, on Sir Robert Peel's recommendation, a pension of £20 a year. W.]

ON THE GRASSHOPPER

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS

[Published in 1858.]

GRASSHOPPER! thou art not the same
Either in form or voice or name
As once the Teian sung, and he
Who mourn'd the loss of reedy lea
With Tityrus, while over-head
Its broad cool shade the beech outspred.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Whether thou lovedst sun or dew
Most dearly, neither of them knew;
But both were better pleased than I
At hearing thine incessant cry.
I do not recognise the same
Now thou hast changed thy note and name
And form and color, and art come
To cheer the meadows nearer home.
No poet ever sang thy praise
In dewy or in sunny days
Sweetly as he where sounds less shrill
Repeat the name of Dunsterville.

10

[See *Autumn Leaves* by Dunsterville Brucks, 1857, p. 46. "To a Grasshopper"
George Alexander Dunsterville Brucks died February 3, 1857. W.]

WITH DIGBY'S *AGES OF FAITH*

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

I AM not learned in such lore divine;
Take it: in scenes which other thoughts invade,
It may one hour cast round a cooler shade,
Yet darken not that gentle breast of thine.

It tells of Peace, and those she call'd to dwell
Apart with her, when desperate Sin opprest
The struggling Earth; it can not reach thy breast,
But troubles may; so take this holy spell.

[See *Mores Catholici: or Ages of Faith*, by Henry Kenelm Digby (1831-1842). W.]

TO JUDGE HALIBURTON

[Published in 1858.]

ONCE I would bid the man go hang,
From whom there came a word of slang;
Now pray I, tho' the slang rains thick
Across the Atlantic from *Sam Slick*,
Never may fall the slightest hurt on
The witty head of Haliburton,
Wherein methinks more wisdom lies
Than in the wisest of our wise.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

A POET SLEEPING

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE poet sleeps: at every wheeze,
At every grunt and groan
You cry, "His verses how like these!
He marks them for his own."

[Cf. poem on p. 182. W.]

THE SOLAR MICROSCOPE

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

You want a powerful lens to see
What animalcules those may be,
Which float about the smallest drop
Of water, and which never stop,
Pursuing each that goes before,
And rolling in unrest for more.

Poets! a watery world is ours,
Where each floats after, each devours,
Its little unsubstantial prey . .
Strange animalcules . . we and they!

10

[Cf. end of poem on p. 182. W.]

WE DRIVE THE HOOP

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

WE drive the hoop along the green of life
And hear no voice behind us: one cries out
'Tis *lesson-time*: on rolls the hoop: at last
It reels and falls: we then look round and shout,
Who took my apples and my nuts away?
Our playmates crunch the apples, crack the nuts,
And pat us on the back and laugh amain.
Poets! the moral of my verse ye know.

REVIVAL OF POETS

[Published in 1858.]

POETS had kept the *Long Vacation*
Of thirty years in every nation;
In England suddenly were heard
Two, and in Italy a third.
Loose-girted Germany sent forth
Puff after puff that warm'd the
north:

But such narcotic strong perfumes
Grew vapid in close English
rooms,
And in our garden scarce a hive
Did they, in passing, leave alive;
Recovered now, the cluster swells,
And purer honey fills the cells. 12

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO A POET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

POET! too trustful and too tender,
Let not your fire o'erleap the fender,
Or you perhaps may be unable
To save the papers on the table.
Prepare for now and then a theft
If these, which others want, are left.

TO A YOUNG POET

[Published in 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THE camel at the city-gate	I swear it, by myself and thee;
Bends his flat head, and there	Rise, cheer thee up, and look
must wait.	around,
Thin in the desert is the palm,	All earth is not for deer and hound;
And pierced the thorn to give its	Worms revel in the slime of kings,
balm.	But perish where the laurel
The Land of Promise thou shalt see,	springs. 10

TRIPOS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DULL ESSAYS", NAMELY,
"IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS", ETC.

[Published in 1858.]

I.

GAFFER LOCKHART! Gaffer Lockhart!
Thou no inconvenient block art,
Tho' unoil'd and coarse the stone,
To repass my razor on.

II.

Lockharts who twitch my skirt may feel
Some day a buffet from my heel,
Which Nature has thought fit to place
Exactly level with their face.
Kind to his cattle, blind or lame,
Murray will feed them just the same. 10

III.

Who would have thought the heaviest particle
That ever sank into an Article,
Blown by a whiff or two of mine,
Should cross the Ocean and the Line,

TRIPOS

Sparkle beneath both setting sun
And rising? Yet all this is done:
Nay, more: another insect I
Quicken by electricity.
My friend the generous Crosse will own
Life-giving is not his alone.

20

19 Crosse [For Andrew Crosse see p. 285. He had died in 1855. W.]

PALINODIA

[Printed on a leaflet.]

So, after all, I mist the mark
And shot poor Lockhart in the dark!
He only had thrown back the door
And pusht his luckless man before,
Who seiz'd unsoberly the pen,
Stared, sprawl'd . . and vomited agen.
I wish my enemy no ill,
But some one else shall make my will.
His office may he long enjoy,
Ennobled by a prince of Troy,
(Altho' at present dull the trade is,
Hertford gone off and Hertford's ladies;)
And may he from the world have slipt
Unhang'd, unpilloried, unwhipt!

10

ON THE DEATH OF ERNEST MORITZ ARNDT

[Published in *The Athenæum*, February 25, 1860; also printed from MS. 1897; and from another MS., in H. C. Minchin's *W. S. Lander: Last Days*, 1934.]

ARNDT! in thy orchard we shall meet no more
To talk of freedom and of peace revived.

We stood, and looking down across the Rhine
Heard fifes and choral voices far below.

"*What an enthusiastic song*, O Arndt!" said I,
"*Is that!*" Then smil'd he, and he turn'd aside
My question.

"Why not deem our Teuton tongue

[Lander when he spent a few days at Bonn toward the end of 1832 paid visits to W. von Schlegel and Arndt. In 1847 Crabb Robinson found Arndt reading Lander's works and full of admiration of his just perception of the Italian life and character. Arndt died January 29, 1860. W.]

4 fifes] fights 1897 (*mispr.*). 5 song [*sc. Was ist das deutsche Vaterland*, written by Arndt. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Worthy to have been learnt with ancient Rome's,
 Whose we converse in? When an Attila,
 Far less ferocious, far more provident, 10
 Than his successor, storm'd the Capitol,
 He broke no oaths, no vows, no promises;
 But he who since laid waste our fertile fields
 And handcufft our weak princes, broke them all.
 I am among the many better men
 Whose head he had devoted. I am he
 The framer of that anthem; they who now
 Sing it, would then have sung it o'er my grave,
 And found their own in singing it."

He stopt

Suddenly, then ran forward; swiftly ran 20
 The septuagint, and overtook the youth
 Who carried the light weight of six years less;
 For he had seen an apple drop and roll
 Along the grass: he stoopt, and took it up
 And wiped the dew away, and gave it me.
 "Take it, for there are better in the house,"
 Said he, "and this is over-ripe; one pip
 Keep in remembrance of our converse here."

I sow'd them all; but kill'd were the new-born,
 Ere slender stem could bear its first twin-leaves, 30
 And all were swept away maliciously
 By one who never heeded sage or sire.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

9 Whose] Which 1897. 17 . . . they who sing it

Would then have sung it o'er my grave, and found

Their own in singing it. 1934.

21 veteran] septuagint 1934. 22 six] ten 1897. 26 Take] Keep 1897. 30 its] the 1934.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 135; reprinted 1876.]

To see the cities and to know the men
 Of many lands, in youth was Homer's lot;
 In age to visit his far home agen
 The Gods, who never feel it, granted not.

[Published in 1863, p. 176; reprinted 1876.]

FLIES have alighted on the shanks of Pan,
 And some have settled upon Homer's head;
 We whisk them off with jewel-studded fan
 Till few escape and many more lie dead.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 236; reprinted 1876.]

DOCTOR'D by Bacon and Mon- taigne	Until they stumbled into jokes;
My eyebrows may sprout forth again,	Incontinent I quitted these
Worne by hard rubbing to make out	To stroll with Aristophanes.
Plato's interminable doubt.	I'd rather sup on cold potato,
Around him were some clever folks	Than on a salmi cookt by Plato, 10 Who, always nice but never hearty,
	Says Homer shall not join the party.

10 salmi] so in corrigenda 1863; mispr. salmon in text 1863 and 1876.

WRITTEN IN A CATULLUS

[Published in 1863, p. 178; reprinted 1876.]

AMONG these treasures there are some
That floated past the wreck of Rome;
But others, for their place unfit,
Are sullied by uncleanly wit.
So in its shell the pearl is found
With rank putridity around.

[Published in 1863, p. 229; reprinted 1876.]

A SPARROW was thy emblem, O Catullus!
A dove was thine, tender and true Tibullus!
No truer and no tenderer was the dove
Whom Noe chose all other birds above
To be the parent inmate of his ark,
When earth was water and the sun was dark.

TIBULLUS

[Published in 1863, p. 259; reprinted 1876.]

ONLY one poet in the worst of days
Disdain'd the usurper in his pride to praise.
Ah, Delia! was it wantonness or whim
That made thee, once so tender, false to him?
To him who follow'd over snows and seas
Messala storming the proud Pyrenees.
But Nemesis avenged him, and the tear
Of Rome's last poet fell upon his bier.

2 the usurper] Augustus 1876. 6 proud] steep 1876. 7 Nemesis [*Delia's*
successor, *idem l.* 31.] 8 Rome's last poet [Ovid. *See his Amor.* iii. 9.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

INVITATION OF PETRONIUS TO GLYCON

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 241; reprinted 1876.]

TRYPHÆNA says that you must come To dine with us at Tusculum. She has invited few to share Her delicate but frugal fare. Contrive the dinner to make out With venison, ortolans, and trout; These may come after haunch of boar, Orneck, which wisemen relish more; And, Glycon, 'twould not be un- pleasant To see among them spring a pheasant. 10 I voted we should have but two	At dinner, these are quite enow. One of them, worth half Rome, will meet us, Low-station'd high-soul'd Epictet- tus. He told his mind the other day To ruby-finger'd Seneca, Who, rich and proud as Nero, teaches The vanity of pomp or riches. Just Epictetus can assure us How continent was Epicurus, 20 How gorged and staggering Ro- mans claim With hiccups that immortal name.
---	---

After l. 22 six lines which do not belong to this poem were added to it: see below.

[EASTERN FABLES]

[Published in 1863, p. 242, as part of preceding poem.]

WOULD you hear fables from the east
Told gravely by a tonsured priest,
When he has counted out so many,
Out with your purse and pay your penny,
Else will he, having power divine,
Blast all your limbs from nape to chine.

[DANTE OF MAIANO]

[Published in 1863, p. 179; reprinted 1876. See note at end of volume.]

TOWARD Maiano let me look again Across my narrow plain. What there to see? an image, nothing more. Nina, in days of yore, There listened to the warbling of that bird Whose voice last night I heard Just opposite my terrace; it had kept My heart awake, nor slept	All night itself . . Maiano, she may claim The grandest Tuscan name. 10 Nina of Dante; she it was whose song Was felt our woods among Before the mightier Alighieri rose To blast his country's foes. Above these olives I shall often see, Nina! the Shade of thee.
--	--

Title not in either ed. 13 mightier Alighieri] mighty Alfieri 1876.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[DANTE ALIGHIERI]

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 175; reprinted 1876.]

WITH frowning brow o'er pontif-kings elate,
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great.
Milton in might and majesty surpast
The triple world, and far his shade was cast.
On earth he sang amid the Angelic host,
And Paradise to him was never lost.
But there was one who came these two between
With larger light than yet our globe had seen.
Various were his creations, various speech
Without a Babel he bestow'd on each.
Raleigh and Bacon towered above that earth
Which in their day had given our Shakespeare birth,
And neither knew his presence! they half-blind
Saw not in him the grandest of mankind.

10

Title not in either ed.

THE DAUGHTER OF DANTE

[Published in 1863, p. 137.]

THOU, Beatrice, hast found an earlier rest*
Than did thy father (holy as thyself)
In this Ravenna. May we hope that he
Shall view from heaven his countrymen at last
Loose from Teutonic and from Gallic chains,
And other more disgraceful forged at Rome.

* In the Convent of St. Stefano dell' Uliva. [L. In 1350 Boccaccio brought her ten gold crowns given by a Florentine gild. See Baldelli's *Vita di Boccaccio*, 1806, p. 378. W.]

TO [HENRY FRANCIS] CARY

ON HIS APPOINTMENT TO A LOW OFFICE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

[Published in 1863, p. 122; reprinted 1876.]

CARY! I fear the fruits are scanty	The porter's lodge of the Museum
Thou gatherest from the fields of	May daily hear thee sing <i>Te Deum</i> .
Dante,	Peaches and grapes are mostly
But thou hast found at least a shed	found
Wherin to cram thy truckle-bed;	Richest the nearest to the ground:

Title, and line 1 Cary misspelt Carey 1863, 1876.] Sub-tittle a low] an 1876. [He and Landor went to Rugby in January, 1783. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Our gardeners take especial care	Is straiten'd and drawn tight by
To keep down low all boughs that	thine:
bear.	10 Hell, devil, dog, in force remain,
Dante's long labyrinthine line	And Paradise blooms fresh again.

11 labyrinthine] intertwisted 1876.

TO ALFIERI

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 118; reprinted 1876.]

ALFIERI, thou art present in my sight
 Tho' far removed from us, for thou alone
 Hast toucht the inmost fibres of the breast,
 Since Tasso's tears made damper the damp floor
 Whereon one only light came thro' the bars;
 Love brought it, and stood mute, with broken wing.
 The vision of Leonora could not raise
 His heavy heart, and staid long nights in vain.

Thou scornedst thy own country, scorn thou wouldst
 Many who dwell within it now her bonds
 Are broken: adulation at all times
 Was her besetting sin, nor leaves her yet,
 But thou couldst tell her, and couldst make her hear,
 That Corsic honey* which attracts the hive
 Is poison . . turn then from the mortal taste.

10

* Much of the honey in Corsica is extracted from the flower of box and unwholesome. [L.]

TO CHAUCER

[Published in 1863, p. 142; reprinted 1876.]

CHAUCER, O how I wish thou wert
 Alive and, as of yore, alert!
 Then, after bandied tales, what
 fun

Would we two have with monk
 and nun.

Ah, surely verse was never meant
 To render mortals somnolent.

In Spenser's labyrinthine rhymes
 I throw my arms o'erhead at times,
 Opening sonorous mouth as wide
 As oystershells at ebb of tide. 10
 Mistake me not: I honour him

Whose magic made the Muses
 dream

Of things they never knew before,
 And scenes they never wandered
 o'er.

I dare not follow, nor again
 Be wafted with the wizard train.
 No bodyless and soulless elves
 I seek, but creatures like ourselves.
 If any poet now runs after
 The Faeries, they will split with
 laughter, 20

Leaving him in the desert, where

TO CHAUCER

Dry grass is emblematic fare.
 Thou wast content to act the
 squire
 Becomingly, and mount no higher,
 Nay, at fit season to descend
 Into the poet with a friend,
 Then ride with him about thy
 land
 In lithesome nutbrown boots well-
 tann'd,
 With lordly greyhound, who would
 dare

Course against law the summer
 hare, 30
 Nor takes to heart the frequent
 crack
 Of whip, with curse that calls him
 back.
 The lesser Angels now have
 smiled
 To see thee frolic like a child,
 And hear thee, innocent as they,
 Provoke them to come down and
 play.

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 224; not reprinted.]

WRONGS I have suffer'd, great and
 many,
 Insufferable never any
 Like that prepensely murderous
 one
 An Oxford hang-dog rogue has
 done,
 Who shov'd me on a bench with
 men
 Biting the point of Chaucer's pen.
 Chaucer I always loved, for he
 Led me to woo fair Poesie.

He, of our craft the worthy fore-
 man,
 Stood gallantly against the Nor-
 man, 10
 And in good humour tried to
 teach
 Reluctant churls our nativespeech.
 Now I must mount my cob and
 hurry
 To join his friends at Canterbury,
 A truly English merry party,
 Tho' none so jocular and hearty.

⁴ [See *A Course of Reading* by the Rev. James Pycroft, 4th ed. 1861, p. 62:
 "Neither Moore, Byron, nor W. S. Landor could appreciate Chaucer." W.]

SHAKESPEARE IN ITALY

[Published in 1863, p. 234; reprinted 1876. A copy of this piece sent to Miss Kate
 Field was dated July 1, 1860.]

BEYOND our shores, past Alps and Appennines,
 Shakespeare, from heaven came thy creative breath,
 Mid citron groves and over-arching vines
 Thy genius wept at Desdemona's death.
 In the proud sire thou badest anger cease
 And Juliet by her Romeo sleep in peace;
 Then rose thy voice above the stormy sea,
 And Ariel flew from Prospero to thee.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

MILTON IN ITALY

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 232; reprinted 1876. Another version (F) was sent to Miss Kate Field in 1861 and published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1866.]

O MILTON! couldst thou rise again and see
The land thou lovedst in thy earlier day,
See springing from her tomb fair Italy
(Fairer than ever) cast her shroud away,
That tightly-fasten'd triply-folded shroud,
Torn by her children off their mother's face!
O couldst thou see her now, more justly proud
Than of an earlier and a stronger race!

2 thy] an F. For ll. 7-8 F. substitutes three lines:

Around her, shameful sight! crowd upon crowd,
Nations in agony lie speechless down,
And Europe trembles at a despot's frown.

"The despot", Miss Field notes, "is of course Louis Napoleon".

[Published in 1863, p. 225; reprinted 1876.]

O IMMORTALITY of fame!	Resume ere long their common
What art thou? even Shake-	clay,
speare's name	And worms are longer lived than
Reaches not Shakespeare in his	they.
grave.	At last some gilded letters show
The wise, the virtuous, and the	What those were call'd who lie
brave,	below.

[Published in 1863, p. 127; reprinted 1876.]

JONSON to Shakespeare was preferr'd
By the bell-jingling low-brow'd herd,
Cowley to Milton. Who would mind
The stumbles of the lame and blind?
We may regret their sad estate,
But can not make them amble strait.

[Published in 1863, p. 238; reprinted 1876.]

THAT critic must indeed be bold	Than sparkling easy-ambuling Wal-
Who pits new authors against old.	ler.
Only the ancient coin is prized,	Waller now walks with rhyming
The dead alone are canonized:	crowds,
What was even Shakespeare until	While Milton sits above the clouds,
then?	Above the stars, his fixt abode, 11
A poet scarce compared with Ben:	And points to men their way to
And Milton in the streets no taller	God.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

WRITTEN ON MILTON'S DEFENCE

PRO POPULO ANGLICANO

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 196.]

IBERIANS! Belgians! Gauls! ye rage in vain,
Cromwell shall rule the land, and Blake the main.
A greater man, if greater man there be,
Milton, hath undersign'd the Lord's decree.

[The poem is repeated on page 216 of *Heroic Idyls* with title: "The Former Day".
W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 268; reprinted 1876.]

POETS as strong as ever were,	Waller was easy, so was Sedley,
Formerly breath'd our British	Nor mingled with the rhyming
air:	medley.
Ours now display but boyish	Descending from her higher places
strength,	The Muse led Prior to the Graces:
And rather throw themselves full	He was the first they condescended
length.	To visit . . are their visits ended?

GIBBON

[Published in 1863, p. 270; reprinted 1876.]

GIBBON has planted laurels long to bloom
Above the ruins of sepulchral Rome.
He sang no dirge, but mused upon the land
Where Freedom took his solitary stand.
To him Thucydides and Livius bow,
And Superstition veils her wrinkled brow.

[Published in 1863, p. 236; reprinted 1876.]

GIBBON! tho' thou art grave and grand
And Rome is under thy command,
Yet some in cauliflower-white wigs,
Others put lately into brigs,
Instead of bending back and knee,
Would pull thy chair from under thee.

DISTRIBUTION OF HONOURS FOR LITERATURE

[Published in 1863, p. 266; reprinted 1876.]

THE grandest writer of late ages
Who wrapt up Rome in golden pages,
Whom scarcely Livius equal'd, Gibbon,
Died without star or cross or ribbon

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 228; reprinted 1876.]

I own I like plain dishes best, And those the easiest to digest. Take in the fresher, tougher, harder, But hook them longer in the larder.	Show me that humble village inn Where Goldsmith tuned his violin, Then leave me, at the close of day, To muse in the churchyard with Gray.
---	---

BYRON

[Published in 1863, p. 203.]

LIKE mad-dog in the hottest day Byron runs snapping strait away, And those unlucky fellows judge ill Who go without a whip or cudgel.	Yet, I confess it, I am loth, People should see them daub'd with froth, Tho' dogs that rave with this disease
The boots I wear are high and strong, Wherefore I take no whip or thong;	Lift not their heads above my knees, It's prudent not to carry home The worst of poison in their foam.

[Published in 1863, p. 256.]

THERE is a restless mortal who Feeds on himself, and eats for two. Heartburn all day and night he feels And never tries to walk but reels. Boy! on the table set the taper	And bring your lucifer; this paper I must without delay set fire on Or folks may fancy I mean Byron. Be petty larcenies forgiven, The fire he stole was not from heaven.
---	---

REMONSTRANCE AND ADVICE

TO BYRON

[Published in 1863, p. 148.]

SAY, Byron, why is thy attar Profusely dasht with vinegar? Each of them in its place is good, But neither fit for daily food. Open thy latticed window wide For breezes from the Ægean tide; And from Hymettus may its bee Bear honey on each wing to thee:	But keep apart these two per- fumes For hospitals and drawing-rooms. Now one more counsel: let alone The fatty that outflanks the throne, Nor fancy you can cure a leper With poultices of cayenne-pepper.
--	---

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 181; reprinted 1876.]

SQUIBS, crackers, serpents, rockets, Bengal lights,
Lead thousands running to the Dardanelles,
Where girls by sackfuls bubble thro' the wave;
I, leaving good old Homer, not o'erlong,
Enjoy the merriment of Chaucer's tales
Or louder glee of the large-hearted Burns,
And then partaking Southey's wholesome fare,
Plenteous, and savoury, without spice, I turn,
To my own sofa, where incontinent
Wordsworth's low coo brings over me sound sleep.

10

[Published in 1863, p. 184; reprinted 1876.]

THOU hast not lost all glory, Rome!
With thee have found their quiet home
Two whom we followers most admire
Of those that swell our sacred quire;
And many a lowered voice repeats
Hush! here lies Shelley! here lies Keats!

3 Two] *so in errata, To in text.*

[Published in 1863, p. 256; reprinted 1876.]

SHELLEY and Keats, on earth unknown
One to the other, now are gone
Where only such pure Spirits meet
And sing before them words as sweet.

[Published in 1863, p. 187.]

COME lads, the day is all before ye,
Jerrold will tell a merry story,
And ere ye go to bed ye may
Regale on Wordsworth's curds and whey.
I can not join you, for I question
If such things suit with my digestion.

5 join] *so in errata, own in text.*

[Published in 1863, p. 243; reprinted 1876.]

'Twas far beyond the midnight hour	Not Porson so; his stronger pate
And more than half the stars	Could carry more of wine and
were falling,	Greek
And jovial friends, who lost the	Than Cambridge held; erect he
power	sate;
Of sitting, under chairs lay	He nodded, yet could somehow
sprawling;	speak.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

<p>"Tis well, O Bacchus! they are gone, Unworthy to approach thy altar! 10 The pious man prays best alone, Nor shall thy servant ever falter."</p>	<p>Then Bacchus too, like Porson, nodded, Shaking the ivy on his brow, And graciously replied the God- head, "I have no votary staunch as thou."</p>
--	--

ON ENGLISH HEXAMETERS

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 257; reprinted 1876.]

PORSON was askt what he thought of hexameters written in English:
"Show me," said he, "any five in continuance true to the meter,
Five where a dactyl has felt no long syllable puncht thro' his midrif,
Where not a trochee or pyrric has stood on one leg at the entrance
Like a grey fatherly crane keeping watch on the marsh at Cayster.
Zounds! how they hop, skip, and jump! Old Homer, uplifting his eye-
brows,

Cries to the somnolent Gods . . "O ye blessed who dwell on Olympos!
What have I done in old-age? have I ever complain'd of my blind-
ness?

Ye in your wisdom may deem that a poet sings only the better
(Some little birds do) for *that*; but why are my ears to be batter'd 10
Flat to my head as a mole's or a fish's, if fishes have any?
Why do barbarians rush with a fury so headstrong against me?
Have they no poet at home they can safely and readily waylay?"

Then said a youth in his gown, "I do humbly beg pardon, Professor,
But are you certain that you, to whom all the wide Hellas is open,
Could make Homer, who spoke many dialects with many nations,
Speak, as we now have attempted to teach him, our pure Anglo-saxon.

Then the Professor, "I wager a dozen of hock or of claret,
Standing on only one foot I can throw off more verses and better 19
Than the unlucky, that limp and halt and have "*no fool to stand on.*"
"Pon my word, as I live!" said a younger, "I really think he has
done it,

Every soul of us here, by a score of hexameters, quizzing."*

* It is to be hoped that Milton may escape this profanation. Dryden, the master of rhyme, would have violated the Muse of Zion. That poet's ears must be stiff with indurated wax which receive not at least an equal pleasure from the cadences of Milton's verse as from Homer's. Every people has its pet poet; one unwieldy like Dante, another skittish like Voltaire; but Homer and Milton have been venerated wherever have been prominent the organs of veneration. May no iconoclast prevail against them. [L. om. 1876.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO PORSON

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 220.]

LET alone, my old friend, our best poet; ask Parr
If I keep not stout harness well buckled for war.
Of the birch in my field I have wasted no twig
On a petulant Jeffrey or any such prig;
But run not *you* foul on the wise and the kind,
Or you'll soon have to clap your ten fingers behind.

[Published in 1863, p. 206; reprinted 1876.]

THE Graces now are past their dancing days,
The Muses have forgot their earlier lays,
And of the latter you would give a score
For one fresh ballad of light-hearted Moore.
Of the nine sisters eight are grown uncouth,
And even the ninth has lost the bloom of youth.

Some jealous poet may have written so;
Is there some truth in it? Tell me, yes or no.

REMONSTRANCE TO MACAULAY, ON ATTACKING THE MEMORY OF W. PENN

[Published in 1863, p. 147.]

MACAULAY! Envy's self must	That some are brave yet never
praise	fought, 10
The spirit of thy Roman " <i>Lays</i> ."	Who dared mid fiercest hordes to
None cheer'd more heartily than I	stand
When the triumphal car roll'd	With open breast and open hand.
by,	He show'd them what their soil
Follow'd by songs which well	could bear
become	Better than tomahawk and spear;
The chaste and stately Muse of	That the Great Spirit, lord of all
Rome.	More gladly hears the widow's
Why drawest thou a gall-black	call
pen	Than cruelly exultant yell
Across the face of quiet men?	Shaking the very gate of Hell.
Deserves he this who mildly	Macauley! let one hero rest
taught	By millions after millions blest. 20

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

CONFESSION OF JEALOUSY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 218; reprinted 1876.]

JEALOUS, I own it, I was once,
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit . . . it would not do . . .
At tenderness . . . that fail'd me too,
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood.

[Published in 1863, p. 186.]

"SONG OF THE SHIRT." Strange! very strange,
This shirt will never want a change,
Nor ever will wear out so long
As Britain has a heart or tongue.

DICKENS

[Published in 1863, p. 164; reprinted 1876.]

You ask me what I see in Dickens . .
A game-cock among bantam chickens.

[Published in 1863, p. 265; reprinted 1876.]

UNDER his pulpit lies poor Sydney,*
And few are left us of his kidney.
With me, my friends, you can but lunch,
For a good dinner go to Punch.

* Sydney Smith. [L.]

[Published in p. 167, 1863.]

My verses, all I wrote of late,
To Vulcan I would dedicate,
But it is right that you precede
With larger offering, gentle Reade!

[JOHN EDMUND READE]

[Published in 1863, p. 231.]

AH, Reade! a bear is not a kitten
Else were thy hand less fiercely bitten.
Sometimes a pen, sometimes a bear
Objects to handling; so beware.

Title not in text. [Cf. 'Inopportune', p. 188. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE POETS OF SCOTLAND

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 127; reprinted 1876.]

THOMSON, there born where mist and snow	The generous Scott and stalwart Burns
Are the sole change the Seasons know,	Blew Caledonia's pipe by turns; And Campbell with no fainter voice
Saw them alternate in his dreams, And woke to charm the Nymphs of Thames.	Bade her in one more bard rejoice, When Hohenlinden made reply To " <i>Glorious death or victory!</i> " 10

1 Thomson] *misspelt* Thompson 1863.

TO SCOTCH CRITICS

[Published in 1863, p. 269.]

WHY should ye sourly criticise A poet more profuse than wise. The gentle Muse would not send from her	Mind, wise was gentle Ovid too, And equal'd in his art by few. Sirs, malice is a worse disease Than all your itch and all your fleas.
Her Ovid, tho' preferring Homer.	

TO THE AUTHOR OF *VESTIGES OF CREATION*

[Published in 1863, p. 266.]

Wise was Democritos, nor less the sage
Whom Philip call'd to guide his wilful son,
Not tardy to shake off the dust that fell
Upon the eyelids of the Athenian youths
From quaintnesses and quibbles in a school
Where Truth, if ever sought, was never found.
Our teachers find her, some of them on earth,
Some in the wilderness above the skies.
Thou hast gone after them and close behind,
Briton! thou who hast traced the vestiges 10
Of God's creation! Deem it not presumption
If I dare question thee why thou hast call'd
The vulture, wolf, and boa, the police
Ordain'd to keep in order and suppress
Us bipeds, when we come in crowds too dense.
Were it not better to reward the stout

[See *Vestiges of the Creation*, by Robert Chambers (1802-1871), published anonymously in 1844. W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

And vigilant, for every bird and beast
Of rapine they shall kill? Even in our land
Vipers and snakes and hawks and kites are seen. 20
Is there no shame in this? why not propound
A stated price for every head of them?
Were it not better so than fifty-fold
For fellow men to slaughter fellow men
And feed the hungry cannon's mouth alone?
Is there none brave enough to seize the scourge
Now sounding in our ears? let that be done,
Then to the vipers and the birds of prey.

ON THE WIDOW'S ORDEAL

By WASHINGTON IRVING

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 270; reprinted 1876.]

CHAUCER I fancied had been dead
Some centuries, some four or five;
By fancy I have been misled
Like many: he is yet alive.

The Widow's Ordeal who beside
Could thus relate? Yes, there is one,
He bears beyond the Atlantic wide
The glorious name of Washington.

Title On . . . Ordeal om. 1876, which has A Tale by Washington Irving.

[Published in 1863, p. 248.]

KIND friends forgive me, if you can, For calling Slick an honest man. Derision is enough; I see Wit lies remote from irony. Let me devise, if I am able, Instead of irony, a fable. A dog by sudden spring had got A pudding, smoking from the pot. He was a wise old dog and knew In this dilemma what to do. 10	He dipt it in the gutter, then Ran on with it and dipt again. Boys, girls, and women, trundled after And clapt their hands and roar'd with laughter. When clear of them, the bag he tore And lickt the dainty o'er and o'er, Until it was less hot; at last He broke outrageously his fast,
---	---

[See *The Athenæum*, July 26, 1851, which described *The English in America*, by the author of *Sam Slick* as "a vulgar and violent political pamphlet". See 'To Judge Haliburton', p. 190. W.]

‘KIND FRIENDS, FORGIVE ME’

<p>Then lickt his lips by way of grace, And sought some cool and quiet place 20 Where his siesta he could take, Nor hear what cries the cook might make.</p>	<p>Men may learn much from dogs, and Slick Learnt from said dog his clever trick. He lowers his muzzle and he eats With ravening maw the foulest meats.</p>
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[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 128.]

<p>In youth I heard a story told, Written, it seems, in days of old, About a lawyer and a dog, And it was styled an <i>Apologue</i>.</p>	<p>Perhaps it may be truth; if so, It must have happened long ago, For now the name of Slick is known Among the Americans alone.</p>
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[Published in 1863, p. 244; reprinted 1876.]

<p>WILL nothing but from Greece or Rome Please me? is nothing good at home? Yes; better; but I look in vain</p>	<p>For a Molière or La Fontaine. Swift in his humour was as strong But there was gall upon his tongue. Bitters and acids may excite, Yet satisfy not appetite.</p>
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[Published in 1863, p. 174.]

WE have old women and to spare
 None fit to judge like thine, Molière;
 Youngsters and dotards shove to teach,
 And carp at what they can not reach.

[Published in 1863, p. 186; reprinted 1876.]

<p>OF those who speak about Vol- taire The least malicious are unfair. The groundlings neither heed nor know The victories of Apollo's bow;</p>	<p>What powers of darkness he with- stood And stamp't upon the Python's blood. Observing stil his easy pace, They call it levity, not grace.</p>
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[Published in 1863, p. 180; reprinted 1876.]

SOMETIMES a Jesuit's* words are true,
 For proof one specimen may do.
 "To malice all an ear incline,
 "Even the few who don't malign."

* Vavassor. [L. See *De Epigrammate, &c.*, by Francis Vavassor (ob. 1681), p. 99: "Maledicentia, grata cunctis, etiam iis, qui neque sibi maledici, neque maledicere ipsi aliis velint." W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

VICTOR HUGO

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 160; reprinted 1876.]

WHETHER a poet yet is left
In France I know not, and who knows?
But Hugo, of his home bereft,
In quiet Jersey finds repose.
Honour to him who dares to utter
A word of truth in writ or speech!
In Hugo's land the brave but mutter
Half one, in dread whose ear it reach.

TO A GERMAN

[Published in 1863, p. 170; reprinted 1876.]

You think all liquor must be weak if clear,
Find wit in Goethe, miss it in Voltaire.
Your beer has plenty both of malt and hop,
But of the bright and sparkling not a drop.

[Two versions (A, B) published in 1863, pp. 197, 267; both reprinted 1876.]

WE hear no more an attic song,
Teuton cuts out the Athenian's tongue,
And witches, ghosts, and goblins fill
Each crevice of the Aonian hill.

3 and goblins] hobgoblins (B).

[ON GOETHE'S EPIGRAMS]

[Published in 1863, p. 233.]

THE *Revelations* want a guide
To draw the mystic veil aside;
For these perhaps one guide may do,
But Goethe's *Epigrammes* want two.

ON GESNER'S IDYLS

[Published in 1863, p. 265; reprinted 1876.]

GESNER, to Sicily he does no wrong
Who listens fondly to thy pastoral song.
The Muses, nurst by Nature, bow'd the head
And sigh'd in silence when thy spirit fled.

[Solomon Gessner, Swiss painter and poet, ob. 1788. W.]

ON GESNER'S IDYLS

Homer's sole rival, Mincio's youthful swain
To catch Sicilian tones essay'd in vain.
None dared take up the broken pipe, for none
Among the wistful claim'd it as his own.
A sunny clime call'd many a piper forth,
But only thy strong pinion braved the north.

10

5 Mincio's . . . swain [Virgil].

ADVICE TO AN OLD POET

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 183; reprinted 1876.]

AFTER edition comes edition,
And scarce a dozen copies gone;
Suppose you take another "mission"
And let the weary press alone.

TO YOUNG POETS

FROM AN OLDER

[Published in 1863, p. 211; reprinted 1876.]

CHILDREN! why pull ye one another's hair?
May not Callimachus or Bion wear
A sprig of bay or myrtle they have found
Lying since nightfall on neglected ground?

REPLY TO SOME HUDIBRASTICS

[Published in 1863, p. 206; reprinted 1876.]

O COULD I cull such rhymes as thou
Cullest from under cloudless brow;
Such as were erst the Faeries gift
To Butler and his godson Swift.
But here 'tis plainly seen that I'm
A very bad one at a rhyme.

[Published in 1863, p. 169; reprinted 1876.]

THERE are a hundred now alive
Who buz about the summer hive,
Alas! how very few of these
Poor little busy poet bees
Can we expect again to hum
When the next summer shall have come.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 220.]

A MUSE would visit an old man, And fluently her flattery ran. "Ay, ay!" replied he, "well I know You only come to mock and mowe. Too often have I seen my betters	Entangled in your flowery fetters: Too long they held me, and too fast, But I am fairly free at last. Tho' young and old alike are vain, I will not dance in them again." 10
--	---

TO A POET

[Published in 1863, p. 247.]

I NEVER call'd thy Muse splay- footed, Who sometimes wheez'd, and sometimes hooted, As owls do on a lonely tower, Awaiting that propitious hour When singing birds retire to rest,	And owls may pounce upon the nest. I only wish she would forbear From sticking pins into my chair, And let alone the friends who come To neutralize thy laudanum. 10
--	--

THE SPITEFUL

[Published in 1863, p. 130.]

THERE are who, when they read a book And find not that for which they look, Spit venom over every page With viperine and deadly rage.	What hurts them so? if hurt is done 'Tis by their home-fed scorpion. Imprudently they lick their sore, A rabid tongue inflames it more.
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[TRACTS FOR THE TIMES]

[Published in 1863, p. 245.]

"I WISH you would but read those <i>Tracts</i> I sent you." I have read the <i>Acts</i> : And these, if duly follow'd, teach What jarring churchmen ought to preach. Well have I beaten brake and stubble, And bagg'd what ill repaid the trouble.	Where is the pointer or retriever That can scent out the true be- liever? Moravians share the meal of Christ, His home-made bread and meat unspiced: 10 But these poor souls are not the people To venerate the stole and steeple.
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Title not in text.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[TO EMILIA]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 249.]

CEASE to contend upon that slippery field
In which alone, Emilia, you must yield.
There comes one stronger, in whose steps we trace
All Dryden's vigour and all Prior's grace.
Ivan from madden'd sire none else could save,
Or Casabianca from the flaming wave.
No maid of Hellas ever rais'd so high
A strain as she, 'twould crack your voice to try.
Felicia's varied harmonies run o'er,
But close the copybook and write no more.

10

Title not in text.

[Published in 1863, p. 231.]

THE scriptures teach us that our	In evil hour I strove to read
Lord	Some poems of one lately dead,
Writes in his book man's sidlest word.	And humbly hoped the sable pall
Now surely he must find it worse	Might cover and atone for all.
Than what he suffered on the cross.	

[HENRY KETT]

[Published in 1863, p. 177.]

WHY wouldst thou hang thyself, O Kett?
If all God's laws thou didst forget,
One English law was worth recalling
To memory . . . that against forestalling.

Title not in text. [The Rev. Henry Kett was a Fellow of Trinity when Landor was an undergraduate. He was drowned on June 30, 1825, at Stanwell, Middlesex. It was supposed that he had been seized with cramp when out of his depth. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1825.) W.]

[ON THE SAME]

[Printed in *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*, 1869, ii. 482.]

"THE Centaur is not fabulous," said Young.
Had Young known Kett,
He had said, "Behold one put together wrong;
The head is horseish; but, what yet
Was never seen in man or beast,
The rest is human; or, at least,
Is Kett."

Title not in text. 1 [See *The Centaur is not Fabulous*, by Edward Young, 1755. W.]
4 horseish ["Horse Kett" as he was called at Oxford did not resent the epithet and would say that he was "going to trot down High Street". W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[SOUTHEY POET LAUREATE]

[Published in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, i. 435.]

"I am reminded . . . that I wrote some verses on your laureateship. They are these." [*Landon to Southey from Como, August 31, 1817.*]

BREATH of what god hath blown the mists away,
That thou whose influence filled the solitude,
Whose music was for souls that shun the world,
At length from thronging cities art beheld
And hail'd from pinnacles of palaces
Far under thee, O Southey! late-beheld,
As were the greater of the first-born stars
The nearest to their mighty Maker's throne.
Sit light of heart in the clear cool serene,
Where other voice than that which call'd thee none
Is heard around, nor other harp than thine.

What serpents slid athwart thy noontide path!
What birds of evil omen flapped their wings
Heavily, lower and lower! their darksome eye
Saw not that radiant visage burst the clouds,
That right hand beckon upward, and that left
Point toward Python with the golden bow.

If this be earth, so lofty and so pure,
Thou hast not left it utterly, divine
Astrea! She who led the son of Jove,
And fixed his choice, perform'd her office here;
But Thou upon the summit hast received
Him whom she brought, and from thy righteous hand
(Nine white-robed virgins hymning slow before)
Upon his brow I saw the crown descend.

Title not in 1869.

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH

[Written at Bath in 1845 and published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, ii. 424.]

"A lady here, a friend of yours, has been lecturing me on my hostility to Wordsworth. In the course of our conversation I said what I turned into verse half an hour ago."
[*Landon to Forster, Bath, 1845.*]

BYRON's sharp bark and Wordsworth's long-drawn wheeze
Issue alike from breasts that pant for ease.
One caught the fever of the flowery marsh,
The other's voice intemperate scorn made harsh.
But each hath better parts: to One belong

BYRON AND WORDSWORTH

Staffs for the old and guide-posts for the young:
The Other's store-room downcast eyes approve,
Hung with bright feathers dropt from moulting Love.

AT WORDSWORTH'S DESIRE

[Published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, ii. 245, as having been written in 1832 for Dora Wordsworth's album. See note at end of the volume.]

GLORIOUS the names that cluster here,
The loftiest of our lofty isle—
Who can approach them void of fear,
Though Genius urge and Friendship smile?
To lay one stone upon the hill,
And show that I have climb'd so high,
Is what they bid me. Wordsworth's will
Is law, and Landor must comply.

[TO MATHIAS]

[From a letter to Mrs. Paynter, dated Florence, 3 April (? 1833), quoted by Lord Houghton in *The Edinburgh Review*, July 1869.]

THE Piper's music fills the street, Hand us a Sonnet cool and dry as
The Piper's music makes the heat Your very best, and we shall
Hotter by ten degrees: freeze.
Hand us a Sonnet, dear Mathias,

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII

[Printed in *Notes and Queries*, September 10, 1887; and from a letter to R. Brown-
ing, Feb. 11, 1860, in H. C. Minchin's *W. S. Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

If ought so damping and so dull were
As these "last days" of Dandy Bulwer,
And had been cast upon the pluvius
Rockets that issued from Vesuvius,
They would no more have reached Pompeii
Than Rome or Tusculum or Veii.

2 these] the 1934 3 And you had thrown it on the 'pluvius' 1934 4 Rockets]
Fire-flakes 1934 5 would] could 1934

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND

[Published in *Letters, &c. of Walter Savage Landor*, 1897.]

HAVE I no sympathy for kings? I have,
And plant a laurel on a royal grave.
James! I will never call thy fortunes hard,
A happy lover and unrival'd bard.
For Chaucer, Britain's first born, was no more,
And the Muse panted after heavy Gower.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

DANIEL DEFOE

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

Few will acknowledge all they owe	That precious volume, lest the
To persecuted, brave Defoe.	morrow
Achilles, in Homeric song,	For unlearn't lesson might bring
May, or he may not, live so long	sorrow? 10
As Crusoe; few their strength had	But nobler lessons he has taught
tried	Wide-awake scholars who fear'd
Without so staunch and safe a	naught:
guide.	A Rodney and a Nelson may
What boy is there who never laid	Without him not have won the
Under his pillow, half afraid,	day.

[THE SAME]

[Published in 1897.]

STRANGERS in vain enquire, for none can show
Where rests thy mutilated frame, Defoe!
Small men find room enough within St. Paul's,
The larger limb'd must rest outside the walls.
Be thou content, no name hath spread so wide
As thine, undamaged stil by time and tide.
Never hath early valour been imprest
On gallant Briton's highly-heaving breast
So deeply as by Crusoe; therefor Fame
O'er every sea shall waft your social name.

10

THE POET WHO SLEEPS

[Published in 1897.]

ONE day, when I was young, I read	Many the things we poets feign.
About a poet, long since dead,	I feign'd to sleep, but tried in vain.
Who fell asleep, as poets do	I tost and turn'd from side to side,
In writing—and make others too.	With open mouth and nostrils
But herein lies the story's gist,	wide. 12
How a gay queen came up and kist	At last there came a pretty maid,
The sleeper.	And gazed; then to myself I said,
"Capital!" thought I.	"Now for it!" She, instead of kiss,
"A like good fortune let me try."	Cried, "What a lazy lout is this!"

2 a poet [Clement Marot, Landor says in a note, but it was Alain Chartier whom Margaret Stuart, the Dauphin's wife, kissed on his mouth, "de laquelle sont issus tant d'excellent propos, matières graves et paroles élégantes." W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

CERVANTES

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

CERVANTES was among my first delights,
Nor was forgotten in maturer age;
I dare not ask myself if Freedom urged
My steps to Spain more powerfully than he,
When that inveterate and infuriate foe
Of England and of Europe vaulted o'er
The Pyrenees. I went there not unarm'd,
Nor left unhonour'd, tho' my stay was brief.
When Blake retreated to unsafe Seville
I stayed behind, but would not go aboard, 10
Tho' Digby call'd to welcome me, but went
To view La Mancha, where no human step
Disturb'd the silence, where the lizard clung
Upright and panted on the sultry wall.
My sword was idle, not the hand that bore it.
There were who wanted that, nor sued in vain.
O birthplace of Cervantes! proud of *him*!
Proud of the giver of another world!
Proud of immortal poets! hast thou risen
Only to fall again? Bring back the hour 20
(Ah, couldst thou!) when I rode along thy downs
While war raged under me; some duty done,
I slept more soundly where the cistus helpt
My slumber, and the weaker thyme gave way.

9 Blake [*sc.* General Joachim Blake (*ob.* 1827). See Landor's "Three Letters to Don Francisco Riquelma", 1809. W.] 11 Digby [? Captain George Digby, R.N., H.M.S. *Cossack*. W.] 17 Cervantes [Landor had forgotten that Cervantes was born in New Castile and may have been thinking of a visit paid in 1808 to Santillana, as the birthplace of Gil Blas. W.]

JEFFREY CRITICISING SOUTHEY

[Published in 1897.]

JEFFREY! the rod and line lay by,
Or only fish for little fry.
On dace and gudgeon you may fare,
Too deep for you lies Derwent Char.

1 Jeffrey [Landor disliked the *Edinburgh Review* and its editor. "I was once asked," he wrote to Southey, "whether I would be introduced to this gentleman. My reply was: 'No, nor to any other rascal.'" W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

WILLIAM GIFFORD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

HOLD hard! let puffing Giff reach first
The sacred spring, for fierce his thirst.
Press not too nigh lest he bespatter
Each rival with the muddied water.

1 Giff [Landor liked Gifford of the *Quarterly* even less than he liked Jeffrey. Gifford saw in Landor "a most rancorous and malicious heart".—*Memoirs of John Murray*. W.]

WITS AND BORES

[Published in 1897.]

THERE are few wits who never speak ill	Nor pelt the poor old buck that strays.
In prose or rhyme, such wits are Jekyl	Those thirst the most who are as dry as
And Luttrell: like this couple let us	Gifford or bell-wether Mathias. Atflabbypenswhyfrownoffended?
Gather our honey from Hymettus:	By the best blade can they be
Let the kid suck, the mother graze,	mended. 10

2 Jekyl [*sc.* Joseph Jekyll, *ob.* 1837. Landor met him at Dr. Parr's. W.] 3 Luttrell [Henry Luttrell, *ob.* 1851, author of *Advice to Julia*, &c. W.] 4 Hymettus [Thymettus 1897 (misprint). 8 -wether] -weather 1897.

THOMAS PAINE

[Published in 1897.]

MOBS I abhor, yet bear a crowd
Which speaks its mind, if not too loud.
Willingly would I hear again
The honest words of pelted Payne.
Few dared such homely truths to tell,
Or wrote our English half so well.

MEN OF THE DAY

[Published in 1897.]

DISPARAGE not our age, such thought were wrong,
Ask not a poet is it worth a song;
To this ye might hear Tennyson reply
At times in accents deep, at times in high.
Here has been in our iland one great man

MEN OF THE DAY

Who, beyond all, the race of glory ran.
Beneath the rising and the setting sun,
The helm and scymeter of Wellesley shone.
And who was he who later [dared] to brave
The icy barrier of the Baltic wave? 10
Nor have our gentle poets since been mute,
Although contented with their softer flute.
O'er the wide Continent, despotic Power
Is seen in threatening thunder-clouds to lour,
And there if any loftier heads remain
They raise them not, aware 'twould be in vain.
From thousand *city bards* no voice is heard
Above the twitterings of a household bird.
While in our happy Britain there is stil
Breath left the trumpet of fair fame to fill. 20

9 he [*sc.* Admiral Sir Charles Napier. W.]

WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

SCHLEGEL; where first I met thee was at Bonn:
I knew thee but by name, and little thought
The only mortal who could comprehend
Shakespeare, in all his vastness, stood before me.
I wondered, when I lookt on thee, at tags
Of ribbon, buckles, crosses, round thy breast;
As, on their birthday, boys display new drums,
High feather in the hat and fierce cockade.
Is this the man, thought I, but held my tongue,
Who knew the heart of Shakespeare, and his ways 10
Thro' every walk of life, o'er land and sea,
And into regions where nor sea nor land
Are peopled, but where other Beings dwell,
Above, below.

Schlegel, he recognized
In thee his privy-counselor, bade step
With him thro' treacherous courts, courts dark with blood,
Bade thee bare witness how Othello stabb'd
His Desdemona, bade thee hold the pall
Of virgin white that cover'd Juliet's bier,
Then gather daisies, rosemary and rue, 20
And columbine, as crazed Ophelia will'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

No sadness ever toucht my heart like hers:
I think, but dare not own it, I have cried
As child, who to his tongue applies a bee
And, as he tastes the honey, feels the sting.
Master of mind, in every form it takes,
And universal as the Universe,
Is Shakespeare, ambient as the air we breathe,
Bright as the sun that warms it, vast and high
As that dispenser to all worlds around
Of light and life, wherever life exists:
Many are the stars that gem the throne of Night
But veil their lustrous eyes when he walks forth.
So are there poets in our hemisphere
Who glimmer, not obscurely; they approach,
Gazing with bated breath and front abashed:
Barr'd in a tower where none can touch them lie
His sceptre, sword and coronation robes.

30

FUGITIVE PIECES

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

FUGITIVE pieces! no indeed,
How can those be whose feet are lead?

TO AN OLD POET

[Published in 1897.]

"TURN on the anvil twice or thrice
Your verse," was Horace's advice:
Religiously you follow that,
And hammer it til cold and flat.

ADVICE TO A POET

[Published in 1897.]

If you are jealous as pug-dog, O poet,
Button your bosom tight, and never show it.
If you are angry at the world's disdain,
What the world gives you, give the world again.
The Muses take delight in poets' sighs,
But they hear few ascending from the wise.
"*The more the merrier*" (wicked jades!) they say,
Laugh in your face, and turn their own away.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE SONNETEER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

SONNET is easy in the Tuscan tongue, And poets drop it as they walk along. A young professor was invited once To try his hand, and this was the response: "I never turn'd a sonnet in my life, I had no mistress, and I <i>have</i> a wife.	If anything should happen, then the Muse To help me at a pinch might not refuse. Fancy and tenderness, I have enough For that occasion—but she is <i>so</i> tough."	10
--	--	----

ADVICE IN RETURN FOR CANTOS

[Published in 1897.]

Ah! heap not canto upon canto Which you must drag a weary man to, But try such themes as may be brief And, if they tire, soon comes relief. The Greeks have done it, and our neighbours The French succeed in these light labours.	Firm mansions oft are built of stone Less than a waggon-load each one; And oaks that o'er the forest frown For pleasure-boats are not cut down. A poem of ten thousand verses Is parent of as many curses.	10
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SAPPHO TO PHAON

[Published in 1897.]

TIME has not made these eyes so dim;
I never have complain'd of *him*:
Of one how different I complain!
Come, Phaon, bring them light again.

TO MRS. BROWNING

[Privately printed in *To Elizabeth Barrett Browning and other Verses, by Walter Savage Landor, 1917.*]

In Latian verse thy name would I inscribe,
But thou hast graven it in adamant
Where Shakespeare and where Milton once wrote theirs.
Browning! if Sappho and Corinna bore

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

The prize of beauty, they both waft aside
The crown of laurel, now another's due.
Envious all poets are, and I confess
I envy one as women envy thee.

[Printed from a copy in Browning's hand dated October 3, 1859. W.]

HUMBOLT'S CORRESPONDENCE

[Printed from MS.]

HUMBOLT! thou latest of the lofty wise
Revisitest thy earth: thy spirit soar'd
Above its nations, and illumined all
While thou wert only mortal . . . Short sojourn!
For what are ninety which we compute
As years? What are they which an elephant,
A tortoise, or, for aught we know, a worm,
May in sound health enjoy?

Thou knewest men
Their teachers, and their rulers, and couldst weigh
Each to a grain: the hand that poised the globe
And sea surrounding it, and scann'd alike
Not ours alone, but those that overhang
Others which Saturn's ring could not inclose,
Nor his light pierce thro' ages.

Such wast thou.
Wast did I say? All that thou wast thou art,
And more, but more we see not, we below.
I read thy latest words, and read aright
What thy experience teaches.

Thou hast seen*
In royal court invited guests, [barons, counts]
Courtiers and courtesans (small [difference])
In name, and less in character . . .
Instructors of the youth in Go[tha] . . .
Clasht with the dancers on the [stage] "Alike
Hired their performances!" O Heaven and Earth

* "What a disgrace", says Humboldt speaking of the King of Hanover, "that such a man should pass for a German Prince." [L.]

["The constitutional Roi des Landes said yesterday again at his table, before forty people—the Gottingen professors had spoken in an address of their patriotism:—'Professors have no country at all. Professors, whores (that there should be no mistake in the matter, he added *des putains*), and *danseuses* were to be had anywhere for money; they will go wherever they are offered a few groschen more.' What a shame to call that a German prince!" Letter of 6 April 1842.]

[*Humboldt's Correspondence*, i.e. *Letters of Alexander von Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense*, 1860. W.]

HUMBOLT'S CORRESPONDENCE

Could any but a Guelph, the most insane
Eruct this thought? and leave ye him unbound?
Men above men! God's trusty delegates!
Up to your highth ye can not raise the weak,
They are too heavy; sieze them by their wrists
And draw them farther from the slippery sludge
And bid them hold their heads up, and march stratt.

30

TRELAWNY

[Published in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 13 December 1928.]

It is not every traveler
Who like Trelawny can aver
In every State he left behind
An image the Nine Months may find.
Considerate, he perceived the need
Of some improvement in the breed,
And set as heartily to work
As when he fought against the Turk.

LANDOR ON HIS OWN WRITINGS

[PROEM]

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

O FRIENDS! who have accompanied thus far
My quickening steps, sometimes where sorrow sate
Dejected, and sometimes where valour stood
Resplendent, right before us; here perhaps
We best might part; but one to valour dear
Comes up in wrath and calls me worse than foe,
Reminding me of gifts too ill deserved.
I must not blow away the flowers he gave,
Altho' now faded; I must not efface
The letters his own hand has traced for me.

10

Here terminates my park of poetry.
Look out no longer for extensive woods,
For clusters of unlopt and lofty trees,
With stately animals coucht under them,
Or grottoes with deep wells of water pure,
And ancient figures in the solid rock:
Come, with our sunny pasture be content,

Title not in any edition, but the proem is prefixed to the first sequence of "miscellaneous" poems in *Works*, 1846, ii. 619-59.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Our narrow garden and our homestead croft,
And tillage not neglected. Love breathes round;
Love, the bright atmosphere, the vital air,
Of youth; without it life and death are one.

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

ONE morning in the spring I sate
Kicking my heels upon a gate,
The birds were singing all around,
And cowslips sunn'd the sheeny
ground,
And next to me above the post
A certain shrub its branches tost,
Seeming to whisper in my ear,
"Have you no song for her so
dear?"
Now never in my life could I
Write at command; I know not
why. 10
I tried to write; I tried in vain;
The little birds, to mock my pain,

Sang cheerily; and every note
Seem'd rushing from a clearer
throat.
I was half-mad to think that they
So easily should win the day.
The slender shrub I thought held
down
Its head to whisper "What a
clown!"
Stung by its touch and its re-
proof,
And saying, "Keep your thorns
aloof," 20
Unconsciously I spoke the name,
And verses in full chorus came.

WITH AN ALBUM

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

I know not whether I am proud,
But this I know, I hate the crowd:
Therefore pray let me disengage
My verses from the motley page,
Where others far more sure to
please

Pour out their choral song with ease.
And yet perhaps, if some should tire
With too much froth or too much
fire,
There is an ear that may incline
Even to words so dull as mine. 10

INTERLUDE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

My guest! I have not led you thro'
The old footpath of swamp and
sedges;
But . . mind your step . . you're
coming to
Shingle and shells with sharpish
edges.

Here a squash jelly-fish, and
here
An old shark's head with open
jaw
We hap may hit on: never fear
Scent rather rank and crooked
saw.

Title not in either ed., but it completes the first sequence of "miscellaneous" poems in 1846, and is followed by the rest on pp. 657-75 of *Works*, 1846, vol. ii.

INTERLUDE

<p>Step forward: we shall pass them soon, 9 And then before you will arise A fertile scene; a placid moon Above, and star-besprinkled skies.</p>	<p>And we shall reach at last (where ends The field of thistles, sharp and light) A dozen brave and honest friends, And there wish one and all good-night.</p>
---	--

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1876.]

<p>Does it become a girl so wise, So exquisite in harmonies, To ask me when do I intend To write a sonnet? What? my friend! A sonnet? Never. Rhyme o'er- flows Italian, which hath scarcely prose; And I have larded full three-score With <i>sorte, morte, cuor, amor</i>. But why should we, altho' we have Enough for all things, gay or grave, 10 Say, on your conscience, why should we</p>	<p>Who draw deep seans along the sea, Cut them in pieces to beset The shallows with a cabbage-net? Now if you ever ask again A thing so troublesome and vain, By all your charms! before the morn, To show my anger and my scorn, First I will write your name a-top, Then from this very ink shall drop A score of sonnets; every one 21 Shall call you star, or moon, or sun, Till, swallowing such warm-water verse, Even sonnet-sippers sicken worse.</p>
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[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

IDLE and light are many things you see
 In these my closing pages: blame not me.
 However rich and plenteous the repast,
 Nuts, almonds, biscuits, wafers, come at last.

REMONSTRANCE AND REPLY

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 15, 1851 as 'Poemetti. By Walter Savage Landor, vii'; reprinted 1853 (No. CCXXXIII), 1876.]

So then! I feel not deeply: if I did,
 I should have seized the pen, and pierced therewith
 The passive world! And thus thou reasonest?
 Well hast thou known the lover's, not so well
 The poet's heart. While that heart bleeds, the hand
 Presseth it close. Grief must run on, and pass

Title not in 1853.
 seth] Presses 1853.

1 then! . . . deeply:] then, . . . deeply! 1853. 6 Pres-

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Into the memory's more quiet plain,
 Before it can compose itself in song.
 He who is agonised, and burns to show
 His agony to those who sit around,
 Seizes the pen in vain: thought, fancy, power,
 Rush back into his bosom: all the strength
 Of genius cannot draw them into light
 From under mastering Grief; but memory,
 The muse's mother, nurses, rears them up,
 Informs, and keeps them with her all her days.

10

7 the memory's] near Memory's 1853. plain,] shade 1853. 9 burns] turns
 1853. 13 cannot] can not 1853. 14 memory] Memory 1853. 15 muse's]
 Muse's 1853.

DYING SPEECH OF AN OLD PHILOSOPHER

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 3, 1849; reprinted 1853 (p. vi), and with
 facsimile of manuscript in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife:
 Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
 I warm'd both hands before the fire of Life;
 It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

W. S. L.

Title and signature. Om. 1853. [Landor wrote this quatrain on January 30, 1849,
 his birthday. Forster and Dickens, who had come to Bath to see him, had left a few
 hours before. W.]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxx); reprinted 1876. Also printed with
 variants in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. See p. 385.]

ONE lovely name adorns my song,
 And, dwelling in the heart,
 For ever falters at the tongue,
 And trembles to depart.

1 One] That 1895. 2, dwelling . . . the] dwells upon my 1895. 3 For . . . the]
 Tremble then every other 1895.
For l. 4 1895 has: Tears from all eyes then start.

[Published in 1853 (No. LX); reprinted 1876.]

No easy thing to hit the mind	What a good blade and skill can do.
That wavers with each gust of	Damascus sabres at one stroke
wind,	Cut lightest plume or hardest oak.
Nor worth the while, unless to	I let your feathers sweep the plain
show	And sheath my scymeter again.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO JOHN FORSTER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xov); reprinted 1876.]

CENSURED by her who stands	I turn in confidence to you.
above	Now, Forster, did you never stop
The Sapphic Muse in song and	At orange-peel or turnip-top,
love,	To kick them from your path, and
"For minding what such people	then
do,"	Complacently walk on agen?

[Published in 1853 (No. ovi); reprinted 1876.]

WEARERS of rings and chains!
Pray do not take the pains
To set me right.
In vain my faults ye quote;
I write as others wrote
On Sunium's hight.

[Published in 1853 (No. oix); reprinted 1876.]

ENVY ne'er thrust into my hands her torch,
The robe of those who mount up higher to scorch.
On old Greek idols I may fix my eyes
Oftener, and bring them larger sacrifice,
Yet on the altar where are worshipt ours
I light my taper and lay down my flowers.

[Published in 1853 (No. clxviii); reprinted 1876.]

WHY do I praise a peach
Not on my wall, no, nor within my reach?
Because I see the bloom
And scent the fragrance many steps from home.
Permit me stil to praise
The higher Genius of departed days.
Some are there yet who, nurst
In the same clime, are vigorous as the first,
And never waste their hours
(Ardent for action) among meadow flowers.
Greece with calm eyes I see,
Her pure white marbles have not blinded me,
But breathe on me the love
Of earthly things as bright as things above:

10

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

There is (where is there not?)
In her fair regions many a desert spot;
Neither is Dircè clear,
Nor is Ilissus full throughout the year.

JEALOUSY ACKNOWLEDGED

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxv).]

Too happy poet! true it is indeed
That I am jealous of thee. Bright blue eyes
(Half eye half heaven) look up into thy face
From Tuscan bonnet of such sunny straw,
In wonderment . . . Glorious is poetry;
But give me pretty girls, give youth, give joy;
If not *my* youth, another's; not *my* joy,
Then too another's. I, alas! have lost
My quailpipe: I must not approach thy marsh,
To lift the yellow goslings off the ground 10
And warm them in my bosom with my breath.
Sorely this vexes me; not all thy wares.
I have mill'd verses somewhat solider
And rounder and more ringing: what of that?
Meanwhile the bevy flutters home again,
And thou canst blandly lower thy head to one,
Murmuring the sonnet, whispering the roundelay,
Or haply . . . such things *have* been done before . . .
Give her, as from thy pantry, not from mine,
The crumbs of my seed-cake, all soakt in milk. 20

[Published in 1853 (No. cccxxxiv); reprinted 1876.]

LITTLE you think, my lovely friend,
While o'er these easy lines you bend
That they can give you many days,
You little think, to whom belong
The purer streams of sacred song,
He from the tomb the prey of Death can raise:
He can, and will; for this is due
From him above the rest to you,
Tho with the rest he shares your smile:
Ah! most he wants it, as you know . . . 10
One, only one, would soothe his woe . . .
Beguile not him . . . and all but him beguile!

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO ELIZA LYNN

WITH THE *FIVE SCENES*

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclxxii); reprinted 1876.]

ELOQUENCE often draws the mind awry
By too much tension, then relaxes it
With magic fires round which the Passions stand
Crazed or perverse; but thine invigorates,
By leading from the flutter of the crowd,
And from the flimsy lace and rank perfume
And mirror where all faces are alike,
Up the steep hill where Wisdom, looking stern
To those afar, sits calm, benign; the Gods
But just above, the Graces just below, 10
Regarding blandly his decorous robe:
There are, my lovely friend, who twitch at thine;
Suffer it; walk strait on; they will have past
Soon out of sight. The powerfulest on earth
Lose all their potency by one assault
On Genius or on Virtue. Where are they
Who pelted Milton? Where are they who raised
Fresh Furies round Rousseau? Where he accurst,
Thrice a deserter, thrice a fugitive,
Always a dastard, who by torchlight shedd 20
A Condé's blood? His march the wolf and bear
Most signalized; he gorged them til they slept,
And howl'd no longer; men alone howl'd there,
Under sharp wounds and Famine's sharper fang.
He ridged the frozen flats of Muscovy
And bridged the rivers, paved the roads, with men, . .
Men in the morning, blocks of ice at noon.
Myriads of these are less than one he threw
To death more lingering in a dungeon's damp,
The sable chief who made his brethren free. 30
Malevolence in guise of Flattery
Will bow before thee. Men I know of old
In whose wry mouths are *friendship*, *truthfulness*,
And *gentleness*, and *geniality*,
And *good old customs*, *sound old hearts*. Beware
Lest they come sideling, lest they sliely slip
Some lout before thee whose splay foot impedes

Sub-title, see vol. ii, p. 138, The Cenci.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Thy steps, whose shoulder hides thee from thy friends:
Leave such behind; let pity temper scorn.
With this encouragement, with this advice, 40
Accept my Christmas gift, perhaps my last.
Behold *Five Scenes*, scenes not indeed most fit
For gentle souls to dwell in; but the worst
Lie out of sight, dark cypresses between;
Another dared pass thro them, I dare not.
Askest thou why none ever could lead forth
My steps upon the stage? . . I would evoke
Men's meditation, shunning men's applause.
Let this come after me, if come it will;
I shall not wait for it, nor pant for it, 50
Nor hold my breath to hear it, far or nigh.
Orestes and Electra walkt with me,
And few observ'd them: then Giovanna shedd
Her tears into my bosom, mine alone.
The shambling step in plashy loose morass,
The froth upon the lip, the slaverling tongue,
The husky speech interminable, please
More than the vulgar, tho the vulgar most.
How little worth is fame when even the wise
Wander so widely in our wildering field! 60
Easy it were for one in whose domain
Each subject hath his own, and but his own,
Easy it were for him to parcel out
A few more speeches, filling up the chinks;
Difficult, far more difficult, to work
Wards for the lock than hinges for the gate.
I who have skill for wards have also strength
For hinges; nor should they disgrace the door
Of noblest temple Rome or Athens rear'd.
Content am I to go where soon I must; 70
Another day may see me, now unseen;
I may perhaps rise slowly from my tomb
And take my seat among the living guests.
Meanwhile let some one tell the world thy worth,
One whom the world shall listen to, one great
Above his fellows, nor much lower than thou:
He who can crown stands very near the crown'd.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

APOLOGY FOR *GEBIR*

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 9, 1854; reprinted in 1858, 1876.]

SIXTY the years since *Fidler** bore
My grouse bag up the Bala moor,
Above the lake, along the lea
Where gleams the darkly yellow
Dee.

Thro' crags, o'er cliffs, I carried
there

My verses with parental care,
But left them, and went home again
To wing the birds upon the plain.
With heavier luggage half-forgot,
For many months they followed
not. 10

When over Tawey's † sands they
came,

Brighter flew up my winter flame,
And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come un-
hurt.

Gebir! men shook their heads in
doubt

If we were sane: few made us out,
Beside one stranger; in his heart
We after held no niggard part.
The songs of every age he knew,
But only sang the pure and true.
Poet he was, yet was his smile 21
Without a tinge of gall or guile.
Such lived, 'tis said, in ages past;
Who knows if Southey was the
last?

Dapper, who may perhaps have
seen

My name in some late magazine,
Among a dozen or a score
Which interest wise people more,

Wonders if I can be the same
To whom poor Southey augured
fame, 30

Erring, as usual, in his choice
Of one who mocks the public
voice,

And fancies ten or twelve are
worth

Far more than all the rest on
earth.

Dapper, in tones benign and clear
Tells those who treasure all they
hear,

"Landor would have done better
far

Had he observed the northern star;
Or Bloomfield might have shown
the way

To one who always goes astray; 40
He might have tried his pen upon
The living, not the dead and gone.
Are turban'd youths and muffled
belles

Extinct along the Dardanelles?
Is there no scymeter, no axe?
Daggers and bow-strings, mutes
and sacks,

Are they all swept away for ever
From that sky-blue resplendent
river?

Do heroes of old times surpass
Brown, Cambridge, Somerset,
Dundas? 50

Do the Sigæan mounds inclose
More corsees than Death swept
from those?"

* *Fidler*, a Welsh pony. [L. om. 1858.] † Swansea river. [L. om. 1858.]

6 parental] paternal 1858. 33 ten or twelve] two or three 1858. 45 scymeter]
scimitar 1858. 50 [General Sir George Brown, Duke of Cambridge, Lord Raglan,
Admiral Sir James Whitley Deans Dundas. W.] Brown, Cambridge] Cardigan 1858.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

No, no: but let me ask in turn
Whether, whene'er Corinthian urn
With ivied Faun upon the rim
Invites, I may not gaze on him?
I love all beauty: I can go
At times from Gainsboro to
Watteau;

Never from Titian's Alpine scene
To Morland's sty, however clean.
Even after Milton's thorough-bass
I bear the rhymes of Hudibras, 62
And find more solid wisdom there
Than pads professor's easy chair:
But never sit I quiet long
Where broidered cassock floats
round Young,

Whose pungent essences perfume
And quirk and quibble trim the
tomb;

Who thinks the holy bread too
plain,
And in the chalice pour'd cham-
paign. 70

I love old places and their climes,

Nor quit the syrinx for the chimes.
Manners have changed; but hearts
are yet

The same, and will be while they
beat.

Ye blame not those who wander
o'er

Our earth's remotest wildest shore,
Nor scoff at seeking what is hid
Within one-chambered pyramid;
Let me then, with my coat untorn
By your acacia's crooked thorn, 80
Follow from Gades, to the coast
Of Egypt, men thro' ages lost.

Firm was my step on rocky
steeps . .

Others slipt down loose sandhill
heaps.

I knew where hidden fountains
lay . .

Hoarse was their thirsty camels
bray;

And presently fresh droves had past
The beasts expiring on the waste.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

ll. 59-60 *om.* 1858. 70 pour'd champaign] pours champagne 1858. 86 camels]
camels' 1858. *Signature omitted in 1858.*

OLD-FASHIONED VERSE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

In verse alone I ran not wild
When I was hardly more than child,
Contented with the native lay
Of Pope or Prior, Swift or Gay,
Or Goldsmith, or that graver bard
Who led me to the lone churchyard.

Then listened I to Spencer's
strain,
Til Chaucer's Canterbury train

Came trooping past, and carried me
In more congenial company. 10
Soon my soul was hurried o'er
This bright scene: the "solemn
roar"

Of organ, under Milton's hand,
Struck me mute: he bade me stand
Where none other ambled near . .
I obey'd, with love and fear.

7 Spencer] *mispr.* Spenser 1876. 12 "solemn roar" [? a confused recollection of
Milton's "sullen roar" of the curfew (*Il Penseroso*). W.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

THE MATRON

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

BECOME a matron, grave and sage,
You, reprehending every page
That pleas'd you not long since,
 seem now
To ask from under frowning brow,
"Ha! what audacity hath placed
This volume in a hand so chaste?

A volume where fictitious names
Cover, not hide, forbidden flames."
 Be merciful! and let him pass;
He is no longer what he was: 10
He wrote as poets wrote before,
And loved like them . . but rather
 more.

ACCUSED OF INDIFFERENCE TO PRAISE

TO SOPHIA

[Published in 1858.]

ACUTE in later as in earlier days
Hath ever been the poet's ear to praise;
Indifferent to its loudest voice am I,
And would exchange it for your faintest sigh.

THE SOLE ASSAILANT

[Published in 1858.]

FEW, I believe (but can not say
Exactly) try to block my way
Thro' Letter-land; and one alone,
Of name across his street un-
 known,
Shouting to raise a ragged row,
Persists to pelt and hoot me now.
He might have earn'd his daily
 bread

By honest work, but chose instead
In the dank lane to gather nettle
Or any trash to fill the kettle, 10
Flavor'd with dirty salt that falls
From rancid flitch on smoky walls.
Boys who, by opening you a gate,
In broken hat off broken pate
Might catch a penny, yet prefer
To toss into your boot a bur.

SERMONI PROPRIORA

[Published in 1858.]

LITTLE do they who glibly talk of verse
Know what they talk about, and what is worse,
Think they are judges if they dare to pass
Sentence on higher heads.

 The mule and ass
Know who have made them what they are, and heed

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

From far the neighing of the generous steed.

Gell, Drummond, Hare, and wise and witty Ward*
Knew at first sight and sound the genuine bard,
But the street hackneys, fed on nosebag bran,
Assail the poet and defame the man. 10

Let them but try to write as good a line
As that, however bad, which they malign,
And tho' their life upon the task were spent,
Scarce would that life accomplish that intent.

I never was too bashful, yet have stood
Low in the shadow of the Delphic wood,
While Bobus,† older than myself, four years,
Sat with the Muse's first-created peers,
The high Choregus of the classic song
To whom alone all ancient lyres belong, 20
To whom from Dirce's rock came Pindar down
And proud Lucretius held his fresher crown.

* Lord Dudley and Ward. [L. John William, fourth Viscount Dudley and Ward, cr. Earl of Dudley, 1827, ob. 1833. W.]

† Robert Smith. [L.]

7 Southey and Hare and Hamilton and Ward *MS. and first proof*, 1858. Drummond and Gell, the triad Hares, and Ward *Letter*. Drummond and Hare and wise and witty Ward *second proof* 1858. sc. Sir William Gell, ob. 1836. Sir William Drummond, ob. 1828. Francis, Augustus, and Julius Hare, ob. 1842, 1834, 1855. † Sir William Rowan Hamilton, ob. 1865. [W.]

VERSES WHY BURNT

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

How many verses have I thrown
Into the fire because the one
Peculiar word, the wanted most,
Was irrecoverably lost.

APPENDIX TO THE *HELLENICS*

[Published in 1859.]

*A heartier age will come; the wise will know**
If in my writings there be aught of worth,
Said ardent Milton, whose internal light
Dispel'd the darkness of despondency,

* Veniet cordatio ætas;

Siquid meremur sana posteritas sciet.

MILTON, *Poemata*. [*Silvarum liber*. ad Johannem Rousium. W.]

APPENDIX TO THE *HELLENICS*

Before he with imperishable gold
 Damaskt the hilt of our Protector's blade.
 Wonder not if that seer, the nighest to heaven
 Of all below, could have thus well divined.

I, on a seat beneath, but on his right,
 Neither expect nor hope my verse may lie 10
 With summer sweets, with albums gaily drest,
 Where poddle snifts at flower between the leaves.
 A few will cull my fruit, and like the taste,
 And find not overmuch to pare away.
 The soundest apples are not soonest ripe,
 In some dark room laid up when others rot.

Southey and Hare and, on his deathbed, Ward,
 And others of like stamp, have nodded praise.
 Unchallenged I have crost the Argive tents,
 Alone; and I have wrestled with the prime 20
 Of shepherds on the plains of Sicily,
 And her young maidens placed me by their side,
 And bade my rival listen while I sang.
 Meanwhile not querulous nor feverish
 Hath been my courtship of the passing voice,
 Nor panted for its echo. Time has been
 When Cowley shone near Milton, nay, above!
 An age roll'd on before a keener sight
 Could separate and see them far apart.
 Thus in our day hath Ireland's noble sage 30
 Brought down to human ken and shown how vast
 The space between two stars, which few had seen,
 And none seen separate.

We upon earth
 Have not our places and our distances
 Assign'd, for many years; at last a tube,
 Rais'd and adjusted by Intelligence,
 Stands elevated to a cloudless sky,
 And place and magnitude are ascertain'd.

If I extoll'd the virtuous and the wise,
 The brave and beautiful, and well discern'd 40
 Their features as they fixt their eyes on mine;
 If I have won a kindness never wooed;
 Could I foresee that . . fallen among thieves,
 Despoil'd, halt, wounded . . tramping traffickers

12 poddle] poddle [*conjecture*].
 Rowan Hamilton, 1805-65. W.

30 Ireland's noble sage [Probably Sir William

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

Should throw their dirt upon me, not without
Some small sharp pebbles carefully inclosed?
However, from one crime they are exempt;
They do not strike a brother, striking *me*.

This breathes o'er me a cool serenity,
O'er me divided from old friends, in lands
Pleasant, if aught without old friends can please,
Where round their lowly turf-built terraces
Grey olives twinkle in this wintery sun,
And crimson light invests yon quarried cliff,
And central towers from distant villas peer
Until Arezzo's ridges intervene.

50

Festival I would keep before I leave
The land where I am tarrying; to this end
Muses! who often heard me, hear me now!
Come, and invite my neighbours on the marsh
To lay aside the homely bowl for once;
Come, tell them, at my table they may taste
The generous wines of Cypros and of Crete,
And hear the chaunt in honor of that God
Who gave the mask and buskin to the stage,
Which the wise Goddess from her fane aloft
Surveyed with stedfast eyes, nor disapproved.
Let me look back upon the world again!

60

Ah! let me look upon the graves of friends
Departed; let me rest my eyes at last
Upon one happy mansion, hers whose pure
And holy light fell down on me when first
It dawned, and few had ever gazed at mine.

70

Quitting our poplars and our cypresses,
And the secluded scene they overhang,
Run glibly on, my little Affrico,
Content to cool the feet of weary hind
On thy smooth pavement, strown for him with moss;
Regretting not thy vanisht lake, and maids
Aside its bank, each telling tale for tale;
Revert thee rather, and with pride record
Here blythe Boccaccio led his *Fair Brigade*,*
Here Galileo with the stars conversed,
And Milton soar'd above them to his God.

80

* Called *La bella Brigata* by him.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TO ARCHDEACON HARE

WITH THE IDYL OF 'PAN AND PITYS'

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 225.]

JULIUS, the playful sylvan Muse,	She sigh'd in saying he was gone
Leaving her grot by Syracuse,	And left his reed to me alone.
Whisper'd me that no other man	Ah, could I half her words believe
Should sing of Pitys and of Pan.	But the nine sisters all deceive.

Pan and Pitys. [See vol. ii, p. 319. W.]

[ON 'HOMER AND LAERTES']

[Published in 1863, p. 235.]

WHAT! show Laertes meanly fed,	We meet on yon unthrifty shore."
And offering an old guest stale	Each lord here reapt his rye and
bread?	oats
Yes; Ithaca bore then no wheat,	And stored the stubble for his
I doubt if she bears any yet,	goats;
And the coast opposite so bleak,	Yet each brought stoutly down
None there that golden treasure	the hill
seek.	Wherewith their well-dried skins
Ceres, when Pluto bore away	to fill,
Her Proserpine, was heard to say,	And housewives, frugal and exact,
"Laugh, Bacchus, laugh . . . but	Took special care they never
never more	crackt.

[Published in 1863, p. 239; reprinted 1876.]

You ask how I, who could converse	But would amuse the children
With Pericles, can stoop to worse:	too;
How I, who once had higher aims,	Beside, my breath is short and
Can trifle so with epigrams.	weak,
I would not lose the wise from	And few must be the words I
view,	speak.

[Published in 1863, p. 247.]

WHAT my <i>Last Fruits</i> are when	I do remember well the day
you see,	When many others worse than
Don't wish 'em longer on the	they
tree,	Were for my sake received with
Nor, touching with the finger-	grace,
tips,	And found the warmest resting-
Refuse to let 'em reach your lips.	place.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

TRASH

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 201.]

I HAVE thrown more behind the grate
Than would have bought a fair estate.
And I might readily have sold
My drops of ink for grains of gold.
A bladder sounds with peas within,
Boys shake it and enjoy the din:
There is some poetry that bears
Its likeness, made for boyish ears.

[Published in 1863, p. 210.]

I STRUGGLE not when varlets poke
Me back on stouter outside folk.
These catch and hug me, for they know
One who lived with 'em long ago,
And say, "Too hearty to complain,
Thou shalt live with us few again."

1 varlets] *so in errata, mispr. valets in text.*

[Published in 1863, p. 259; reprinted 1876.]

LATELY our poets loiter'd in green lanes,
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;
I fancied I had strength enough to climb
A loftier station at no distant time,
And might securely from intrusion doze
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.
My slumber broken and my doublet torn,
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

10

1 poets] *songsters 1876.*

[Published in 1863, p. 271; reprinted 1876.]

No, I will never weave a sonnet,
Let others wear their patience on it;
A better use of time I know
Than tossing shuttles to an fro.

4 an] *and 1876.*

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

[BOOKS OF BEAUTY]

[Sent to Lady Blessington, April 25, 1835. Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

Out of thy books, O Beauty! I had been
For many a year,
Till she who reigns on earth thy lawful queen,
Replaced me there.

[Two Imaginary Conversations, printed in *Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834*, ed. by Lady Blessington, were Landor's first contribution to that annual. W.]

HOW TO READ ME

[Sent to Lady Blessington, July 17, 1839. Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; with variants in 1858, 1876. See note at end of volume.]

To turn my volume o'er nor find
To chide or discommend
Some vestige of a wandering mind,
Sweet unsuspecting friend!

Believe that all were loved like you,
With love from blame exempt,
Believe that all my griefs were true
And all my joys were dreamt.

Title not in 1855. 1 volume] volumes 1858. ll. 2 and 4 *transposed in 1858.*
3 a wandering] an erring 1858. 4 (=2 in 1858) Sweet . . . friend!] (Sweet . . .
friend!) 1858. 8 were] but 1858.

[FRAGMENT]

[Published in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

EACH unreservedly child-hearted still,
Nor crawl like Storno * round our olive-mill.

I shall bequeath you more than eastern tales
For fondest Faery's favorite devise;
My orange ailes, my choir of nightingales,
My sunny moonshine of Italian skies,
Shewing the calmness of the bravely wise

To heaven and earth; Kosciusko, Hofer, George
The staid Virginian, standing side by side . .
To strike such men how vainly kinglets forge
The brittle playthings of their puny pride,
Tho grave old women counsel [?] them and guide!

10

* *Storno*, an old ox. [L.]

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

I've dropt my Inventory on the stair,
Whisking the flies from those three heads that o'er
All other heads rise eminent, but these
I should have added to the moonshine store
Three hundred books, worth thirty crowns and more.

Reverence the early, love the later bard,
Nor think it very faulty that he live:
The dead have left you richly, but tis hard
If those who *leave* be prized o'er those who *give*.
Shall none but marble heads our crowns receive?

20

Ye all are thoughtful; yet, some vacant hour
Of Youth divinest Idleness requires;
She wooes the quiet Spirit to her bower,
The restless blinks before her emberly fires,
And close behind creep petulant desires.

Dear boys &c.

ON THE HEIGHTS

[Published in *Letters, &c. of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

THE cattle in the common field	My mansion stands beyond it,
Toss their flat heads in vain,	high
And snort and stamp; weak	Above where rushes grow;
creatures yield	Its hedge of laurel dares defy
And turn back home again.	The heavy-hoof below.

INVITATION

[Published in 1897.]

If there be any who would rather
Short thyme from steep Hymettus gather,
Than thro' Hyrcanian forests trudge
In heavy boots, knee-deep in sludge,
Come, here is room enough for you,
There will be round about but few.

APOLOGY FOR THE *HELLENICS*

[Published in 1897.]

NONE had yet tried to make men	Made all the Hellenic realms his
speak	own;
In English as they would in Greek.	He was Alfieri, proud to teach
In Italy one chief alone	In equally harmonious speech.

APOLOGY FOR THE *HELLENICS*

Soon, wondering Romans heard
again

Brutus, who had been dumb,
speak plain.

Corneille stept forth, and taught
to dance

The wigs and furbelows of France.
In long-drawn sighs the soft Racine
Bestrewed with perfumed flowers
the scene. 12

I wish *our* bard, our sole dramatic,
Had never overlookt the attic:

Tho' dried the narrow rill whereby
The bards of Athens loved to lie,

Yet Avon's broader, deeper stream
Might have brought down some

distant dream,

Nor left for trembling hand like
mine

To point out forms and feats
divine. 20

Children, when they are tired with
play,

Make little figures out of clay,
And many a mother then hath
smiled

At the rare genius of her child;
But neither child nor man will
reach

The godlike power of giving
speech.

Fantastic forms weak brains in-
vent . . .

Show me Achilles in his tent,
And Hector drag'd round Troy,
show *me*

Where stood and wail'd Andro-
mache; 30

Her tears through ages still flow
on,

Still rages, Peleus, thy stern
son.

[A POET'S LEGACY]

[Printed in *Bibliography of Landor*, 1919, from a manuscript.]

ABOVE all gifts we most should
prize

The wisdom that makes others
wise:

To others when ourselves are dust
We leave behind this sacred trust.

We may not know, when we are
gone,

The good we shall on earth have
done;

Enough in going is the thought
For once we acted as we ought.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

PART I

POEMS FROM THE ARABIC AND PERSIAN

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR OF *GEOR*

[Published in 1800; reprinted without the notes 1858. See notes at end of the volume.]

PREFACE

I AM uncertain, and I am heedless, whether the public at large will receive with favor a performance ill calculated to irritate or to surprise. At a time when the total slavery, or the total emancipation, of mankind, are the objects of cold indifference, or of mere conversational curiosity, it is barely possible that supineness will be awakened by the feeble echo of a foreign song. Some poems have reached the continent, I believe in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. Ignorant of both these languages, I shall not assert their authenticity. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez. In these, and in all the others, I observed that the final stanza contained *invariably* the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think I remember it is said to be, then these must not be genuine or not be odes. In my opinion, it is quite sufficient, if, without the fatigue of travelling over a dry uninteresting waste of perhaps some hundred pages, the public be presented, whether from *Egypt* or from *France*, with a new and rich collection of undistorted images. And as these translations have afforded *some* pleasure to those who have read them, though perhaps no language is less capable than the French of transmitting with adequate spirit the charms of original poetry, I shall hesitate no longer to send them on, accompanied with my own observations.

Title and Sub-title om. 1858 which has From the Persian as heading for the first four pieces and From the Arabic for the remaining five.

Preface. Heading and all but five lines of what followed in 1800 om. 1858, which has below heading, a note:

The following were pretended as *Poems from the Persian and Arabic*. A hundred copies were printed for friends. One of these caused them to be written, by remarking to the author, who perhaps undervalued the Orientals, that "*he should be glad to see how any one would succeed in an attempt to imitate them*".

What now appear, after sixty years' occultation, were preceded by the words below. [PREFACE. Some poems have lately reached the continent, in number not exceeding nine, represented as translations from the Arabic and Persian. The few that I ever have met with are *chiefly* the odes of Hafez, in which the final stanza contains the poet's name. If this be peculiar to the Persian, as I think it is said to be, these are not genuine.]

Hafez [*sc.* Shamsu'd Din Muhammad Hafiz, ob. A.D. 1389. W.]

POEMS FROM THE PERSIAN

ADDRESS TO THE VINE

FROM THE PERSIAN

° O THOU that delightest in the gardens of Schiraz,
And bathest with coyness in her canopied streams!
Daughter of Beauty, favorite of Nature!
Where she is beneficent thou art her handmaid,
Thy voice is transport, thy bosom peace.
° Taper is the Palm, and stately—distinguished afar by his crown;
Thou turnest away; thou regardest and listenest not.
O Vine, unrivalled in praise, how affable have I beheld thee!
I have seen thee, in sympathy with thine admirers round,
Half inclined to wantonness, half to repose. 10
I have stroked the tender cheeks of thy infants,
° Tinged sweetly with red, and reposing in down—
And thinkest thou I perceive not the slyness of thy tendrils,
With their flexible crooks and their sleek-sprouting horns?
Come, nestling thee yonder! raise prythee thy head from the path:
Ah, hope not, tripping me up, to inveigle me now, little minion!
Too soon may I blush with the warmth of thy blushes,
I may yield to thy blandishments too soon.

Title Address om. 1858. Sub-title om. 1858. For foot-notes a b c d om. 1858 see end of the vol. 4 handmaid] handmaiden 1858. 9 thine] thy 1858.

TO ILBRA

FROM THE PERSIAN

° ILBRA! Beauty's bondmen are stricken with ° blue eyes:
Thine, when I first beheld thee, were black, O Ilbra.
I admired their silken lashes, like the cedars and cypresses
On the edge of those hills afar off there, white with snow.
The dimple of thy lips, ° half shaded by ever-blooming roses,
Open and distinct, shewed candor and hospitality.
I looked again on thy eyes, O Ilbra,
° Till mine became *dim*, and thine *blue*.

Title Ilbra] Abra 1858. Sub-title om. 1858. For foot-notes ° † ° °, om. 1858, see end of the vol. 1, 2, 7 Ilbra] Abra 1858. 1 stricken] stricken 1858. 6 shewed] showed 1858. 8 Till] Til 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

FROM THE PERSIAN

CANDID with thy modesty, grateful with thy shyness,
Sweet nightingale, soon may thy passion prosper.

I heard thee repeatedly call the Fairies,
And saw them array with pearls the eyelashes of Ilbra.

For she pitied thy plaint from the shadiness of our loves.

I said to Ilbra, "*these are my pearls;*"

She smiled, and showered them into my bosom.

The dove was over her, the rainbow on her cheek.

The pearls of Ilbra are now *my* pearls.

Sweet nightingale, may also thy passion prosper.

10

Sub-title om. 1858 1 grateful] resolute 1858. 3 Fairies] Faeries 1858. 4, 6,
9 Ilbra] Abra 1858. 10 may also] soon also may 1858.

h PRAISES OF ABU-SAID

FROM THE PERSIAN

O DULCIMER, wake from thy sunshiney sleep,

Arise and prepare for the battle.

Far more compliant art thou, sweet seducer,

¹ And livelier than the lonely-one in the ^k rosebrakes of the moon.

O dulcimer, art thou not the breeze of Samarcand?

Thou art pleasanter than sweet Samarcand in her vallies of jonquils.

Thou inspirest fresh airiness through the dizzy dance;

Thou sprinklest the arcade on the sultriest side;

¹ Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, thou chidest and biddest them go.

But behold! who descends from the mountains!

10

Awake, golden-hair'd, from thy sunshiney sleep,

Arise and prepare for the battle.

His elephant moves the earth with his ^m horn,

Abu-Said turns the horn of his elephant.

He hath indeed two horns, elephant as he is of Abu-Said:

Famine breathes forth from one, in the dogdays of war,

The other holds manna for the friends of Abu.

The beloved of Abu reel with it's fragrance.

Arise then, arise; but with reverence!

Through the dust of the valley I discover our lord;

20

I distinguish the trappings, green like the ocean

When the tempest hangs over the gulph of Hormuz.

Sub-title om. 1858. *For foot-notes h i k l m, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol.*
1, 11 sunshiney] sunashiny 1858. 6 sweet] om. 1858. 20 Through] Thro' 1858.
22 gulph] gulf 1858.

FROM THE ARABIC

WE now take leave of the persian, and shall notice the arabic, poems. All of them, excepting the last, were written by the son of the unfortunate Sheik Daher. The only surviving son of this great and generous man was saved by the veneration entertained for his talents in every tent of Arabia. His father was assassinated by Jezar Pacha, the Suwarrow of the East. Should the poet still be living, may he witness the overthrow of the power that oppressed him, and be recompensed for his misfortunes by the freedom of his country.

Headline not in 1800. *Introduction* printed as foot-note 1800, *om.* 1858. Sheik Daher [the Bedouin Shaikh Dahir [Tahir], Governor of Damascus, put to death by Jezzar Pasha in 1775. According to Volney (*Travels through Syria and Egypt*) three of his sons were captured and slain a few months later, but their brother Othman, a poet, was carried to Constantinople. He was known as Fazil Beg, was the author of "Zinan Nameh" (*Livre de Femmes*) and other poems, and died 1810. W.]

THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER,

ON LEAVING SYRIA AFTER THE MURDER OF HIS FATHER

O God! how painful are the chains that oppress the flying exile.
Son of Daher, thou lookest from thy mule on the running ground,
Thou beholdest thy feet, and they are veined with tears.
Can they carry thee from thy Country, *will* they carry thee to thy
father?

One step will restore thee to his lost embraces!
Slave! dastard! infidel! thou art pardoned, thou art pitied.
How cursed is the bondage that withholds thee from revenge.
My sword is not impotent, like the sword of the poet ^a Pharesdak;
No rust can discolor it's blade, no scabbard can hide it's refulgence.
It shall wound when my arm is withered, when my fingers are whitened
in the sand. 10

I have another which will serve me with the same fidelity
As the jewelled slave of ^o Cambyses served his master.
The enemy has sheathed it against himself for ever,
But there remains the piercer of ^p hearts, whose realm is beyond the
grave.

Receive it, my daughter and my mother!
Receive it, Vengeance and Eternity.^a

For foot-notes ^{a o p q, om.} *or altered 1858, see end of vol.* 5 will] may 1858. 9 it's
... it's] its ... its 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

AGAINST JEZZAR

IN the † Egyptian well of thy folly, O Slavonian,
Thou hast shewn me unguardedly the direct ray of wisdom.
I never received it from my father, whom thou murderedst,
Nor delivered in the proverbs of any more antient sage,
That the pillars which point to hatred point also to contempt.
When thy slaves would flatter thee, thou art deceived, not flattered;
Their songs admire thee, and people admire their songs,
But thou art as far as ever from admiration.
'Tis the flowers they wear in their bosom that breathe so sweetly,
'Tis not the heart within; the careless heart lies sleeping, 10
A hollow melon on a sunny bank:
* By the prophet, or rather—the peacock of idolatry—
The head of the peacock is the head of the serpent,
And the finest of his feathers are trailed in ordure.

For foot-notes † ‡, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol. 2 shewn] shown 1858. l. 12 om. 1858.

† ON THE AFFLICTION OF HIS WIFE

‡ MISFORTUNE! thou demon of a thousand forms!
What star in the firmament shall bruise thy head,
What amulet avert, what prayer disarm, thy sting?
A fountain of bitter tears is my beloved.
Her father is slain by the robbers of the desert.
‡ The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,
And pointed out the hours with pleasant shade.
I prayed to the Almighty; I whirled myself round in phrenzy;
I staggered; passion fixed me; I strained my throat back to † the
noon:
My swollen tongue was rougher than the tiger's; 10
The bowers of mine eyes are withered still.
I wept!—O boundless deluge of divine devotion,
That dashes, but supports, my solitary ark!
I wept, and she listened not; I paused, and she spake not;
I heightened, with fast-falling tears, the bright-flowing veins of her
feet;
I spanned, as it rose from the cushion, her neck's pale crescent,

Title On his Wife's Affliction 1858.] For foot-notes † ‡ † ‡ † ‡, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol. 11 still] stil 1858. 14 wept] spake erratum. See Extract from French preface. 15 heightened] hightened 1858.

FROM THE ARABIC

And fastened it to mine with the enchanting rings of her hair.
 Thy father is slain by the robbers of the desert,
 The blow hath recoiled on thy bosom, my beloved!
 They have wounded thee, O flower, and broken the spell of thy sweetness.

20

If you bruize the anemone, where is it's fragrance,
 And where, if you bruize it, the rose?
 Son of Daher! thou wilt sink also!—there is not a breeze in the waste.

Thy vallies are pointed flints and heated rocks,
 The waters thy portion are salt and bitter—
 Those vallies of airiness! those living waters!
 * No hawthorn shades thee, no tamarisk feeds thy camel;
 The tamarisk eaten to it's heart, the hawthorn stifled with dust.

17 enchanting] enchanted 1858.
 acacia 1858. 28 it's] its 1858.

21 anemone] hyacinth 1858.

27 hawthorn]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

HER voice was sweeter than the sound of waters!
 Than waters afar from cataracts
 Sweeter was the voice of my beloved.

The storm descends, and the tent flutters,
 The tent so dark by day, so musical by star-light,
 v The tent where my bosom hath ever found repose.

z Bed of bright yellow, had I left thee at Damascus
 Thou needest not have adopted cares and disquiet,
 Surrounded with dreams of gain and vows of suspended silk.

Dyed in the gall of serpents, in the wine of unbelievers, 10
 Thou writhest with pain or creakest with restlessness,
 ** More tiresome than birds, more incessant than jackalls.

Fed on the milky neck of my beloved,
 And dizzy with the fragrance of her flowering lips,
 I beheld, and I resembled, the light impassive sky.

Was it thou, unfortunate? was thine this happiness?
 O hug not the remembrance, O beat it from thy bosom,
 It may be thy enemy's, it is no longer thine.

Title On his Wife's Death 1858.] For foot-notes v z **, om. or altered 1858, see end of vol. 2 Than] Of 1858. 12 birds] bird 1858. jackalls] jackal 1858.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

God is great! repine not, O child and mourner of dust!
The Prophet, who could summon the future to his presence, 20
Could the Prophet himself make the past return?

ADDRESSED TO RAHDI

^{bb} O RAHDI, where is happiness?
Look from your arcade, the sun rises from Busrah;
Go thither, it rises from Ispahan.
Alas, it rises neither from Ispahan nor Busrah,
But from an ocean impenetrable to the diver.
O Rahdi, the sun is happiness!

Title. Addressed]om. 1858. *For foot-note bb, om. 1858, see end of vol. 2 your]*
thy 1858.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

[FROM SAPPHO]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846, 1876.]

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!
But Oh, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true;
All other men may use deceit:
He always said my eyes were blue,
And often swore my lips were sweet.

[Imitated and expanded from a fragment by Sappho (*Γλυκεία μητέρα κ.τ.λ.*), perhaps found by Landor in Warton's *Essay on Pope* where it is quoted from Fulvius Ursinus. W.] I cannot] can not 1846.

FROM REDI

[Published in a foot-note to an imaginary conversation "Walton, Cotton, and Oldways", 1829; reprinted without note in "Friendly Contributions" edited by Lady Mary Fox, 1836.]

YE gentle souls, ye tenderer of the fair,
Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline,
O stay awhile and hear me! then declare
If there was ever grief that equald mine.

Title in 1836 only. 1 tenderer...the]love-devoted 1836. 4 equald] equal'd 1836.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

There was a woman to whose hallowed breast
Faith had retired, and Honour fixed his throne . .
Pride, tho upheld by Virtue, she repressed . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* woman was my own.

Her form was fill'd with beauty from her face;
Grace was in all she did, in all she said, 10
Grace in her pleasures, in her sorrows grace . .
Ye gentle souls, *that* gentle soul is fled!

6 fixed] fixt 1836. 8 souls, *that*] souls! that 1836. 9 Her . . . from] Beauty
was more than beauty in 1836.

[FROM ALFIERI]

[Published in *The Oxford Review; or Literary Censor*, February 1807, in a review—
probably by Landor—of “*Tragedie di Alfieri*”.]

We were willing to give a specimen of the sonnets of Alfieri, as they are much praised.
Though we have attempted a translation, we are sensible that we have not reached the
spirit and elegance of the original.

Who of the two brave steeds hath won the prize?
Who nobly perish'd in the swift career?
Fame with her hundred tongues, 'twixt hope and fear
Distracts my soul, as each new rumour flies.
Ah me! loud sorrow, mingled with the cries
Of pitying dames and virgins meets my ear;
And lov'd Oricia, late without a peer,
Low on the earth a senseless burthen lies:
Oricia gentlest, noblest of her kind, 10
Of gallant steeds the passion and delight;
With eye of fire, keen head, and ardent mind,
Who match'd the winged breezes in their flight;
Her justly fond Sienna mourns, consign'd
To death, 'mid well-earn'd praise and trophies bright.

[TIBULLUS]

[*Eleg.* I. i. 59–60]

[Published in *Examination of Shakespeare*, 1834; reprinted 1846, 1853, 1876.]
Doctor Glaston. Two verses . . . are from another pagan . . . : he saith:

MAY I gaze upon thee when my latest hour is come!
May I hold thy hand when mine faileth me!

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[IMITATED FROM CATULLUS, CARMEN X]

[Published in *The Monthly Repository* ("High and Low Life in Italy"), October 1837; reprinted with variants in *The Foreign Quarterly Review* ("Writings of Catullus"), July 1842, "Last Fruit" 1853, 1876. Text 1837.]

He [Mr. Talboys] . . . replied that the Signora Aurora Spinella was something like a girl he remembered to have read of in an ancient . . . He threw me the lines I am going to write out . . . (*Stivers to Lady C.*).

Introduction. Only in 1837. 1842, 1853 *edd.* have:

Instead of expatiating on this, which contains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristical, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

VARRUS would take me t'other day	"Sorry for that!" said she . . however
To see a little girl he knew,	You have brought with you I
Pretty, and witty in her way,	dare say,
With impudence enough for two.	Some litter-bearers; none so clever In any other part as they."

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters,	If I had told the truth I'd told her
As city nymphs are wont to do,	That I had no one, here or there,
About all countries, men, and matters . . .	Who could have mounted on his shoulder
"And, pray, what has been done for <i>you</i> ?"	The leg of an old broken chair. 20

"Bithynia, lady!" I replied,	"Why, badly as my lot may fall,"
"Is a good province for a pretor, 10	Said I, ambitious to be grand,
For none (I promise you) beside,	"Eight or nine fellows, straight and tall,
And least of all am I her debtor."	Are constantly at my com- mand."

6 city nymphs] pretty girls 1842, 1853.
1842, 1853. 10 good] fine 1842, 1853.
lines:

7 countries . . . and] persons, places,
16 after they. 1842, 1853 *edd.* insert four

"Bithynia is the very place
For all that 's steady [steddy 1853], tall, and strait;
It is the nature of the race.
Could not you lend me six or eight?"

17-20 In 1842, 1853 this stanza (*altered*) follows 21-4 (*altered*). 17 If . . . I'd] "You'll
send them?" "Willingly!" I 1842, 1853. 18 That] Although 1842, Altho 1853.
no one] not 1842, 1853. 19 Who . . . mounted] One who could carry 1842, 1853.
20=28 in later *edd.* 21 badly . . . fall,] six or eight of them or so. 1842, 1853.
22 ambitious] determined 1842, 1853. 23 "My fortune is not quite so low 1842, 1853.
24 Are constantly] But these are still [stil 1853] 1842, 1853.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

"My dear Catullus! what good
 hap is
 Our meeting! lend me only
 eight . .
 I would be carried to Serapis
 To-morrow."
 "Wait, fair lady! wait."

I knew the number pretty well,
 There may be eight, I said, or
 nine. 30
 I merely had forgot to tell
 That they are Cinna's, and not
 mine.

25 My . . . good] Catullus! what a charming 1842, 1853. 26 meeting! lend . . .
 eight . .] in this sort of way! 1842, 1853. 28 Wait . . . ! wait.] Stay . . . , stay!
 1842, 1853. 29 "You overvalue my intention 1842, 1853. 30 Yes, there *are*
 eight . . . there may be nine. 1842, 1853. 31 tell] mention 1842, 1853. 32 mine.]
 mine." 1842.

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS

[Virgil, *Georgics*, IV. 464 ff. See note at end of volume.]

[Written in 1794. Published in *The Examiner*, October 16, 1841; reprinted in *The People's Journal*, January 16, 1847, *Dry Sticks*, 1858, and in *Landon; a Biography*, 1869. Five lines also printed in the "Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox", 1812. Text 1841.]

This has always been called the masterpiece of Virgil, and chosen as the ground of competition by translators. Wordsworth's, which is the last, is among the worst: Dryden's (who always compensates with spirit for fidelity) the best: mine, written at college, has small merit, but serves to head a few remarks made since. [L. only in 1841.]

THE shell assuaged his sorrows: thee he sang,
Sweet wife! thee with him on the shore alone,
At rising dawn, at parting day, sang thee!
The mouth of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
Groves dark with dread, he enter'd; he approacht
The Manes and their awful king, and hearts
That knew not pity yet for human prayer.
Rous'd at his song the Shades of Erebus
Rose from their lowest, most remote abodes,
Faint Shades, and Spirits semblances of life;
Numberless as o'er woodland wilds the birds
That wintry evening drives or mountain storm;
Mothers and husbands, unsubstantial crests
Of high-soul'd heroes, boys, unmarried maids,
And youths on biers before their parents' eyes.
The deep black ooze and rank unsightly reed
Of slow Cocytuses unyielding pool,
And Styx confines them, flowing nine times round
The halls and inmost Tartarus of Death
And (the blue adders twisting in their hair)

¹ sorrows] sorrow 1858, 1869. 4 mouth] mouths 1858. 10 Spirits] empty 1858.
11 o'er] from 1858. 14 unmarried] unwedded 1858. 15 on biers] swept off 1858.
16 ooze] oose 1858. rank] rough 1858, 1869. 17 Cocyttuses] Cockytus's 1847,
1869. Cocyttus 1858. 18 nine times] ninefold 1858. nine-fold 1869.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

The Furies were astounded.

On he stept,
And Cerberus held agape his triple jaws;
On stept the bard . . Ixion's wheel stood still.*

Now past all peril, free was his return,
And now was following into upper air
Eurydice, when sudden madness seiz'd
The incautious lover: pardonable fault,†
If those below could pardon: on the verge
Of light he stood, and on Eurydice,
Mindless of fate, alas, and soul-subdued, 30
Lookt back . .

There, Orpheus! Orpheus! there was all
Thy labor shed, there burst the dynast's bond,
And thrice arose that rumour from the lake.

"Ah what," she cried, "what madness hath undone
Me, and (ah wretched!) thee, my Orpheus, too!
For lo! the cruel Fates recall me now,
Chill slumbers press my swimming eyes . . adieu!
Night rolls intense around me as I spread
My helpless arms . . thine, thine no more . . to thee."

She spake, and (like a vapor) into air 40
Flew, nor beheld him as he claspt the void
And sought to speak; in vain: the ferry-guard
Now would not row him o'er the lake agen:
His wife twice lost, what could he? whither go?
What chaunt, what wailing, move the Powers of Hell?
Cold in the Stygian bark and lone was she!

Beneath a rock o'er Strymon's flood on high
Seven months, seven long-continued months 'tis said
He breath'd his sorrows in a desart cave
And sooth'd the tiger, moved the oak, with song. 50
So Philomela mid the poplar shade
Bemoans her captive brood: the cruel hind
Saw them unplumed and took them: but all night
Grieves she, and sitting on the bough, runs o'er
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.

23 still*) *For foot-note om. 1847-1869 see end of vol.* 25 following] hastening
1858. 27 fault†] *For foot-note om. 1847-1869 see end of vol.* 28 those] they 1858.
32 dynast's] Dynast's 1858. 33 rumour] rumor 1858. 37 adieu] Farewell
1858, 1869. 40 vapor] vapour 1847, 1858. 43 agen] again 1858, 1869. 49 desart]
desert 1847, 1858. ll. 51-5 also printed with variants in Commentary on Memoirs
of Mr. Fox, 1812. 51 Philomela . . . poplar] Philomel beneath some poplar's 1812.
53 unplumed] unfledged 1812.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

FROM AN ESSAY ON CATULLUS

[In addition to the poem on p. 250, the following fifteen pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, July 1842 ("Writings of Catullus"); reprinted 1853, 1876. Text 1842.]

[VIRGIL. A PARAPHRASE] [ECLOGUE IX. 5-6]

We have somewhere seen a paraphrase of these heavy wriggling lines, more characteristic and natural: [L.]

BUT now we must stoop,
To the worst in the troop,
And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills:
I wish the old goat
Had a horn in his throat,
And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

MOSCHUS [IDYL III. 1-7 *incert.*]

Catullus [V. 4-6] had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated. [L.]

AN! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
Again they grow, another year they flourish;
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
Once covered over in the hollow earth,
Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

VIRGIL [GEORGICS III. 517-18]

There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as [L.]

IN sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off
Unyoked from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

CATULLUS

[CARMEN LXIV. 270 ff.]

Our translation is very inadequate. [L.]

As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath
The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on
Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash
Against each other, and light laugh; but soon,
The breezes freshening, rough and huge they swell,
Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[CARMEN IV]

The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase. [L. This paraphrase was also printed in 1846 with minor variants. W.]

THE vessel which lies here at last	When pretty maids their posies
Had once stout ribs and topping	bore
mast,	To crown its prow, its deck to
And, whate'er wind there might	trim,
prevail,	And freight it with a world of
Was ready for a row or sail.	whim. 10
It now lies idle on its side,	A thousand stories it could tell,
Forgetful o'er the waves to glide.	But it loves secrecy too well.
And yet there have been days of	Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do!
yore	There may be still one left for you.

1 which] that 1846. 5 waves] stream 1846. 10 freight . . . a] freighted a whole 1846. 14 still] stil 1853.

[CARMEN VIII. 14 ff.]

Which we will venture to translate. [L.]

BUT you shall grieve while none	Shall call you dear? shall call you
complains,	his?
None, Lesbia! None. Think, what	Whom shall you love? or who shall
remains	kiss
For one so fickle, so untrue!	Those lips again?—Catullus! thou
Henceforth, O wretched Lesbia!	Be firm, be ever firm, as now.
who	

ll. 1-2 *Londor* suggests another reading for ll. 14-15 of the Latin: *rogaberis nullo. Scelesta! nullo.*

[CARMEN XIII, 1-8]

A pleasant invitation to dinner . . . We may [Let us 1853] offer a paraphrase. [L.]

WITH me, Fabullus, you shall	With all your frolic, all your fun,
dine,	I have some little of my own;
And gaudily, I promise you,	And nothing else: the spiders run
If you will only bring the wine,	Throughout my purse, now
The dinner, and some beauty too.	theirs alone.

[CARMEN XX, 6-15]

Exquisite verses . . . We will attempt to translate them. [L.]

IN spring the many-colour'd crown,	With nectar-gushing grapes be-
The sheafs in summer, ruddy-	tween,
brown,	Some pink, some purple, some
The autumn's twisting tendrils	bright gold,
green,	Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

Are all for me: for me the goat Comes with her milk from hills remote,	And fatted lamb, and calf, pursued By moaning mother, sheds her blood.
--	--

10

[CARMEN XXII]

This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase. [L.]

SUFFENUS, whom so well you know, My Varrus, as a wit and beau, Of smart address and smirking smile, Will write you verses by the mile. You cannot meet with daintier fare Than titlepage and binding are; But when you once begin to read You find it sorry stuff indeed, And you are ready to cry out	Upon this beau, <i>Ah! what a lout!</i> No man on earth so proud as he Of his own precious poetry, Or knows such perfect bliss as when He takes in hand that nibbled pen. Have we not all some faults like these? Are we not all Suffenuses? In others the defect we find, But cannot see our sack behind.
---	---

[CARMEN XXXI. 13]

Catullus, we entertain no doubt, wrote *Gaudete rosque "ludice" lacus undæ*! [L.]

YE waves! ye revellers and dancers of the lake!

waves! ye] *om.* 1853.

[CARMEN XXXV, 8-12]

Catullus invites him [Cæcilius] to leave Como for Verona. [*Latin quoted*] Which may be rendered:

ALTHOUGH so passing fair a maid
 Call twenty times, be not delayed;
 Nay, do not be delayed although
 Both arms around your neck she throw.

[CARMEN XXXIX]

Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate: the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather. [L.]

EGNATIUS has fineteeth, and those Eternally Egnatius shows. Some criminal is being tried For murder; and they open wide. A widow wails her only son; Widow and him they open on.	'Tis a disease, I'm very sure, And wish 'twere such as you could cure, My good Egnatius! for what's half So silly as a silly laugh?
---	--

10

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[CARMEN LXXV]

Eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain. [L.]

NONE could ever say that she,	I can never think again
Lesbia! was so loved by me.	Well of you: I try in vain:
Never all the world around	But—be false—do what you
Faith so true as mine was found:	will—
If no longer it endures	Lesbia! I must love you still. 10
(Would it did!) the fault is yours.	

10 still] stil 1853.

[CARMEN LXXXV]

The words [*Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris*] are flat and prosaic: the thought is beautiful. [L.]

I LOVE and hate. Ah! never ask why so!
I hate and love—and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

[CARMEN XCIII]

Catullus must have often seen . . . the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote this epigram. [L.]

I CARE not, Cæsar, what you are,
Nor know if you be brown or fair.

FROM AN ESSAY ON THEOCRITUS

[The following ten pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October 1842 ("The Idyls of Theocritus"); reprinted 1853, 1876.]

THEOCRITUS

[IDYL I. 66 ff.]

It is unnecessary to transcribe the verses which Virgil and Milton have imitated . . . Let us try whether we cannot come toward the original with no greater deviation, and somewhat less dulness. [L.]

WHERE were ye, O ye nymphs! when Daphnis died?
For not on Pindus were ye, nor beside
Penæus in his softer glades, nor where
Acis might well expect you, once your care.
But neither Acis did your steps detain,
Nor strong Anapus rushing forth amain,
Nor high-brow'd Etna with her forest chain.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

VIRGIL

[ÆNEID IV. 523 ff.]

Out of two verses [Theocritus II. 38-9] by no means remarkable, Virgil has framed some of the most beautiful in all his works. [L.]

THE woods and stormy waves were now at rest,
But not the hapless Dido; never sank
She into sleep, never received she night
Into her bosom; grief redoubled grief,
And love sprang up more fierce the more repress.

THEOCRITUS

[IDYL III. 15]

Springing up and away from his dejection and supplication, he [the goatherd] adds wildly [Greek text quoted], [L.]

Now know I Love, a cruel God, who drew
A lioness's teat, and in the forest grew.

[IDYL V. 31 ff.]

Theocritus, always harmonious, is invariably the most so in description . . . Lacon says, [L.]

SWEETER beneath this olive will you sing,
By the grove-side and by the running spring,
Where grows the grass in bedded tufts, and where
The shrill cicala shakes the slumberous air.

[Ibid., l. 45]

Comatas . . . thus replies: [L.]

I WILL not thither: cypresses are here,
Oaks, and two springs that gurgle cool and clear,
And bees are flying for their hives, and through
The shady branches birds their talk pursue.

[IDYL VI. 17]

. . Seeks him who loves not, him who loves, avoids:
And makes false moves,

[IDYL VIII. 53 ff.]

Of these . . . we can only give the meaning; he who can give a representation of them, can give a representation of the sea-breezes. [L.]

It never was my wish to have possest
The land of Pelops and his golden store;
But only, as I hold you to my breast,
Glance at our sheep and our Sicilian shore.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

[IDYL XI. 81]

He lived more pleasantly than if he had given gold for it.

[IDYL XV. 121]

... little baskets containing mossy gardens . . . and tiny Loves flying over, [Greek text quoted]. [L.]

LIKE the young nightingales, some nestling close,
Some plying the fresh wing from bough to bough.

[IDYL XX. 6]

Eunica . . . finds fault with his [the ox-herd's] features, speech, and manners . . . [L.]

How rustic is your play!
How coarse your language!

[IDYL XXII, 34 ff.]

Pollux and . . . Castor . . . we may perhaps give some idea of the scene. [L.]

IN solitude both wandered, far away
From those they sail'd with. On the hills above,
Beneath a rocky steep, a fount they saw
Full of clear water; and below were more
That bubbled from the bottom, silvery,
Crystalline. In the banks around grew pines,
Poplars, and cypresses, and planes, and flowers
Sweet-smelling; pleasant work for hairy bees
Born in the meadows at the close of spring.
There, in the sunshine, sat a savage man,
Horrid to see; broken were both his ears
With cestuses, his shoulders were like rocks
Polisht by some vast river's ceaseless whirl.

10

[BYRON PARAPHRASED]

[HEBREW MELODIES]

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, December 1842, "Imaginary Conversation, Southey and Porson"; reprinted 1846, 1876.]

Porson. . . . This is very pathetic; but not more so than the thought it suggested to me, which is plainer—

WE sat down and wept by the waters
Of Camus, and thought of the day,
When damsels would show their red garters
In their hurry to scamper away.

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

FROM AN ESSAY ON PETRARCA

[The following six pieces were published in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, July 1843, "Francisco Petrarca"; reprinted 1853, 1876.]

PETRARCA

[TRIONFO D'AMORE IV. 79 ff.]

Speaking of his friends, Socrates and Lælius . . . he says [Italian text quoted]. We cannot render these verses much worse than they actually are . . . so we will venture to offer a translation. [L.]

THEY saw me win the glorious bough
That shades my temples even now,
Who never bough nor leaf could take
From that severe one, for whose sake
So many sighs and tears arose—
Unbending root of bitter woes.

SONETTO 17

Petrarca . . . had forgotten what he had declared . . . [L.]

IF any other hopes to find
That love in me which you despise,
Ah! let her leave the hope behind:
I hold from all what you alone should prize.

[UNWRITTEN]

Petrarca thought more about her [Laura's] eyes than about those tears that are usually the inheritance of the brightest, and may well be supposed to have said, in some inedited canzone,

WHAT care I what tears there be,
If the tears are not for me?

SONETTO 39

In this beautiful sonnet . . . there is a redundancy of words: for instance,

Benedello sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
(BLEST be the day, and month, and year!)
E la stagione, e 'l tempo.

[TRIONFO DELLA MORTE II. 88 ff.]

Laura . . . comes to him in a dream . . . He then asks her a question, which he alone had a right to ask her, and only in her state of purity and bliss.

SHE sighed, and said, "No; nothing could dis sever
My heart from thine, and nothing shall there ever.
If, thy fond ardour to repress,
I sometimes frown'd (and how could I do less?)

3 ardour] ardor 1853.

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

If, now and then, my look was not benign,
 'Twas but to save my fame, and thine.
 And, as thou knowest, when I saw thy grief,
 A glance was ready with relief."
 Scarce with dry cheek
 These tender words I heard her speak. 10
 "Were they but true!" I cried. She bent the head,
 Not unreprouchfully, and said,
 "Yes, I did love thee; and whene'er
 I turn'd away my eyes, 'twas shame and fear.
 A thousand times to thee did they incline,
 But sank before the flame that shot from thine."

[VOLTAIRE PARAPHRASED]

HENRIADE

[Published in *Imaginary Conversation*, 1846, "Delille and Landor"; another version printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, "Literary Anecdotes", 1895.]
Landor. May not the commencement be somewhat like this,

I SING the hero, vanquisher	And fairly bit the League.
Of France, and Mayenne too,	Descend from heaven's top-gal-
The king of all his subjects,	lery,
And father of no few;	Descend, O Truth august! 10
One never out-mancœuvred	And sprinkle o'er my writing
At rapier or intrigue,	Thy pink and scented dust.
Who parried off the Spaniard	

Title. Specimen of a new translation of the *Henriade* 1895. *This and the verses were in a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked Bath, Oct. 15, 1838.* 1 hero] conquering hero 1895. vanquisher om. 1895. 7 parried off] bullied down 1895. 8 bit the League] lick the Ligue 1895. 10 Descend . . . Truth] O Verity august! 1895. 11 o'er] on 1895. 12 Thy . . . scented] your finest, pinkest 1895. *The twelve lines in 1846 make six lines in 1895.*

BEGINNING OF THE ILIAD

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal* as "Poemetti. By Walter Savage Landor. VII." February 15, 1851.]

SING thou the anger of Achilles, muse,
 Which brought a thousand sorrows on the Greeks,
 Hurrying so many to the shades below,
 While beast and bird prowld over corse and arms.

Perhaps this translation is not better than such as have preceded it. Cowper's is much the best I have seen in any language. A suspicion has sometimes risen in my mind, that Homer did not write the word *πᾶσι*, but a verb. Certainly the dead bodies were not

To every bird and every beast a prey.
 Many birds and beasts would let them alone. [L.]

FROM GREEK, LATIN, ITALIAN, ETC.

[PINDAR IMITATED]

[NEMEAN ODE XI]

[Published in *Popery: British and Foreign*, 1851; reprinted 1853.]

The conduct of the prelates on one side, and of the people on the other, may be described, by a slight variation in some verses of Pindar. [L.]

ONE Mortal shall Vain-glory cast
From the good things whereon his heart relies;
Another let his foe run past
Where he might seize him: but are these the wise?

[VIRGIL PARAPHRASED]

[ÆNEID IV. 625-6]

[Published in 1853, *Imaginary Conversation: "Archdeacon Hare and Landor"*; reprinted 1876.]

SURELY shall some one come, alert and kind,
With torch and quill to guide the blundering hind.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINES BY MADAME DE GENLIS

[Sent in a letter dated November 26, 1836, to R. Monckton Milnes and published in "Life, &c. of Lord Houghton", by T. Wemyss Reid, 1890.]

I did not imagine there was anything passable in French poetry between "*Mon cher enfantelet*" (which far exceeds Simonides's *ὄτι λάρυακα*) and Béranger; but Madame Genlis has written what I have been trying to retrace, as you see. [*Landor to R. Monckton Milnes.*]

ANOTHER claims your altered vow; Matilda fades before your eye. Her only wish on earth is now Once to behold you and to die. Oh, hasten then, for death comes fast; In pity too will Edmund come While (youth's and hope's last shadows past) Vain love still hovers o'er the tomb. Should mortal paleness overspread A cheek like monumental stone,	To meet the stillness of the dead, Say not, "Matilda, thou art gone." 12 But if at your approach my ear Mark not each footfall still the same, Oh, Edmund, if when you appear, I shudder not through all my frame, When all is vanished from my view, If 'tis not you my eyes explore, If my weak heart beats not for you, Say then, Matilda is no more. 20
---	---

Introduction. [Verses beginning *Ô cher enfantelet* were supposed, till the forgery was proved in 1863, to have been written by Clotilde de Surville in the fifteenth century. See *Literary Forgeries*, by E. R. Chambers, 1891. The lines attributed to Stephanie Félicité, comtesse de Genlis (1746-1830) have not been found. W.]

TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS, ETC.

A CHINESE POEM

BY TSING-TI

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; reprinted 1846, 1876. See note at end of volume.]

PRETTY maiden! pretty maiden!
Heavily is Tsing-Ti laden
 With one love, and three-score
 woes.

Sweeter than the herb Yu-lu,
Or the flowering Lan, are you . . .
 What long eyes! and what small
 nose!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sands that your short feet have
 stray'd on
 Turn to musk or ambergrise:
Every other girl's seem longer, 10
Ay, and darker, than a conger,
 And they only make me sneeze.

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
All the verses ever laid on
 Beauty's tea-tray, would fall
 short

Of your manifold perfection . . .
And alas my recollection
 Can perform but little for 't!

Pretty maiden! pretty maiden!
Sadly do I want your aid in 20
 Summing up amount so rich:
But if any little thing
Should escape your sigh - sore
 Tsing
 Call him back, and show him
 which.

Title om. 1846, 1876.

[BY A CHINESE EMPEROR]

[Published in 1846, in *Imaginary Conversation*, "Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti"; reprinted 1876.]

Emperor. Thou rememberest my father's verses:

THE narrow mind is the discontented one.
There is pleasure in wisdom, there is wisdom in pleasure.
If thou findest no honey in thy cake,
Put thy cake into honey with thine own right-hand,
Nor think it defiled thereby.

Title not in either ed.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

PART I

TO NEÆRA

[Printed in 1800, published in 1802; reprinted with variants 1846, 1863, p. 251. Between ll. 6–7 other pieces were wrongly inserted in 1863. See notes at end of volume. Text, 1800–1802.]

I.

THANK heaven, Neæra, once again
Our hands and ardent lips shall
meet,
And Pleasure, to assert his reign,
Scatter ten thousand kisses
sweet:
Then cease repeating, while you
mourn,
“*I wonder when he will return.*”

II.

Ah, wherefor should you so admire
The flowing words that fill my
song,
Why call them artless, yet require
“*Some promiss from that tuneful
tongue?*” 10
I doubt if heaven itself could part
A tuneful tongue and tender
heart.

Title om. 1846, 1863. 1 Neæra] Ianthe 1846. 3 assert] begin 1863. 4 ten
thousand] in largess 1863. 5 , while] as 1863. 7 wherefor] wherefore 1846.
10 promiss] promise 1846, 1863. 11 I . . . itself] Doubt only whether Fate 1863.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; not reprinted.]

SWEET was the maid who hail'd my early lay,
And waited to receive my vow;
But Love, blind Love—all hurry, for 'twas May,
Slipt it—my stars! I know not how.

Am I inconstant? would I then betray?
To your own law, dear girls, I bow—
Sweet are the violets of yesterday,
And yet, whose bosom wears them now?

[NANCY]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

HARK! 'tis the laugh of Spring And those as anxious to prevent.
—she comes, So, now for frolic and for fun,
With airy sylphs and firey gnomes; And swains forsown and maids
On cruel mischief these intent, undone;

Title not in any ed. In the next poem Nancy is also called Ione. Under that name she is found in *Gebir*, vi. 37 (vol. i, p. 40) and in *Crysaor*, i. 138 (vol. i, p. 60). Lander and this Nancy Jones met at Tenby in or about 1793. [W.] 2 firey] fiery 1831, fiery 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

So, now for bridegrooms and for
 brides,
 And rivals hung by river-sides.
 Here the hoarse-wooing dove is
 heard,
 And there the cuckoo, taunting
 bird! 10
 But soon along the osier vale
 Will warble the sweet nightingale;
 Amid whose song chaste Eve must
 hear
 The threats of love, the screams
 of fear;
 The milk-maid's shriek of laughter
 shrill
 From hovel close beneath the hill;
 Before the door the whirring wheel,
 Behind the hedge the ticklish
 squeal;
 The shepherd rude, the hoyden
 wroth,
 The boisterous rip of stubborn
 cloth: 20
 The brisk repulse, the pressing
 pray'r—
Ah do, and do it if you dare.
 But whence, at every field we
 pass,
 Those hollows in the starting
 grass?
 The little Loves have gambol'd
 there,

Or fought, or wrestled, pair by
 pair.
 Moist are the marks of struggling
 feet,
 And the bruised herbage still smells
 sweet.
 Let Nancy now, if Nancy will,
 Return the kiss she took so ill. 30
 If gentler thoughts thy bosom
 move,
 Come Nancy, give the kiss of love.
 Soft is the bank I rest on, here,
 And soft the river murmurs near.
 Above, the wandering dimples
 play,
 Run round, unwind, and melt
 away.
 Beneath, more regular, more slow,
 The grassy weeds wave to and fro:
 While the sharp reed, it peers so
 high,
 Shakes at each swell that passes
 by. 40
 The poor tired bird, who fain
 would drink,
 But fears th' abrupt and crumb-
 ling brink,
 Sees that his weight 'twill not
 sustain,
 And hovers, and flies back again.
 My Nancy, thus I thirst for you,
 And he flies off, as I may do.

8 hung] hang'd 1831, 1846.

19 hoyden] hoydon 1846.

42 th'] the 1846.

[NANCY: AN ELEGY]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

AND thou too, Nancy!—why should Heaven remove
 Each tender object of mine early love?
 Why was I happy? O ye conscious rocks!
 Was I not happy? when Iðne's locks

1 And] Gone! 1846.

2 mine] my 1831, 1846.

4 Iðne's] Ione's 1831, 1846.

NANCY: AN ELEGY

Claspt round her neck and mine their golden chain,
 Ambition, fame, and fortune, smiled in vain.
 While warring winds with deaf'ning fury blew,
 Near and more near, our cheeks, our bosoms, grew.
 Wave after wave the lashing ocean chased,
 She smiled, and prest me closer to her waist. 10
 "Suppose this cave should crush us," once I cried;
 "It cannot fall," the loving maid replied.
 "You, who are shorter, might be safe," I said;
 "O let us fly!" exclaim'd the simple maid.
 Ah memory, memory! thou alone canst save
 Angelic beauty from the grasping grave.
 And shall she perish? by yon stars I swear,
 Here she shall live, though fate hath placed her there.
 The sigh of soft surrender, and the kiss
 For absence, doubt, obedience, merit this. 20
 Let fears, let fame, the cancel'd vow suggest,
 Love, to whose voice she listen'd, veils the rest.
 Though Nancy's name for ever dwell unknown
 Beyond her briar-bound sod and upright stone;
 Yet, in the lover's, in the poet's eye,
 The gentle young Ione ne'er shall die.

7 deaf'ning] deafening 1846. 12 cannot] can not 1845. 13 might] may
 1831, 1846. 14 exclaim'd] exclaimed 1831. Between ll. 14-15, 1831, 1846,
 insert four lines:

Springing, she drew me forward by the hand
 Upon the sunny and the solid sand,
 And then lookt round, with fearful doubt, to see
 If, what I spoke so seriously, could be.

ll. 17-20 om. 1846. ll. 21-2 om. 1831, 1846. 23 Though] Tho' 1831, 1846. 26
 gentle . . . shall] young Ione hath not bloom'd to 1846.

[A SHELL]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; for a revised version, published in 1831 and reprinted
 1846, see p. 376.]

DARLING Shell, where hast thou been, What far regions hast thou seen; From what pastimes art thou come: Can we make amends at home? Whether thou hast tuned the dance To the maids of ocean,	Know I not—but Ignorance Never hurts Devotion— This I know, my darling Shell, I shall ever love thee well, 10 Though too little to resound While the Nereids dance around;
--	--

Title not in any ed.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

For, of all the shells that are,
Thou art sure the brightest:
Thou, *Ianthe's* infant care,
Most these eyes delightest—

On my shoulder, on my neck,
Still the cherisht mark remains,
Well pourtray'd in many a speck
Round thy smooth and quiet
veins.

Earlier to whose aid she owes

Teeth like budding snowdrop
rows;

Teeth, whose love-incited pow'rs,
I have felt in happier hours. 20

Who can wonder then, if thou
Hearest breathe my tender vow;
If thy lips, so pure, so bright,
Are dim with kisses, day and night?

15 *Ianthe's* [The poem as here printed can have no reference either to an *Ianthe* mentioned by *Londor* in 1795 (see "Birth of Poesy", ii. 109, in vol. iv), or to the not mythical *Ianthe* of so many pieces collected in Part 3 of this section. W.]

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF A MOTHER AND THREE CHILDREN

"Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l'ebbe,
"Conobbila io chi a pianger qui rimasi."

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Lines 9–12, 19–28 also printed from a letter in *Forster's Londor: a Biography*, 1869.]

AGAIN, my Soul, sustain the mournful page!
Is there no difference? none of place? of age?
How the words tremble, how the lines unite,
What dim confusion floats before my sight!
Thrice happy strangers, to whose roving eyes
Unwet with tears these public columns rise;
Whate'er the changeful world contains of new,
These are events the least observed by you.

O Lambe, my early guide, my guardian friend,
Must thus our pleasures, thus our prospects end!
All that could swell thy heart, thy soul elate,
Heaven gave; but pond'ring found one gift too great.
When marble-cold her meek *Eliza* lay,
Was this the hour to snatch thy love away!
When the fond mother claspt her fever'd child,
Death hail'd the omen, waved his dart, and smiled:
Nor unobserved his lengthen'd wings o'erspread

10

Title not in 1806; added in 1831, 1846. Quotation under title (from *Petrarch, Sonnet* 292, ll. 12, 13) om. 1831, 1846. 1 Soul] soul 1831, 1846. 7 the changeful] this shameful 1831. 10 Must] Do 1869. ll. 11–12 om. 1846. 12 pond'ring] pondering 1831, 1869. ll. 13–14 om. 1846.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER

With deeper darkness each devoted head.
 What now avails thee, what avail'd thee then,
 To shine in science o'er the sons of men: 20
 Each varying plant, each tortuous root to know,
 How latent pests from lucid waters flow.
 All, the deep bosom of the air contains,
 Fire's parent strength and earth's prolific veins.
 The last unwelcome lesson teaches this—
 Frail are alike our knowledge and our bliss.
 Against the storms of fate and throbs of pain,
 Wisdom is impotent and virtue vain.

What unknown pow'rs this pausing hand controul,
 What sacred horrors thrill this alter'd soul! 30
 What radiant finger points out heaven's decree?
 'Tis thou, bright angel, and I bend to thee.
 No blushes now that well-earn'd name can raise,
 Nor canst thou longer shrink from mortal praise.
 I feel thy smile of pure celestial love
 Repress our sorrows, our complaints reprove.
 Thy bliss forbids us to indulge our woes,
 And checks each sigh that breathes, each tear that flows.
 Ere the fresh turf hath closed around thy tomb,
 Nor thine nor ours will seem the hardest doom. 40
 Let those who knew thee, spare thy sacred sleep,
 Those who have never known thee, those may weep.

Between ll. 18–19, 1831, 1846, insert two lines:

She knows his silent footsteps; they have past
 Two other babes, two more have breathed their last.

22 How] What 1869. 24 prolific] o'erflowing 1869. 25 unwelcome] and hardest 1846. 26 are . . . and] is our knowledge, frailer is 1846. 27 and throbs], the racks 1831. ll. 27–42 om. 1846. 32 bright] O 1831. ll. 37–40 om. 1831.

[Dr. Lambe's daughter, Elizabeth, died of scarlet-fever, February 18, 1804, aged 5. Mrs. Lambe died of the same disease on February 21, aged 30. Dr. William Lambe (1765–1847) had succeeded to Dr. Walter Landor's practice at Warwick in 1790, and removed to London about 1800. W.]

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831.]

FRIENDSHIP! I place no trust in thee,
 Tho' flourishing so fair in fable,
 Or seated with Mythology,
 Or with a bumper-glass at table.
 Since first my razor ranged for beard,
 Friendship! in many another place
 Thy voice (and loud enough) I've heard,
 But never have beheld thy face.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

ON THE DEAD

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,
While here and there above the level pews,
Above the housings of the village dames,
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.
I know not why, since we had each our book
And lookt upon it stedfastly, first one
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,
Then tript the other, and limpt far behind,
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,
While my heart beats as then . . but not with joy!

10

O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear!
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few!
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,
Commemorating some one torne away,
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

20

Title om. 1846. With other poems under this heading 1831. 2 Dorothea [Dorothy Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Lyttelton of Studley Castle, near Ipsley; married 1795 Francis Holyoake of Tettenhall, Staffordshire, and died 1811. See 'Dorothea', p. 318. W.] 19 torne] torn 1846.

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846.]

IN Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before . .
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

1 Clementina [See "Elegy on a Gnat," l. 17, vol. iv, p. 5]. 2 Lucilla [Miss Lucy Thuillier, a sister of Mrs. Landor, who died at Richmond in 1895, aged 98.—W.]

IN CLEMENTINA'S ARTLESS MIEN

I now behold another scene,
Where Pleasure beams with heaven's own light, 10
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright . .

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE DUCHESS DE GUICHE AT FLORENCE

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

CHILDREN! while childhood lasts, one day
Alone be less your gush of play.
As you ascend that cloven steep
Whence Lerici o'erlooks the deep,
And watch the hawk and plover soar,
And bow-winged curlew quit the shore,
Think not, as graver heads might do,
The same with equal ease could you;
So light your spirits and your forms,
So fearful is your race of storms. 10

Mild be the sunbeams, mild the gales,
Along Liguria's pendentvales,
Whether from changeful Magra sped
Or Tanaro's unquiet bed.
Let Apennine and Alpine snows
Be husht into unwaked repose,
While Italy gives back again
More charms and virtues than remain,
Which France with loftier pride shall own
Than all her brightest arms have won. 20

Title. Written in] For 1846. at Florence om. 1846. [Count Alfred D'Orsay's sister, Anna, married 1818 to Antoine, duc de Guiche, afterwards de Gramont. Their eldest son, Agenor, lived to be duc de Gramont. W.] 10 fearful] *misprint.* fearless 1846. 12 pendentvales] *misprint.* pendent vales 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

ODE TO A FRIEND

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, December 3, 1834; and with additions and other variants in the same periodical April 15, 1835. The revised version with small variants was reprinted in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837, and in *Works*, 1846. See note at end of vol. Text, December 1834.]

Of all the men living he [Joseph Ablett] is the very best, the most modest and sober-minded. He is very religious, and reads prayers to his servants on the Sunday evening, and one before they go to Church. He has set up a gravestone for himself on the north-side of the Church-yard, to induce other people to overcome their prejudices against this situation. [*Landor to his sister Elizabeth, from Llanbedr Hall, June 6 (? 1832).*]

I.

LORD of the lovely plain
Where Celtic Clwyd runs to greet the main!
How happy were the hours that held
Thy friend (long absent from his native home)
Amid those scenes with thee! how far afield
From all past cares, and all to come!

II.

What hath Ambition's feverish grasp,—what hath
Inconstant Fortune, panting Hope,
Nay,—what hath Genius that should cope
With the heart's whispers in that path
Winding so idly where the docile stream
Thro' the tall poplars sheds its playful gleam?

10

III.

Ablett! of all the days
My sixty summers ever knew,
Pleasant as there have been no few,

Title. To Joseph Ablett, Esqre, of Llanbedr Hall, Denbighshire, 1835; An Ode. 1832 [wrongly dated] 1837; To Joseph Ablett 1846. 1 lovely plain] Celtic [Celtick 1835, 1837] dells 1835–1846. 2 Celtic . . . main] Clwyd [Clewyl 1835] listens as his minstrel tells 1835–1846. [Mrs. Hemans was Clwyd's minstrel. W.] *Between ll.* 2–3 1835–1846 have six lines:

Of Arthur, or Pendragon, or perchance
The plumes of flashy France,
Or, in dark region far across the main,
Far as Grenada in the world of Spain,

II.

Warriors untold to Saxon ear,
Until their steel-clad spirits reappear, [re-appear 1835, 1837]

5 those . . . far] thy . . . wide] 1835–1846. afield] a field 1835. a-field 1846.
9 Nay . . . Genius] What Genius, 1835–1846. 10 heart's whispers] heart-whispers
1835–1846. 11 docile] idler 1835–1846. For l. 12 1835–1846 substitute:

Flings at the white-hair'd poplars gleam for gleam?

ODE TO A FRIEND

Memory not one surveys
Like those we spent together: wisely spent
Are they alone that leave the heart content.

IV.

Together we have visited the men
Whose song Scotch critics vainly would have drowned. 20
Ah! shall we ever grasp the hand agen
That gave the British harp its truest sound?
Yea! my soul augurs, yea!
For this alone she would not wing away.

V.

Yet Time now passes hoarse
And panting in his course;
Coleridge hath loost his shoe, or bathes in bliss
Among the spirits that have power like his.
Live Derwent's guest! and thou where Grasmere springs!
Serene Creators of immortal things. 30

VI.

I never courted Fame:
She pouted at me long; at last she came,
And threw her arms around my neck, and said,
"Take what hath been for years delayed!
And fear not that the leaves will fall
One hour the earlier from thy coronal!"

VII.

Ablett! thou knowest with what even hand
I waved away the offered seat
Among the clambering, clattering, stilted Great,
The rulers of our land. 40
Nor crowds nor kings can lift me up,
Nor sweeten pleasure's purer cup.

VIII.

Thou knowest how and why are dear to me
My citron-groves of Tivoli,

18 heart] soul 1835-1846. 20 Whose . . . drowned] Whom [Whose 1835] Scottish
critics [Pictish pirates 1846] vainly we'd [would 1837, 1846] have drown'd 1835-1846.
21 grasp . . . agen] clasp . . . again 1835-1846. ll. 23-8 om. 1835-1846. 29
where] by 1835-1846. Between ll. 30-1 1835-1846 have twenty-four lines for which
see notes at end of vol. 31 Fame:] friends or Fame; 1835-1846. 44 Tivoli]
Fiesole 1835-1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

My chirping Africo,* my beech-wood nook,
My Naiads, with feet only in the brook,
Which runs away and giggles in their faces—
Yet there they sit, nor sigh for other places.

IX.

'Tis not Pelasgic wall,
By him made sacred, whom alone 50
'Twere not profane to call
The *Bard Divine*, nor (thrown
Far under me) Valdarno, nor the crest
Of Vallombrosa in the purple east.

X.

Behold our earth! most nigh the sun,
Her zone least open to the genial heat,
But further off, her veins more freely run:
'Tis thus with those who whirl about the great:
The nearest shrink and shiver; we remote 60
May, open-breasted, blow the pastoral oat.

* Africo, a little stream celebrated by Boccaccio in his "Ninfale"; to this place also his *Bella Brigata* retired, to relate the last stories in the "Decameron." The author's villa (formerly Count Gherardesca's, the representative of the unhappy Count Ugolino) stands directly above what was anciently the lake described there. [L.]

† It is calculated that the Earth is two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand miles nearer the sun in the shortest day than in the longest. [L.]

45 and note Africo] Africo 1835-1846. 49 Pelasgic] Pelasgian 1835-1846. 54
purple] crimson 1835-1846. Between ll. 54-55 1835-1846 have twelve lines for which
see notes at end of vol. 55 earth!] Earth, † 1835, 1846; earth, † 1837; with foot-note.
56 open] opens 1837, 1846. 57 further] farther 1835-1846. 58 great] Great
1835, 1837.

TO CHARLES ELTON, ESQ.

ON HIS BEAUTIFUL POEM, LAMENTING THE LOSS OF HIS TWO
SONS, DROWNED

[Printed for the Lady Mary Fox in *Friendly Contributions for the benefit of three Infant Schools in Kensington*, 1836; part reprinted 1846. Text 1836.]

ELTON! whose Genius Virtue leads along
Where the pure passions sing no siren song,
Nor past'ral pipe allures o'er flowery lea,
But the dim shore, dark isle, and mournful sea,—
There too my eyes, not heedless, follow thee.

Title and sub-title only in 1836 ll. 1-5 and 10-13 only in 1836.

TO CHARLES ELTON

Neither the suns, nor storms of rolling years,
 Dry up the springs, or change the course of tears;
 Sorrow will mark her stated days,
 Sacred as those religion claims for praise.
 No less above our reason than our will
 We may contend, but she must conquer still.
 For those who cease to grieve, we grieve the most,
 Nor hear that Heaven has gain'd what Earth has lost.

10

6 storms] frosts 1846. 8 will] will ever 1846. [Sir Charles Abraham Elton, 6th bart., of Clevedon Court near Bristol, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1842. His two eldest sons were drowned, September 20, 1819, while bathing near Weston-super-Mare. See his book, *The Brothers, a monody, and other Poems*, 1820. W.]

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH YARD OF LLANBEDR, ON A VACANT
 TOMB, 31ST MAY, 1832

[Printed privately in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from a manuscript, postmarked July 12, 1834, in Nicoll and Wise *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895. Text, 1837.]

O PARENT Earth! in thy retreats My heart with holier fervour beats, And fearlessly, thou knowest well, Contemplates the sepulchral cell. Guard, parent Earth, those trees, those flowers, Those refuges from wintry hours, Where every plant from every clime Renews with joy its native prime. Long may the fane o'er this lone sod	Lift its meek head toward its God; And gather round the tomes of Truth Its bending elds and blooming youth; And long too may these lindens wave O'er timely and untimely grave; But, if the virtuous be thy pride, Keep this one tomb unoccupied.
---	--

11

Title: On a vacant tomb at Llanbedr 1846. On a tomb erected in the churchyard at Llanbedr in Denbyshire by Joseph Ablett, Esq. for himself and family 1895 [see "Ode to a Friend," p. 270]. 2 fervour] fervor 1895. 5 those . . . those] these trees, these 1895. 6 Those . . . wintry] These . . . wintry 1895. 11 Truth] truth 1895. 16 [Mr. Ablett died January 9, 1848. W.]

ANSWER

[TO VERSES BY A LADY ON PRESENTING A PURSE]

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837.]

I SHOULD think it a sin Any Paul to put in A net that the Graces have woven,	And if ever I do't May he kick me whose foot (They say, who have seen it,) cloven.
---	---

Sub-title. [With the purse were verses by Mrs. Dashwood, also printed in *Literary Hours*. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

<p>'Tis already well stored, For how precious the hoard Which I never lose or can squander! Recollections of her 10 Who has deigned to confer This treasure on treasureless Landor.</p>	<p>But care I must take That its meshes don't break, And my purse like my money be ended; For the magical purse, Like the magical verse, By no mortal hand can be mended.</p>
--	---

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1838; reprinted 1846. Also printed from a manuscript dated Jan. 22, 1838, in Messrs. Maggs's Catalogue, date not now traceable.]

SMILES soon abate; the boisterous throes
 Of anger long burst forth;
 Inconstantly the south-wind blows,
 But steadily the north.

Thy star, O Venus! often changes
 Its radiant seat above,
 The chilling pole-star never ranges—
 'Tis thus with Hate and Love.

W. S. L.

1 throes] throe *mispr.* 1846 6 radiant] genial. *Maggs's Catalogue.* *Signature*
om. 1846.

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 12, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

<p>FATE! I have askt few things of thee, And fewer have to ask. Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be No more . . . then con thy task.</p> <p>If one be left on earth so late Whose love is like the past, Tell her, in whispers, gentle Fate, Not even love must last.</p> <p>Tell her, I leave the noisy feast , Of life, a little tired; 10</p>	<p>Amidst its pleasures few possess And many undesired.</p> <p>Tell her, with steady pace to come And, where my laurels lie, To throw the freshest on the tomb When it has caught her sigh.</p> <p>Tell her, to stand some steps apart From others, on that day, And check the tear (if tear should start)</p> <p>Too precious for dull clay. 20</p>
---	---

W. S. L.

11 Amidst] Amid 1846. *Signature om.* 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[TO . . . 1808]

[Published in *The Examiner*, September 23, 1838; reprinted in *The Book of Beauty* for 1842, and *Works*, 1846.]

AGAINST the rocking mast I stand,	Thus were it, never would burst
The Atlantic surges swell,	forth
To bear me from my native land	These sighs, so deep, so true!
And Psyche's wild farewell.	But . . what to me is little
From billow upon billow hurl'd,	worth,
Again I hear her say,	The world . . is much to you.
"Oh! is there nothing in the world	And you shall say, when once the
Worth one short hour's delay?"	dream
"Alas, my Psyche! were it thus,	(So hard to break!) is o'er,
I should not sail alone,	My love was very dear to him, 19
Nor seas nor fates had sever'd us . .	My fame and peace were
But are you all my own?"	more.

W. S. L.

To . . .] Title only in 1842 which has To Zoë. By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. June 1808. [This date may be more than a month too early. Forster quotes a letter said to be postmarked "Falmouth Aug. 8 1808" in which Landor told Southey that he was about to sail for Spain. W.] 1 rocking] groaning 1842. 2 swell,] swel 1842, 1846. 4 Psyche's] Zoë's 1842. 6 Again I] I yet can 1842. 7 Oh!] And 1842. 9 Psyche] Zoë 1842. 11 sever'd] parted 1842. 12 all] all 1842. 14 These . . . true] My sighs, Heaven knows how true 1842. For ll. 15, 16 1842 substitutes:

But, though to me of little worth,
The world is much to you.

17 And] "Yes," 1842. 19 My] "My 1842. 20 more.] more." 1842.

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 30, 1838.]

Who would believe it e'er could be	Who then found out how wrong
That one, erewhile so dear to me,	it was
Who, when she found the first	(Where there were seats) to sit on
grey hair	grass;
Kist it, and sigh'd to find it there;	Then suddenly, half-rising, told
Who led me thro' that shady park	How liable she was to cold,
And lookt what beech had smooth-	And seem'd extremely discon-
est bark;	tented
Then wrote our names and wisht	Until such peril were prevented . .
to write	That she who loved that quiet
A little higher if she might;	park,
And then, " <i>O nonsense! let me go!</i>	Those glades, nor cared how lone,
<i>You tumble me and teaze me so!</i> 10	how dark, 20
<i>If I were sure I should not fall . . .</i>	And loved me too a little bit
<i>But . . how can I be sure at all?"</i>	And chided me for doubting it . .

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

<p>Now, if perchance she sees me pass, Raises her chin and then her glass, Stares at me, bows, looks gracious- grand, Drives on and half uncurls her hand! We both were younger: I am yet</p>	<p>What tenderer bosoms scarce for- get; She shines, with coronetted pannel And husband mummified in flan- nel, Among the haridans and hacks Who spread their tanneries at Almack's.</p>
--	---

W. S. L.

AN ODE*

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 8, 1840; reprinted 1846.]

Who smites the wounded on his bed,
 And only waits to strip the dead?
 In that dark room I see thee lurk,
 O low and lurid soul of Burk!
 Begone! . . Shall Southey's head lie low,
 And unavenged beneath the savage blow?

No, by my soul! tho' greater men
 And nearer stick the envenom'd pen
 Into that breast, which always rose
 At all man's virtues, all man's woes.
 Look from the couch of sorrow, look around!
 A sword of thy own temper guards the ground.

10

If thou hast ever done amiss,
 It was, O Southey, but in this;
 That, to redeem the lost estate
 Of the poor muse, a man so great
 Abased his laurels where the Georges stood
 Knee-deep in sludge and ordure, some in blood.

Was ever Genius but thyself
 Friend, or befriended, of a Guelph?
 Who, then, should hail their natal days?
 What fiction weave the cobweb praise?
 At last comes She whose natal day be blest;
 And one more happy stil . . and all the rest!

20

* Suggested by verses in the *Globe* of Thursday the 27th ult., grossly reproaching the Laureate [Southey] for his silence on the occasion of the Royal Marriage [L. om. 1846].

4 Burk] Burke 1846. [William Burke hanged at Edinburgh, January 28, 1829.]
 5 Begone! . . . Shall] Begone! Shall ever 1846. 10 man's . . . man's] Man's wishes,
 all Man's 1846. 11 the] thy 1846. 17 the] some 1846. 24 stil] still 1846.

AN ODE

But since thou liest sick at heart
 And worn with years, some little part
 Of thy hard office let me try,
 Tho' inexpert was always I
 To toss the litter of Westphalian swine
 From under human to above divine.

30

No soil'd or selfish hand shall bless
 That gentle bridal loveliness,
 Which promises our land increase
 Of happy days in hard-earn'd peace.
 Grant the unpaid-for prayer, ye heavenly Powers,
 For her own sake, and greatly more for ours.

Remember him who saved from scathe
 The honest front of ancient faith,
 Then, when the Pontine exhalations
 Breathed pestilence through distant nations:
 Remember that mail'd hand, that heart so true,
 And with like power and will his race endue.

40

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature in 1840 only.

ON THE DEAD

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 8, 1842; reprinted 1846.]

<p>Thou in this wide cold church art laid, Close to the wall, my little maid! My little Fanny Verchild! thou Sole idol of an infant vow! My playmate in life's break of day, When all we had to do was play! Even then, if any other girl To kiss my forehead seiz'd a curl, Thou wouldst with sad dismay run in, And stamp and call it shame and sin. 10 And should some rough, intrusive boy</p>	<p>Bring thee an orange, flower, or toy, My tiny fist was at his frill, I bore my jealousy so ill, And felt my bosom beat so bold, Altho' he might be six years old. Against the marble slab mine eyes Dwell fixt; and from below arise Thoughts, not yet cold nor mute, of thee It was their earliest joy to see. 20 One who had marcht o'er Minden's plain, In thy young smile grew young again.</p>
--	--

13 My . . . his] That instant I laid fist on 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

That stern man melted into love, And taught (ah, thou too, thou
That father traced the line above.* didst teach!)

His Roman soul used Roman How, soon as in our course we start,
speech, Death follows with uplifted dart.

January 5, 1842.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* In cursu vitæ mors nobis instat. [L. In 1846 the foot-note is : S. Francisco Verchild, Nat. XV Julii, 1774. In cursu &c.] [The Tablet in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, adds : ob. XIX Aug. 1780. W.]

Signature and date in 1842 only.

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY

Published in *The Examiner*, March 25, 1843; reprinted 1846, 1858. Also printed in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Not the last struggles of the Sun
Precipitated from his golden throne
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense,
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' high above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.

Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my SOUTHEY! poet, sage, and saint,
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.

What voice in anguish can we raise?

10

Thee would we, need we, dare we, praise?

God now does that . . the God thy whole heart loved.

March 23rd.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Title om. 1846. On Southey's death 1858. [He died March 21, 1843.] 3 suspense]
suspense 1858. 5 tho' high] tho' far 1846. but far 1858. 6, when] —now
1869. recalls] recals 1846. 7 earthly] mortal 1858. 11 Thee . . . praise]
Or would we? Need we, dare we, praise 1846. Or would we, dare we, in thy praise
1858. Date and signature om. after 1843.

LINES

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1844; reprinted 1846.]

WHERE Malvern's verdant ridges gleam
Beneath the morning ray,
Look eastward: see Sabrina's stream
Roll rapidly away:
Not even such fair scenes detain
Those who are cited to the main.

Title om. 1846.

LINES

Impossible: yet youth returns,
 Who runs (we hear) as fast,
 And in my breast the fire that burns
 She promises shall last.
 The lord * of these domains was one
 Who loved me like an only son.

10

I see the garden-walks so trim,
 The house-reflecting pond,
 I hear again the voice of him
 Who seldom went beyond
 The Roman camp's steep-sloping side,
 Or the long meadow's level ride.

And why? A little girl there was
 Who fixed his eyes on home,
 Whether she roll'd along the grass,
 Or gates and hedges clomb,
 Or dared defy Alonzo's tale †
 (Hold but her hand) to turn her pale.

20

Where is she now? Not far away.
 As brave, too? Yes, and braver;
 She dares to hear her hair turns gray,
 And never looks the graver:
 Nor will she mind *Old Tell-tale* more
 Than those who sang her charms before.

30

How many idle things were said
 On eyes that were but bright!
 Their truer glory was delayed
 To guide his ‡ steps aright
 Whose purest hand and loftiest mind
 Might lead the leaders of mankind.

* Fleetwood Parkhurst, of Ripple Court, a descendant of the Fleetwoods, the Dormers, and the Fortescues. [L. Mr. Parkhurst's daughter, Frances, married Anthony Rosenhagen, 2 October, 1821. W.]

† "Alonzo the Brave," by Lewis. [L. *om.* 1846.]

‡ Mr. Rosenhagen lost his sight by unremitted labours in the public service. He was private secretary to two prime ministers, Percival and Vansittart. His lady is lately dead. [L. His . . . dead *om.* 1846. Where the rest of the foot-note refers to l. 36 mankind.‡]

7 Impossible] It may not be 1846.
 delay'd 1846.

20 fixed] fixt 1846.

33 delayed]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO MAJOR-GENERAL W. NAPIER

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF GUERNSEY

By Walter Savage Landor

[Published in *Hood's Magazine*, April 1845; reprinted 1846.]

NAPIER! take up anew thy pen,
To mark the deeds of mighty men.
And whose more glorious canst thou trace
Than heroes of thy name and race?
No other house hath ever borne
So many of them to adorn
The annals of our native land
In virtue, wisdom, and command.
But foremost, and to thee most near,
Is he who vanquish'd the Ameer.
And when before his feet was laid
By fallen power the thirteenth blade, 12
With every hilt more rich in gems
Than Europe's kingly diadems,
Then, and then only, did he stoop
To take the spoils of victory up,
That he might render each again
To hands which wielded them in vain.
"Is this the race of Clive?" cried they:
"Did Hastings exercise such sway?"
They since have seen him rais'd, not more 21
In pride or splendour than before,
And studious but to leave behind
The blessing of just laws to Scinde.
Therefore do thou, if health permit,
Add one page more to Holy Writ.

Such is the page wherein are shown
The fragments of a bloody throne,
And peace and happiness restor'd
By their old enemy the sword. 30
Hasten, my friend, the work begun,
For daily dimmer grows our sun,
And age, if farther off from thee,
Creeps on, though imperceptibly.
Some call him slow, some find him fast,
But all he overtakes at last,
Unless they run and will not wait,
But overleap life's flower-twined gate.
We may not leave the lighted town
Again to tread our turfy down, 40
Thence tracing Avon's misty white,
The latest object seiz'd by Night,
Nor part at Claverton when Jove
Is the sole star we see above;
Yet friends for evermore. If War
Had rear'd me a triumphal car,
Imperfect would have been my pride
Unless he plac'd thee close beside,
And shouts like these the skies might rend,
"See the brave man he chose for friend!" 50

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO JULIUS HARE

WITH *Pericles and Aspasia*

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

JULIUS, of three rare brothers, my fast friends,
The latest known to me! Aspasia comes
With him, high-helmeted and trumpet-tongued,
Who loved her. Well thou knowest all his worth,
Valuing him most for trophies rear'd to Peace,
For generous friendships, like thy own, for Arts
Ennobled by protection, not debased.
Hence, worthless ones! throne-cushions, puff, inert,
Verminous, who degrade with patronage
Bargain'd for, ere dealt out! The stone that flew 10
In splinters from the chisel when the hand
Of Phidias wielded it, the chips of stone
Weigh with me more than they do. To thy house
Comes Pericles. Receive the friend of him
Whose horses started from the Parthenon
To traverse seas and neigh upon our strand.
From pleasant Italy my varied page,
Where many men and many ages meet,
Julius! thy friendly hand long since received.
Accept my last of labours and of thanks. 20
He who held mute the joyous and the wise
With wit and eloquence, whose tomb (afar
From all his friends and all his countrymen)
Saddens the light Palermo, to thy care
Consign'd it; knowing that whate'er is great
Needs not the looming of a darker age,
Nor knightly mail nor scymetar begemm'd.
Stepping o'er all this lumber, where the steel
Is shell'd with rust, and the thin gold worm'd out
From its meandering waves, he took the scroll, 30
And read aloud what sage and poet spake
In sunnier climes; thou heardest it well pleas'd;
For Truth from conflict rises more elate
And lifts a brighter torch, beheld by more.
Call'd to befriend me by fraternal love,
Thou pausedst in thy vigorous march amid

1 three . . . brothers.] (Julius, Francis, and Augustus Hare.)
Hare.]

21 He [sc. Francis

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

The German forests of wide-branching thought,
 Deep, intricate, whence voices shook all France,
 Whence Blucher's soldiers heard the trumpet tongue
 And knew the footstep of Tyrtæan Arndt.

40

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from a manuscript dated Clifton, Jan. 30, 1837, in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

THE day returns, my natal day,
 Borne on the storm and pale with snow,
 And seems to ask me why I stay,
 Stricken by Time and bowed by Woe.

Many were once the friends who came
 To wish me joy; and there are some
 Who wish it now; but not the same;
 They are whence friend can never come;

Nor are they you my love watcht o'er
 Cradled in innocence and sleep;
 You smile into my eyes no more,
 Nor see the bitter tears they weep.

10

3 me . . . stay] why I delay 1855. 8 friend] friends 1855. 12 see] heed 1855.

NANCY'S HAIR

[Published in 1846; another version in 1858. Also printed from manuscript with letter dated February 22, 1839, in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

BEAUTY's pure native gems, ye quivering hairs!
 Once mingled with my own,
 While soft desires, ah me! were all the cares
 Two idle hearts had known.

How is it, when I take ye from the shrine
 Which holds one treasure yet,
 That ye, now all of Nancy that is mine,
 Shrink from my fond regret?

Ye leaves that droop not with the plant that bore ye,
 Start ye before my breath?
 Shrink ye from tender Love who would adore ye,
 O ye who fear not Death!

10

Nancy's Hair.] 1858. On some Hair of one long dead 1855, 1895. 1 quivering] golden 1855, 1858, 1895. For l, 1 1858 substitutes:

Ye native gems of beauty! golden hairs
 5, when] that 1858. 7 Nancy] wrongly om. 1855. 9 droop] droopt 1858. 11
 would] could 1895 tender] fonder 1858. who] that 1858.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Also printed from MS. in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; and, with one variant in H. C. Minchin's *Walter Savage Landor: Last Days*, 1934.]

SINCE in the terrace-bower we sate
While Arno gleam'd below,
And over sylvan Massa late
Hung Cynthia's slender bow,
Years after years have past away
Less light and gladsome; why
Do those we most implore to stay
Run ever swiftest by!

1 terrace-bower ["Do you remember our calm nights on the Terrace of the Casa Pelosi, now seven years ago?" *Lady Blessington to Landor*, July 10, 1834. W.] 7
most] now 1934.

TO MISS POWER

[Published in 1846.]

I CAN not very plainly tell
What hair the nearest yours may dwell,
When with the sweetest blossoms Love
Shall decorate the blest alcove,
Which he alone hath skill to raise
And shelter from all stormy days.

But, lady fair, the reason why
Its colour hath escaped the eye,
Is, that your laurel quite obscures
The hair that ventures nearest yours.*

10

* Irish country-girls believe that, when they first hear the cuckoo, if they turn up the nearest stone, they will find a hair under it of the same colour as their future husband's. [L. Miss Margaret A. Power (1815?-1867) daughter of Captain Robert Power, was Lady Blessington's niece. Her portrait was in *The Book of Beauty*, for 1842.]

ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. ROSENHAGEN

[Published in 1846.]

Ah yes! the hour is come
When thou must hasten home,
Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of Death,
And nought that step appals.

Health has forsaken thee;
Hope says thou soon shalt be
Where happier spirits dwell,
There where one loving word 10
Alone is never heard,
That loving word, *farewell*.

[In a letter written July, 1843, Landor referred to Mrs. Rosenhagen as then dead. See 'Lines', p. 279.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO THEODOSIA GARROW

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

UNWORTHY are these poems of the lights
That now run over them; nor brief the doubt
In my own breast, if such should interrupt
(Or follow so irreverently) the voice
Of Attic men, of women such as thou,
Of sages no less sage than heretofore,
Of pleaders no less eloquent, of souls
Tender no less, or tuneful, or devout.
Unvalued, even by myself, are they,
Myself who rear'd them; but a high command 10
Marshall'd them in their station: here they are;
Look round; see what supports these parasites.
Stinted in growth and destitute of odour,
They grow where young Ternissa held her guide,
Where Solon awed the ruler; there they grow,
Weak as they are, on cliffs that few can climb.
None to thy steps are inaccessible,
Theodosia! wakening Italy with song
Deeper than Filicaia's, or than his
The triple deity of plastic art. 20
Mindful of Italy and thee, crown'd maid!
I lay this sere frail garland at thy feet . .

[Theodosia, daughter of Joseph Garrow (see note on p. 337), married in 1848 Thomas Adolphus Trollope and died in Florence, April 13, 1865. W.]

TO JOHN KENYON

[Published in 1846.]

So, Kenyon, thou lover of frolic and laughter,
We meet in a place where we never were sad.
But who knows what destiny waits us hereafter,
How little or much of the pleasures we had!
The leaves of perhaps our last autumn are falling;
Half-spent is the fire that may soon cease to burn;
How many are absent who heed not our calling!
Alas, and how many who can not return!

[Writing to Wordsworth in 1823 Landor mentioned "our common friend Mr. Kenyon", but they first met at Fiesole in 1830. In later years Landor visited him at Woodlands near Nether Stowey, at Wimbledon, and Torquay, and at Cowes where he died December 3, 1856. See *D.N.B.*]

TO JOHN KENYON

Now, ere you are one of them, puff from before you
 The sighs and entreaties that sadden Torquay: 10
 A score may cling round you, and one may adore you;
 If so, the more reason to hurry away.

TO ANDREW CROSSE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ALTHO' with Earth and Heaven	The rose-wreath from Anacreon,
you deal	And bears to see the orbs grow
As equal, and without appeal,	dim 21
And bring beneath your ancient	That shone with blandest light on
roof	him.
Records of all they do, and proof,	Others there are whose future
No right have you, sequester'd	day
Crosse,	No slender glories shall display;
To make the Muses weep your	But you would think me worse
loss.	than tame
A poet were you long before	To find me stringing name on
Gems from the struggling air you	name,
tore,	And I would rather call aloud
And bade the far-off flashes play	On Andrew Crosse than stem the
About your woods, and light your	crowd.
way. 10	Now chiefly female voices rise
With languour and disease op-	(And sweet are they) to cheer our
prest,	skies. 30
And years, that crush the tuneful	Suppose you warm these chilly
breast,	days
Southey, the pure of soul is mute!	With samples from your fervid
Hoarse whistles Wordsworth's	lays.
watery flute,	Come! courage! man! and don't
Which mourn'd with loud indig-	pretend
nant strains	That every verse cuts off a friend,
The famisht Black * in Corsic	And that in simple truth you
chains:	fain
Nor longer do the girls for Moore	Would rather not give poets pain.
Jilt Horace as they did before.	The lame excuse will never do . .
He sits contented to have won	Philosophers can envy too.

16 For foot-note, see notes at end of vol.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[SIX YEARS AGO]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THERE are some wishes that may start
Nor cloud the brow nor sting the heart.
Gladly then would I see how smiled
One who now fondles with her child;
How smiled she but six years ago,
Herself a child, or nearly so.
Yes, let me bring before my sight
The silken tresses chain'd up tight,
The tiny fingers tipt with red
By tossing up the strawberry-bed;
Half-open lips, long violet eyes,
A little rounder with surprise,
And then (her chin against the knee)
"Mama! who can that stranger be?
How grave the smile he smiles on me!"

10

[TO CLEMENTINA]

[Published in 1846.]

SWEET Clementina, turn those eyes
On lines that trembling love has traced;
O steal one moment from the skies,
With pity, as with beauty, graced.
So may the Virgin, ever blest,
Whate'er you hope, whate'er you do,
Rule o'er your pure and gentle breast,
And cast her tenderest smile on you.

Title not in text. See p. 268 and 'Elegy on a Gnat', vol. iv, p. 5.

TO E. F.

[Published in 1846.]

No doubt thy little bosom beats
When sounds a wedding bell,
No doubt it pants to taste the sweets
That songs and stories tell.
Awhile in shade content to lie,
Prolong life's morning dream,
While others rise at the first fly
That glitters on the stream.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO MISS ISABELLA PERCY

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

IF that old hermit laid to rest
Beneath your chapel-floor,
Could leave the regions of the blest
And visit earth once more:
If human sympathies could warm
His tranquil breast again,
Your innocence that breast could charm,
Perhaps your beauty pain.

7 could] would *MS. emendation*. [Miss Isabella Percy, daughter of the Hon. afterwards Lord Charles Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, near Warwick, died in 1891. W.]

FLOWERS SENT IN BAY-LEAVES

[Published in 1846.]

I LEAVE for you to disunite
Frail flowers and lasting bays:
One, let me hope, you'll wear to-night,
The other all your days.
3 to-night] *no stop in 1846.*

[Sent to Lady Blessington in a letter. Published in 1846. Reprinted in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855; *The Blessington Papers*, 1895. See note at end of volume.]

I PEN these lines upon that cypher'd cover
(Gift, I will answer for it, of some lover)
Which you have open'd for me more than once,
And when you told me I must write therein
And found me somewhat tardy to begin,
Call'd me but idler, tho' you thought me dunce.

Ah! this was very kind in you, sweet maiden,
But, sooth to say, my panniers are not laden
With half the wares they bore
In days of yore.

10

Beside, you will believe me when I say
That many madcap dreams and fancies,
As old dame Wisdom with her rod advances
Scamper away.

1 pen] *misprinted* fear, 1855. 10 days] the days 1855. 11 Beside] Besides 1855.
12 fancies] urchin fancies 1855, 1895.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

TURN, pretty blue eyes! wheresoever ye shine
 May pity persuade you to light upon mine!
 Our yesterday's glances by silent consent,
 Alternate from each, swiftly came, swiftly went.
 My zeal, my intemperate zeal, I deplore;
 I adored, and I burn'd to make others adore.
 O pardon, bright idol! Henceforth shall thy shrine
 Remurmur my sighs, and remurmur but mine.
 Thy suppliant shall grow more content and more wise,
 And his first and last prayer be, Turn, pretty blue eyes! 10

[Published in 1846; reprinted with minor variants, 1853 (No. cccxxviii).]

FROM leaves unopen'd yet, those eyes she lifts,
 Which never youthful eyes could safely view.
 "A book or flower, such are the only gifts
 I like to take, nor like them least from you."

A voice so sweet it needs no music's aid
 Spake it, and ceast: we, offering both, reply:
These tell the dull old tale that bloom must fade,
This the bright truth that genius can not die.

3 or] , a 1853. 5 music's] Muse's 1853. 6 ceast: we] ceast. We 1853. 7
 bloom] youth 1853. 8 can] shall 1853.

TO ONE WHO SAID SHE SHOULD LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

[Published in 1846.]

WHEN sea-born Venus guided o'er	Sighs, that with life alone ex-
Her warrior to the Punic shore,	pire,
Around that radiant head she	And flames that light the funeral
threw	pyre. 10
In deep'ning clouds ambrosial dew:	O Goddess! if that peerless maid
But when the Tyrian queen drew	Thou hast with every grace
near,	array'd,
The light pour'd round him fresh	Must, listening to thy gentle voice,
and clear.	Fix at first view th' eternal
Ill-starr'd Elisa! hence arose	choice . .
Her faithless joys, her stedfast	Suspend the cloud before her eyes
woes,	Until some godlike man arise;

6 [See Virgil, *Æneid* i. 586 seq.]

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

One of such wisdom that he knows	Calm courage and firm constancy;
How much he wins, how much he	Whose genius makes the world his
owes;	own,
21	
One in whose breast united lie	Whose glory rests in her alone.

22 in] on *MS. emendation*, 1846.

[Published in *Works*, 1846; also printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise,
Literary Anecdotes, 1895.]

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they'll shine again.

10

10 To . . . 'twere] And look for them in 1895. [The version printed in 1895 bore the date 'July 5' and was included in a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked Bath, July 12, 1838. Another manuscript dated June 5, 1838, was given either to Miss Rose Paynter or to her mother. Forster's statement that the poem was written during the early years of Landor's first residence in Italy may be a mistake. W.]

[Published in 1846.]

You love me; but if I confess	Whether I love; and as for vow . .
That I in turn love you no less,	You may demand it ten times over,
I know that you will glance aside	And never win from wary lover. 10
With real or affected pride;	Mind! if we men would be as blest
And, be it true or be it feign'd,	For ever as when first carest,
My bosom would alike be pain'd,	We must excite a little fear,
So that I will not tell you now	And sometimes almost domineer.

[Published in 1846.]

OFTEN I have heard it said	When she kist me once in play,
That her lips are ruby-red.	Rubies were less bright than they,
Little heed I what they say,	And less bright were those which
I have seen as red as they.	shone
Ere she smiled on other	In the palace of the Sun. 10
men,	Will they be as bright again?
Real rubies were they then.	Not if kist by other men.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

RIGHTLY you say you do not know	Nor urge me to take all at once.
How much, my little maid, you	You are so young, I dare not say
owe	I might demand from you each
My guardian care. The veriest	day
dunce	Of a long life a lawful kiss.
Beats me at reckoning. Pray,	I, so much older, won't repine 10
permit	If you pay <i>me</i> one, each of mine,
My modesty to limit it,	But be exact; begin with this.

A MASK ON A RING

Published in 1846; reprinted with minor variant in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869, where dated 1843.]

FORSTER! you who never wore
Any kind of mask before;
Yet, by holy friendship! take
This, and wear it for my sake.

1 you who] though you 1869.

TO JOHN FORSTER

[Published in 1846.]

FORSTER! whose zeal hath seiz'd each written page
That fell from me, and over many lands
Hath clear'd for me a broad and solid way,
Whence one more age, aye, haply more than one,
May be arrived at (all through thee), accept
No false or faint or perishable thanks.
From better men, and greater, friendship turn'd
Thy willing steps to me. From Eliot's cell
Death-dark; from Hampden's sadder battle-field;
From steadfast Cromwell's tribunitian throne,
Loftier than kings' supported knees could mount;
Hast thou departed with me, and hast climbed
Cecropian highths, and ploughed Ægean waves.
Therefore it never grieved me when I saw
That she who guards those regions and those seas
Hath lookt with eyes more gracious upon thee.
There are no few like that conspirator
Who, under pretext of power-worship, fell

10

TO JOHN FORSTER

At Cæsar's feet, only to hold him down
While others stabb'd him with repeated blows: 20
And there are more who fling light jibes, immerst
In gutter-filth, against the car that mounts
Weighty with triumph up the Sacred Way.
Protect in every place my stranger guests,
Born in the lucid land of free pure song,
Now first appearing on repulsive shores,
Bleak, and where safely none but natives move,
Red-poll'd, red-handed, siller-grasping men.
Ah! lead them far away, for they are used
To genial climes and gentle speech; but most 30
Cymodameia: warn the Tritons off
While she ascends, while through the opening plain
Of the green sea (brighten'd by bearing it)
Gushes redundantly her golden hair.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

IN wrath a youth was heard to say,
"From girl so false I turn away.
By all that 's sacred, ice shall burn
And suns shall freeze ere I return."
But as he went, at least one finger
Within her hand was found to linger;
One foot, that should outstrip the wind,
(But only one) drew loads behind.

[Published in 1846.]

LADY TO LADY

TELL me, proud though lovely maiden!
He who heaves from heart o'erladen
Verse on verse for only you,
What is it he hopes to do?

REPLY

What he hopes is but to please.
If I give his hand a squeeze,
Silent, at the closing strain,
Tell me, does it write in vain.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846, also printed from a manuscript in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

SWEET was the song that Youth	Holds back the blighting wings of
sang once,	Time,
And passing sweet was the re-	Melts with his breath the crusty
sponse;	rime,
But there are accents sweeter far	And looks into our eyes, and
When Love leaps down our even-	says,
ing star,	“Come, let us talk of former days.”

2 passing] very 1855. 1. 6 om. 1855.

[Published in 1846. Also printed from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

“You remember no doubt those [verses] of Lord Byron, ‘Give me the dark and lustrous eye’—a young lady very Byronical was pleased to say she should not expect any better *except from me* . . . It cost me no trouble to give her these—” [*Landon to Lady Blessington, in a letter postmarked Bath, Oct. 15, 1838.*]

GIVE me the eyes that look on mine,	Give me the eyes that catch at
And, when they see them dimly	last
shine,	A few faint glimpses of the
Are moister than they were.	past,
Give me the eyes that fain would	And, like the arkite dove,
find	Bring back a long-lost olive bough,
Some relics of a youthful mind	And can discover even now 11
Amid the wrecks of care.	A heart that once could love.

9 like] as 1895. 10 Bring . . a] Descried the 1895. 11 And can] In me 1895.

TO THE REVEREND CUTHBERT SOUTHEY

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 26, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. ccl).]

CUTHBERT! whose father first in all our land
 Sate in calm judgment on poetick peer,
 Whom hatred never, friendship seldom, warpt . .
 Again I read his page and hear his voice;
 I heard it ere I knew it, ere I saw
 Who uttered it, each then to each unknown.
 Twelve years had past, when upon Avon's cliff,
 Hard-by his birthplace, first our hands were joined;
 After three more he visited my home.
 Along Lantony's ruined ailes we walkt
 And woods then pathless, over verdant hill

10

2 poetick] poetic 1853. 4 Again] Agen 1853.

TO CUTHBERT SOUTHEY

And ruddy mountain, and aside the stream
Of sparkling Hondy.

War had paus'd: the Loire

Invited me. Again burst forth fierce War.
I minded not his fury: there I staid,
Sole of my countrymen, and foes abstain'd
(Tho' sore and bleeding) from my house alone.
But female fear impell'd me past the Alps,
Where, loveliest of all lakes, the Lario sleeps
Under the walls of Como.

There he came

Again to see me; there again our walks
We recommenced . . . less happy than before.
Grief had swept over him; days darkened round:
Bellagio, Valintevi, smiled in vain,
And Monterosa from Helvetia far
Advanced to meet us, mild in majesty
Above the glittering crests of giant sons
Stationed around . . . in vain too, all in vain.

Perhaps the hour may come when others, taught
By him to read, may read my page aright
And find what lies within it; time enough
Is there before us in the world of thought.
The favor I may need I scorn to ask.
What sovran is there able to reprove,
How then to grant, the life of the condemned
By Justice, where the Muses take their seat?
Never was I impatient to receive
What any man could give me: when a friend
Gave me my due, I took it, and no more . . .
Serenely glad because that friend was pleased.
I seek not many, many seek not me.
If there are few now seated at my board,
I pull no children's hair because they munch

13 Hondy.] 1853 here inserts five lines as below:

. . . Hondy. Just at close of day
There by the comet's light we saw the fox
Rush from the alders, nor relax in speed
Until he trod the pathway of his sires
Under the hoary crag of Comioy.
Then both were happy. War . . .

[Comioy (Cwmyoy) three miles nearly south of Lantony (Llanthony).] 14 Again]
Agen 1853. 18 impell'd] impell'd 1853. 21 Again . . . again] Agen . . . agen
1853. 22 happy] pleasant 1853.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Gilt gingerbread, the figured and the sweet,
Or wallow in the innocence of whey;
Give *me* wild-boar, the buck's stout haunch give *me*,
And wine that time has mellowed, even as time
Mellows the warrior hermit in his cell.

48

Jan. 17

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

48 stout] broad 1853.

[IN MEMORIAM. LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 23, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. cxxxxvii).]

AGAIN, perhaps and only once again,
I turn my steps to London. Few the scenes
And few the friends that there delighted me
Will now delight me: some indeed remain,
Tho' changed in features . . friend and scene . . both changed!
I shall not watch my lilac burst her bud
In that wide garden, that pure fount of air,
Where, risen ere the morns are warm and bright,
And stepping forth in very scant attire,
Timidly, as became her in such garb,
She hastened prompt to call up slumbering Spring.
White and dim-purple breath'd my favorite pair
Under thy terrace, hospitable heart,*
Whom twenty summers more and more endear'd;
Part on the Arno, part where every clime
Sent its most graceful sons, to kiss thy hand,
To make the humble proud, the proud submissive,
Wiser the wisest, and the brave more brave.
Never, ah never now, shall we alight
Where the man-queen † was born, or, higher up
The nobler region of a nobler soul,‡
Where breath'd his last the more than kingly man.
Thou sleepest, not forgotten, nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chesnut shade by Saint Germain;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,

10

20

* Lady Blessington [L. *She died June 4, 1849.*]

† Elizabeth. [L.]

‡ The Protector. [L.]

IN MEMORIAM. LADY BLESSINGTON

Where Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
(Tho' stood against me stubborn stony knoll
With cross-grain'd olives long confederate)
And brought together slender cypresses
And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
And bade the modest violet bear her part.

30

Dance, youths and maidens! tho' around my grave
Ye dance not, as I wisht; bloom, myrtles! bend
Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
I must not come among you; fare ye well!

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 26, 1850; reprinted 1853 (No. LXXV).]

YEARS, many parti-color'd years,
Some have crept on, and some have flown,
Since first before me fell those tears
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,
Years not so varied, when from you
One more will fall: when, carried home,
I see it not, nor hear *adieu*!

W. S. L.

Signature in 1850 only.

TO THE CONQUEROR OF SCINDE

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, March 29, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. CXXLVII).]

WELCOME to England, thou whom Peace
More than triumphant war delights!
Welcome to England, thou whom Greece
Had chosen to protect her rights!

Had chosen to arouse her bands
When Sloth and Pleasure held them down;
Upon thy brow her grateful hands
Had often placed the double Crown.

1 [General Sir Charles Napier, who resigned the post of Commander-in-Chief, India, owing to a disagreement with Lord Dalhousie, left Simla in November 1850, and reached England in the following March. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Napier! I praise thee not because
Of powerful princes overthrown,
But for those just and equal laws,
Napier! thy gift, and thine alone.

10

After l. 12 four lines were added in 1853 as below:

May years far hence, when British feet
Tread Waterloo's historick plains,
Some pious voice these words repeat,
Thank Heaven! one hero yet remains.

TO THE HON. CAROLINE COURTENAY BOYLE

[Published in *The Examiner*, March 12, 1853; reprinted in *Last Fruit*, 1853
(No. COLXXI).]

FROM Marston's shady paths what Genius led
Your later steps to sandy Portishead?
Has Fortune frown'd? then leave her, and pursue
Guides, to their holier votary, far more true.
I call you not, nor would you hear the call,
Where tasteless fruits and scentless blossoms fall,
Where plodding Learning ploughs some barren shore
Or worthless Wealth counts and recounts his store,
But where, in lovely silence, Nature spreads
Her heaven-crown'd mountains and submissive meads,
Rivers, which now stand still, now swiftly run,
Proud, overjoyed, to catch the stealthy sun,
And seas, in saddened calm, as day declines
O'er the broad headlands of umbrageous pines.
Think not ingenuous Art and virtuous Toil
Bend down to common peers the stem of Boyle.
Above the earth are greater than the great
Whom in his image mortal can create.
To a stern mother struggling Honor clings
And sees a sponsor, not a sire, in kings.
The mine is lower than the fertile sod,
And Man's best gift than the least gift of God.
Behold the noblest of the Howard race
Among the sons of labour take his place.
Beyond all other claims he claims the right

10

20

[The Hon. Caroline Boyle (1803–1883), daughter of Admiral Sir Courtenay Boyle, had been Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide. See *Mary Boyle: her book*. 1901. W.] 7 ploughs] plows *Last Fruit*. 14 headlands] headland *Last Fruit*. Between ll. 20–21 "*Last Fruit*" inserts two lines:

A name, a bell-hung whistle, kings may give,
But Toil must brace the creature born to live.

23Howard [George Frederick, 7th Earl of Carlisle, Miss Boyle's cousin. W.]

TO CAROLINE BOYLE

And shows the power to teach and to delight.
 Behold Azeglio; him whose hand imparts
 A help at once to Freedom and the Arts:
 He quits the pomp of courts, the pride of power,
 To spend with Painture an untroubled hour, 30
 Nor scorns his generous heart, his manly sense,
 What *we* call tribute, fools call recompense.
 The pencil is a sceptre in the hand
 That wields it well, and wide is its command:
 Exert its sway and (for you can) combine
 Turner's warm zeal with Poussin's wise design,
 O'er England's mist bid timid gleams arise,
 And pour fresh glory from Italian skies.
 Such o'er Boccaccio's happy valley shone,
 Valley which I, as happy, call'd my own, 40
 When my young chivalry begirt your side
 With Tuscan courtesy and English pride.

Feb. 24.

W. S. LANDOR.

27 Azeglio [Marchese D'Azeglio (ob. 1886) to whom "Last Fruit" was dedicated.
 W.] 33 sceptre] scepter *Last Fruit*. Signature and date om. in "*Last Fruit*".

[AN EPITAPH]

[Written 1799; published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LXXI).]

HERE lies our honest friend Sam	So voluble, so eloquent,
Parr,	You little heeded what he meant:
A better man than most men are.	So generous, he could spare a word
So learned, he could well dispense	To throw at Warburton or Hurd:
Sometimes with merely common	So loving, every village-maid
sense:	Sought his caresses, tho afraid. 10

Title not in text. [These lines, Landor said, were given to Parr as an epitaph on December 21, 1799. W.] l. 8 [See Parr's preface to *Tracts of Warburton and a Warburtonian*, 1789. W.]

TO ANTINÖE IN PARIS, 1802

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXXIX).]

I sometimes translate from the Spanish. These are from Don Diaz Labrusca who appears to have been in love with a French lady. [Landor to Miss Rose Paynter, Bath, July?, 1840.]

I VALUE not the proud and stern
 Who ruled of old o'er bleak Auvergne,
 Whose images you fear'd to pass
 Recumbent under arching brass,

Introduction. [See *Letters, &c.*, 1899, p. 61.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nor thought how fondly they had smiled
Could they have seen their future child.
And yet, Antinœe, I would pray
Saint after saint to see the day
When undejected you once more
Might pass along that chappel-floor;
When, standing at its altar crown'd
With wild flowers from the ruin round,
Your village priest might hear and bless
A love that never shall be less.

10

[IN MEMORIAM—SOUTHEY]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXX).]

It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream?)
In which I wander'd thro a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power,
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I lept across a grave
Smelling of cool fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks or changes it.
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were)
And lookt around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compast me around. I wisht to find
One no less firm or ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven and whatso lies between.
He stood before me . . . Southey.

10

20

"Thou art he,"

Said I, "whom I was wishing."

"That I know,"

Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.

"We may be question'd, question we may not;
For that might cause to bubble forth again

IN MEMORIAM—SOUTHEY

Some bitter spring which crost the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths."

"I do not ask"

Said I, "about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walkt
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have roll'd behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellaggio villa-crown'd,
Thro the crisp waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames."
"Landor! I well remember it," said he,
"I had just lost my first-born only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore."

30

40

The words were not yet spoken when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An Angel threw his arms: it was that son.
"Father! I felt you wisht me," said the boy,
"Behold me here!"

Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. "See here your father's friend!"
He gazed into my face, then meekly said
"He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here."

50

[TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xci).]

MEYRICK! surrounded by Silurian boors,
Against that rabble shut your castle-doors;
I mean that coarser rabble which aspires
To square its shoulders in the squad of squires;
Which holds the scholar under heavy ban,
And, drunk or sober, spurns the gentleman.
Meyrick! how wide your difference! hardly wider
Your mellow claret and their musty cider.

Title not in 1853. [Landor visited Sir S. Meyrick at Goodrich Court, co. Hereford, in the summer of 1843, and in 1847 Sir Samuel dined with Landor at Bath. Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, whose *Critical Inquiry into Ancient Armour* was published in 1824, died in 1848. A letter to him from Landor was printed in *Notes and Queries*, April 15, 1882. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[GENERAL SIR CHARLES] NAPIER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXXV).]

SCINDE conquer'd, England's power restored,
Napier return'd each prince his sword;
Knarled with jewels, there were ten,
And all unsheath'd by gallant men.
"Give me your honor and take mine"
Said he. "Behold the terms we sign!"
He wrote to those at home who stand
At ease, and give at ease command;
And much of peace he spake, and more
Of men who blest the wounds they bore
For England's glory; of his own
What word did Napier utter? . . none.
Ripon was as discreet; he kept
The letter from all eyes and slept
Upon that battle-field.

10

"But where

The letter?"

"Letter? I declare

I have forgotten it."

Forget

The blow that rings o'er Indus yet,
And whose eternal echoes roll
From sea to sea, from pole to pole!
To save him his last grain of credit,
Let us believe he lied who said it.

20

l. 2 [This incident, which occurred on February 18, 1843, a day after the battle of Miani, was related by Sir William Napier in *The Conquest of Scinde*, 1845, p. 321. W.]

TO GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER

[Published in 1853 (No. CXXIX).]

OVER these solid downs eight years have past,
Since, with that man who taught how fields were won,
By every river of Iberia's realms,
And under every mountain, and against
Every beleaguer'd city, I return'd,
While Jupiter shone forth severely bright,
Watcher of all things in the world below.

Napier, how art thou changed! The brow, the soul,
Serene as ever, but deep-biting wounds,

TO GENERAL SIR W. NAPIER

And, keener than deep-biting wounds, the fangs
Of malice and ingratitude corrode
Thy generous heart. Bear bravely up, O friend!
O glory of all those who call thee so!
Thy spirit is unchanged. That deathless bird,
The black Caucasian, hither wings his way,
Swooping from sunny Scinde o'er foggy Thames,
And fain would pounce: he may have tugg'd and torn
Thy breast awhile; it springs again elate,
And the foul bird flies at the shout of Fame.

10

ELIOT Warburton

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxxix).]

ABOVE what head more hopeful ever closed
The gates of Ocean, Warburton, than thine?
Thou mightest in that mansion have reposed
Where Valor's and where Wisdom's trophies shine:
God will'd it otherwise; nor anthem swells
Around thy mortal spoils; but, passing o'er
The Atlantick wave, in grief the sailor tells
Where last was seen whom earth shall see no more.

[Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton was a passenger on board the S.S. *Amazon*, burnt at sea on January 4, 1852, and was among the many who lost their lives. W.]

TO THEODOSIA GARROW AT FLORENCE

[Published in 1853 (No. ccliii).]

FONDLER and mourner of *The Two Gazelles*,
At your approach the heart of Florence swells.
Nobly, O Theo! has your verse call'd forth
The Roman valour and Subalpine worth.
So stored with poetry what British mind
Have you, departed from us, left behind?
This makes a pretty garden, which he fills
With tiny castles and with tinkling rills;
Then calls the Faeries from their steril ground,
And ranker funguses spring thick around.
This, blear and languid, stiff in beak and claw,
With smaller vermin crams his puffy maw,

10

1 *The Two Gazelles* [Miss Garrow's poem "The Gazelles" was published in *The Book of Beauty* for 1839. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Pursues with flapping wing a hedgerow flight
And revels in the richness of the night.
While owls sweep on, and humming-birds flit past,
Your bower, where cedars spring aloft, shall last.

E. ARUNDELL

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxvii).]

NATURE! thou mayest fume and fret,
There's but one white violet;
Scatter o'er the vernal ground
Faint resemblances around,
Nature! I will tell thee yet
There 's but one white violet.

[Elizabeth, only daughter of Joseph Esdaile, born 1810, married 1832 the Hon. Henry Arundell, third son of the ninth Baron Arundell of Wardour. "White violet" was the name sometimes given to her by friends in Bath. W.]

[TO ELIZA LYNN]

[Published in 1853 (No. LIX).]

OUR days are number'd, O Eliza! mine
On the left hand have many numerals,
Few on the right; but while those days decline
May her's shine bright who graced these lonely halls!

Title not in text. [Mrs. Lynn Linton related in *Fraser's Magazine*, July 1870, how she first met Landor at Bath in 1847 eleven years before her marriage. W.]

[A DREAM]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxvii).]

A VOICE in sleep hung over me, and said
"Seest thou him yonder?" At that voice I raised
My eyes: it was an Angel's: but he veil'd
His face from me with both his hands, then held
One finger forth, and sternly said agen,
"Seest thou him yonder?"

On a grassy slope
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,
A slumbering man I saw: methought I knew

Title not in text.

A DREAM

A visage not unlike it; whence the more
It troubled and perplexed me.

"Can it be

10

My own?" said I.

Scarce had the word escaped
When there arose two other forms, each fair,
And each spake fondest words, and blamed me not,
But blest me, for the tears they shed with me
Upon that only world where tears are shed,
That world which they (why without me?) had left.
Another now came forth, with eye askance:
That she was of the earth too well I knew,
And that she hated those for loving me
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.
Of earth was yet another; but more like
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love:
She from afar brought pity; and her eyes
Fill'd with the tears she fear'd must swell from mine:
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses
Heav'd her fair bosom; and her hand was raised
To shelter me from that sad blight which fell
Damp on my heart; it could not; but a blast,
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond
And threw me on the ice-bergs of the north.

20

30

22 twain] so in corrigenda 1853. train in text.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxvi). Also printed from a manuscript in
Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

Here are some lines which I wrote when I was rather a younger man—date them
fifty years back. (*Londor to Lady Blessington, February 28, 1848.*)

THE fault is not mine if I love you too much,
I loved you too little too long,
Such ever your graces, your tenderness such,
And the music the heart gave the tongue.

A time is now coming when Love must be gone
Tho he never abandon'd me yet.
Acknowledge our friendship, our passion disown,
Our follies (ah can you?) forget.

For l. 4 1855 substitutes:

The music so sweet of your tongue

5 A] The 1855. 8 Our . . . you?)] Not even our follies 1855.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxv).]

FAIR Love! and fairer Hope! we play'd together,
When ye were little ones, for many a day,
Sometimes in fine, sometimes in gloomier weather:
Is it not hard to part so soon in May?

SEPARATION

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxviii).]

THERE is a mountain and a wood between us,
Where the lone shepherd and late bird have seen us
Morning and noon and even-tide repass.
Between us now the mountain and the wood
Seem standing darker than last year they stood,
And say we must not cross, alas! alas!

[Published in 1853 (No. xrv).]

I WILL not, dare not, look behind,
On days when you were true and kind,
Oh that I now could grow as blind.
Why did you ever tempt the sea
And the sea-breeze, if *there* must be
A lesson of inconstancy.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlv).]

IF you no longer love me,	Recover'd is my freedom,
To friendship why pretend?	And you again are free.
Unworthy was the lover,	I've seen the bird that summer
Unworthy be the friend.	Deluded from her spray 10
I know there is another	Return again in winter
Of late prefer'd to me:	And grieve she flew away.

MISTAKE RECTIFIED

[Published in 1853 (No. cliv).]

'Tis not Lucilla that you see
Amid the cloud and storm:
'Tis Anger . . What a shame that he
Assumes Lucilla's form!

1 Lucilla [Lucy Lynn, born 1820, sister to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and married to Rev. Augustus Gedge.—W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TWO ROSES

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXIV).]

CAN ye not love more sisterly,
Ye roses, but must *you* keep down
The latest-born? *you* under, try
To push aside your sister's crown?
O shame upon you, envious pair!
Well may *you* blush; and well may *you*
Hide your young face. Look! one comes near
Who by her smile shall shame the two.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxii).]

THE wisest of the wise	Alas! and I have not
Listen to pretty lies	The pleasant hour forgot
And love to hear 'em told.	When one pert lady said
Doubt not that Solomon	"O Walter! I am quite
Listen'd to many a one,	Bewilder'd with affright!
Some in his youth and more when	I see (sit quiet now) a white hair
he grew old.	on your head."
I never was among	Another more benign
The choir of Wisdom's song,	Snipt it away from mine, 20
But pretty lies loved I	And in her own dark hair
As much as any king, 10	Pretended it was found . . .
When youth was on the wing,	She leapt, and twirl'd it round ..
And (must it then be told?) when	Fair as she was, she never was so
youth had quite gone by.	fair.

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxx).]

REST of my heart! no verse can tell
My blissful pride, beloved by you;
Yet could I love you half so well
Unless you once had grieved me too?

[Published in 1853 (No. cxxxv).]

THE Wine is murmuring in the	To wing the dove to meet his
gloom,	bride,
Because he feels that Spring is	And not disdainfully to pass
come	Even the snail along the grass;
To gladden everything outside . .	Because he feels that on the slope

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of his own hill the vine-flowers ope; Because he feels that never more Will earth or heaven <i>his</i> past restore. 10	But murmurs, swells, and beats in vain. "Why think about it?" Need I say, Remembering one sweet hour last May?
He beats against the ribs of iron Which him and all his strength environ;	We think and feel ('twas <i>your</i> remark)
He murmurs, swells, and beats agen,	Then most when all around is dark.

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. LIV).]

Too mindful of the fault in Eve, You ladies never will believe, Else I would venture now to say I love you quite as well this day As when fire ran along my veins	From your bright eyes, and joys and pains Each other's swelling waves pur- sued, And when the wooer too was wooded.
--	--

7 waves] nerves in text, waves in corrigenda 1853.

[Published in 1853 (No. XIX).]

"Why do I smile?" To hear you say
"One month, and then the shortest day!"
The shortest, whate'er month it be,
Is the bright day you pass with me.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXVII).]

THERE is a time when the romance of life
Should be shut up, and closed with double clasp:
Better that this be done before the dust
That none can blow away falls into it.

[Published in 1853 (No. CLII).]

OUR youth was happy: why repine
That, like the Year's, Life's days decline?
'Tis well to mingle with the mould
When we ourselves alike are cold,
And when the only tears we shed
Are of the dying on the dead.

6 on] so in corrigenda 1853, misprinted or in text.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLXII).]

WHY do our joys depart
For cares to seize the heart?
I know not. Nature says,
Obey; and man obeys.
I see, and know not why
Thorns live and roses die.

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXIII).]

ALL is not over while the shade
Of parting life, if now aslant,
Rests on the scene whereon it play'd
And taught a docile heart to pant.
Autumn is passing by; his day
Shines mildly yet on gather'd sheaves,
And, tho the grape be pluckt away,
Its colour glows amid the leaves.

YOUTH

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXV).]

THE days of our youth are not over while sadness
Chills never, and seldom o'ershadows, the heart;
While Friendship is crowning the banquet of Gladness
And bids us be seated and offers us part;
While the swift-spoken *when?* and the slowly-breath'd *hush!*
Make us half-love the maiden and half-hate the lover,
And feel too what is or what should be a blush . .
Believe me, the days of our youth are not over.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXXXIII).]

BIDDEN by Hope the sorrowful and fond
Look o'er the present hour for hours beyond.
Some press, some saunter on, until at last
They reach that chasm which none who breathe hath past.
Before them Death starts up, and opens wide
His wings, and wafts them to the farther side.

[Published in 1853 (No. LXVI).]

DEATH, in approaching, brings me sleep so sound
I scarcely hear the dreams that hover round;
One cruel thing, one only, he can do . .
Break the bright image (Life's best gift) of you.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLX). Also printed from a manuscript in Mrs. Andrew Crosse's *Red Letter Days*, 1892. Dated in another MS., March 21, 1853.]

THERE are few on whom Fortune in one form or other,
So various and numberless, never hath smiled;
One fountain the sands of the desert may cover,
Another shall rise in the rocks of the wild.

We leave the bright lotus that floats on our river
And the narrow green margin where youth hath reposed.
Fate drives us; we sigh, but sigh vainly, that ever
Our eyes in a slumber less sweet should be closed:

Ah! while it comes over us let us assemble
What once were not visions, but visions are now, 10
Now love shall not torture, now hope shall not tremble,
And the last leaf of myrtle stil clings to the brow.

3 desert] desert 1892. 4 in] 'mid 1892. 5 lotus] lotos 1892. 9 Ah!] But 1892.

LOSS OF MEMORY

[Published in 1853 (No. CLXXIII).]

<p>MEMORY! thou hidest from me far, Hidest behind some twinkling star Which peers o'er Pindus, or whose beam Crosses that broad and rapid stream Where Zeus in wily whiteness shone And Leda left her virgin zone. Often I catch thy glimpses stil By that clear river, that lone hill, But seldom dost thou softly glide To take thy station at my side, 10 When later friends and forms are near; From these thy traces disappear,</p>	<p>And scarce a name can I recall Of those I value most of all. At times thou hurriest me away, And, pointing out an earlier day, Biddest me listen to a song I ought to have forgotten long: Then, looking up, I see above The plumage of departing Love, And when I cry, <i>Art thou too gone?</i> 21 He laughs at me and passes on. Some images (alas how few!) Stil sparkle in the evening dew Along my path: and must they quite Vanish before a deeper night? Keep one, O Memory! yet awhile And let me think I see it smile.</p>
--	--

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cxxx).]

WHEN closes overhead the warmer ray,
And love has lived his little life away,
How dull and lingering comes the ancient tale,
How sorrowful the song of nightingale!
At last by weariness, not pain, opprest,
We pant for sleep, and find but broken rest;
A rest unbroken in due order comes,
And friends awake us in their happier homes.

[Deleted in the proof sheets of *Last Fruit*, 1853.]

Love was running in the head
Of a youth, and thus he said,
"Sweetest! sweetest! wouldst thou come,
Life would then be less hum-drum."

Overjoyed to overhear,
Stealthily the girl drew near.
Ere she yet had got half-way
Suddenly she stopt to say,
"Now I wonder if that youth
Ever spoke a word of truth:
If I thought he ever did,
Should I shun him? God forbid!"

10

LORD DUDLEY STUART

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 25, 1854.]

By the grave's coldness palsied is the hand
Of whoso bends to drop into its loose
And humid soil the last memorial flower.
While others sing victorious arms, and wounds
Staunched by the pennon, graspt until the grasp
Of Death was stronger, what for me remains
But languid sorrow and this verse inert?
Yet thine too, Dudley, thine was warfare, thine
Battle throughout not one brief day alone;
'Twas lifelong, more than lifelong; stil it burns
In mightier hosts than ever Xerxes led,
Or Gengis, or that prouder one who warred
Against the Elements and Truth and God.

10

[Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, who had gone to Sweden to advocate the cause of the Poles, died at Stockholm, November 17, 1854. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Dudley! what he undid thou wouldst restore.

O Scandinavia! thou hast borne erewhere
The bravest of mankind, and mourn'd the best
Of all the kings that ever ruled on earth:
His was pure faith, and valor as unstain'd.
Thus God, whom weak men say they glorify,
By him was glorified. In foren land
He fell; in foren land thou fallest too;
He for his country, thou for all who live.

20

Nov. 22.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO ARTHUR WALKER

NEPHEW OF SIR BALDWIN*

[Published in *The Examiner*, January 27, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

SOLDIER and Saint! go forth. A groan of pain
Draws unavailing Pity from the slain:
She points before thee where, on either hand,
Angels of mercy, mortal angels, stand.
Go, Arthur! Friends will weep; but sternest Pride
May shed some tears, some few, he would not hide.
The path of danger ever was thy path:
God's children heed not Man's unmanly wrath.
He call'd thee forth and led thee unappall'd
Where Pestilence smote cities, vainly wall'd:
May He who rules the tempest, O may He
Protect and guide thee on the Euxine sea!

10

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

* He left the service some years ago; therefore he will not (as many do) fear disapprobation in high quarters of praise offered by others. [L. om. 1858. Captain Arthur de Noé Walker after resigning his commission in the Indian army qualified as a surgeon and served as such in the Crimea. He was a nephew not of Sir Baldwin but of General Sir George Townshend Walker, Commander-in-Chief, Madras. W.]

9 unappall'd] unapall'd 1858. Signature in 1855 only.

JULIUS HARE

[Published in *The Examiner*, February 3, 1855; reprinted 1858.]

JULIUS! how many hours have we
Together spent with sages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armure none more bold.
[Archdeacon Hare died January 23, 1855. W.]

JULIUS HARE

By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard.
O Fame! how feebler all thy breath
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

January 30, 1855.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Date and signature om. 1858.

TO THEODOSIA GARROW

WITH *PERICLES AND ASPASIA*

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

By whom, Aspasia, wilt thou sit? No more beneath Pandion's walls
Let me conduct thy steps, apart, The purer Muses sigh in vain:
To her whose graces and whose wit Departed Time her voice re-
Had shared with thine, Cleone's calls,
heart. To hear the Attic song again.

4 Cleone's] *misprinted* Cleona's.

[THOUGHTS ON DEATH]

[Written November 1842; published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855.]

THE happy who are called above,
Must give the *angels* all their love;
So when you get there, you will find
Exactly what you left behind.

Title not in 1855, but given to a poem in *The Keepsake* for 1843 by Miss Ellen Power, Lady Blessington's niece. Landor's lines were in answer to Miss Power's query: 'by the friends who loved us here shall we be loved in heaven?' [W.]

[TO LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, with a Latin version.]

WHAT language, let me think, is meet
For you, well called the Marguerite.
The Tuscan has too weak a tone,
Too rough and rigid is our own;
The Latin—no—it will not do,
The Attic is alone for you.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

STAY with me, Time! Stay here and rest,
Although (grammercy!) 'tis confess't,
Men find thee an unwelcome guest.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

But thou'rt too weary to go on,
And twenty years must yet have flown,
Ere thou canst get to Kensington.

Dated 1849 in 1895.

PREFERENCES

[In first proofs of *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Cancelled.

It may be true as you declare	Obliged to take for it your word,
That very few on earth there are	Take mine; I'd rather you prefer'd
Whom you prefer to me.	The universe than * * *

TO SOUTHEY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Also printed with variants in *Landon: a Biography*, 1869. Fourteen lines with variants were included in a poem published 1831, reprinted 1846. See vol. iv, p. 8.]

LAUGH, honest Southey! *prithee come
With every laugh thou hast at home;
But leave there Virtue, lest she sneer
At one most noble British Peer,
Who ties fresh tags upon his ermine
By crying *Aye* and catching vermin:
Terror of those, but most the foe
Of all who *think* and all who *know*.
The passive transferable tool
Of every knave and every fool
Whom England's angry Genius sent
To glut our hungry Parliament;
A sworn apprentice who, accurst
With pale ambition's feverish thirst,
Is doomed to labor all he can
Yet never to be *master man*.

10

"Such characters, methinks you say,
We meet by hundreds every day;
And common dolts and common slaves,
Distinguisht but by stars or staves,
Should glitter and go out, exempt
From all but common men's contempt,
The hounds that on their dunghills rot,
Fawners or snarlers, are forgot;
But not more speedily than those

20

* *Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.* CATULLUS. [L. *Ode*, xxxi. 14.

Title om. 1869. ll. 9-16, 23-6 *om.* 1869.

TO SOUTHEY

Whose pleasures hang upon their nose.
 Ribbons and garters, these are things
 Often by Ministers and Kings,
 Not over-wise nor over-nice,
 Confer'd on folly and on vice. 30
 How wide the difference let them see
 'Twixt these and immortality!"

Yes, oftentimes imperial Seine
 Has listened to my early strain.
 Beyond the Rhine, beyond the Rhone,
 My Latian Muse is heard and known:
 On Tiber's bank, in Arno's shade,
 I woo'd and won the classic Maid.
 When Spain from base oppression rose,
 I foremost rushed amid her foes. 40
 Galicia's hardy band I led,
 Inspirited, and cloathed, and fed.
 Homeward I turn: o'er Hatteril's rocks
 I see my trees, I hear my flocks.
 Where alders mourn'd their fruitless bed,
 A million larches raise the head;
 And from Segovia's hills remote
 My sheep enrich my neighbor's cote:
 The wide and easy road I lead
 Where never paced the harness steed; 50
 Where scarcely dared the goat look down
 Beneath the fearful mountain's frown,
 Suspended while the torrent's spray
 Springs o'er the crags that roll away.
 But Envy's steps too soon pursue
 The man who hazards schemes so new;
 Who, better fit for Rome and Greece,
 Thinks to be *Justice of the Peace!*

ll. 33-6, 45-54 included in poem published 1831, reprinted 1846. 33 Yes,] Hence
1831, 1846. 34 Has] Hath 1831, 1846. 35 Beyond . . . , beyond] And past . . .
and past 1831, 1846. 40 amid] amidst 1869. 45 bed] beds 1831, 1846. 46 A
. . . head] A thousand cedars raise their heads 1831, 1846. Ten thousand cedars raise
their head 1869. 48 neighbor's] neighbour's 1831, 1846. 51 scarcely] hardly
1831, 1846. 52 the fearful] her parent 1831, 1846. 53 torrent's] torrent- 1831
1846. After l. 58 1869 adds four lines:

A Beaufort's timely care prevents
 These wild and desperate intents.
 His grandsons, take my word, shall show for't
 This my receipt in full to Beaufort.

[For Landon's letter to the Duke of Beaufort see Forster, *Landon: A Biography*, i. 341.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

SOUTHEY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SOUTHEY and I have run in the same traces,
When we break down what pair shall fill our places?

TO SOUTHEY

[Published in 1858.]

AH Southey! how we stumble on thro' life
Among the broken images of dreams,
Not one of them to be rais'd up agen!

ON SOUTHEY'S DEATH

[Published in 1858.]

FRIENDS! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day.
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.

TO SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in 1858.]

NAPIER! I am too prompt to cry	Who crost the Erythræan sea, 10
Against injustice; such am I,	And saw his nation safe and free.
Yet sometimes in a calmer mood	Warrior and Prophet too wast
I cease to think of it: no good	thou,
In anger, little in reproof . .	Long disallow'd, acknowledged
From each then let me stand aloof.	now.
But scorn can ill repress her laugh	In toil and pain ran on thy days,
To see the boobies gild the calf.	At nightfall came thy country's
Warrior and Prophet too was he	praise.

TO TIME, ON CH. NAPIER

[Published in 1858.]

TIME! seated on thy hoary rock,	With healing on thy wings, O Time,
Let Ages o'er thee roll,	To these shalt thou descend, 10
Their shifting movements calmly	And lift them o'er that mound
mock,	sublime
Above such weak controll.	Where earth and heaven blend.
Yet thou art mortal; men there are	Rise, Napier! thou art call'd away
Immortal; they from heaven	By him who hears <i>my</i> call,
Look down on thee, and little care	By him whom all for once obey,
What scars thy wrath has given.	Beyond that once <i>not</i> all.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

CHARLES AND WILLIAM NAPIER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

ONE brother closed the Scindian	Each, who abroad had overcome
war,	His foes, encountered worse at
The other the Peninsular:	home.
One bore his painful wounds few	England! are such rewards for
years,	these
The other his thro' fifty bears.	Who won and wrote thy victories?

TO SIR HENRY STRACHEY

[Published in 1858.]

STRACHEY! now may'st thou praise thy God
That thy tired feet long since retrod
Thy ancient hall, thy native fields,
And spurn'd the wealth that India yields.
Millions were grateful for thy care,
For wrong redrest and guilt laid bare:
Short-lived is Gratitude, of all
The Virtues first to faint and fall.
That court where thy tribunal stood
Is dyed and drencht with British blood.
Mothers and infants lie around
Hewn piecemeal: but from one worse wound
Brave husbands save a fond chaste breast,
Pierce it, and there again find rest.

10

[Sir Henry Strachey, 2nd bart., died April 11, 1858. He had retired from the Bengal Civil Service when Landor visited him at Sutton Court. A letter Landor wrote to him shortly after the visit was printed in *The Spectator*, June 20, 1891. W.]

TO LORD NUGENT

[Published in 1858.]

You ask me, will I come to Stowe;	Of all those chambers which was
I grieve my answer must be, <i>no</i> :	that
Yet, Nugent, I would fain behold	Where Love's exhausted victim
Once more your favorite haunts of	sat,
old,	Until Death call'd him, and he heard
Your native home: but since you	Sad-smiling, and obey'd the word,
say	What care I if a Cobham too
You know not where poor Ham-	Lived there? or, Nugent, even
mond lay;	you?

[This and the following poem were addressed to George Nugent Grenville, Baron Nugent, who died 1850, when the barony became extinct. W.] 6 Hammond [sc. James Hammond, ob. 1742. His *Love Elegies* were published 1743. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Come Bath-ward, I have bought So rare a curiosity:
a chair, Imperfectly by me 'twas done,
Able your whole expanse to bear; With a slight make-weight, scarce
But first examine it, then try ten stone.

TO LORD NUGENT

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AH Nugent! are those days gone Shouted along Thermopylæ? 10
by Who shared Olympus with the
When, warm from Chaucer, you Gods,
and I Or seized Earth's fairest daughter
Beheld our claret's beak dip low, Rhodes,
And then felt Moca's breezes blow, Or Delos girt with purple seas
Fragrant beyond the fragrant And peristyles of Cyclades?
flower Alas! alas! my genial friend,
Of citron in her dewy hour: There is a night when dreams
We schemed such projects as we must end;
might They, like all mortal things are
In younger days with better right. vain,
Athens was ours; and who but we But 'tis the vainest to complain.

KENYON AT COWES

[Published in 1858.]

MY Kenyon! who would live away Per Bacco! I would rather see
From Wimbledon a summer day. Than all the crowds that crowd
No, there is nothing worth the the gate
sight Before the greatest of the great
Where you are in your Isle of The gander and the goose upon
Wight. Your little mere at Wimbledon. 10
Wimbledon *has* its charms for me ..

ADVICE TO A MUSICAL MAN, NOT YOUNG

[Published in 1858.]

My dear friend Barry!
Think ere you marry
That "*Time is on the wing.*"
Do you not fear
That you may hear
The bride with laughter sing
Fa—la?

1 Barry [? Charles Ainalie Barry or William Vipond Barry, both musicians. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

OCTOBER 1799

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1853.]

WHY should sorrow darken over	Sadness is my doom as often
Brow by nature so serene?	As a sigh escapes from you.
Come, those lucid gems uncover,	Let me strengthen, and not
Drop those fingers from be-	soften,
tween.	Heart so tender and so true.

It hath spoken: why confess it?
Those loud sobs have told me thrice. 10
I would only not possess it,
O my love! at such a price.

FROM THE BAY OF BISCAY

[Published in 1858.]

AFAR our stormy vessel flies	Had not the Atlantic, cold and
From all my heart holds dear,	rough,
But thou art yet before my eyes,	Roll'd his wide wave between.
And thy far voice I hear.	
	Too happy, yes; but ah! how dear
The Fates then had not frowns	The price we should have paid!
enough;	I fear'd no tempest, there or here,
Too happy had we been	For thee was I afraid. 12

[Doubtless written, like the poem on p. 275, in 1808. W.]

GORE-HOUSE LEFT FOR PARIS

[Published in 1858.]

UNDER the lilacs we shall meet no more,
Nor Alfred's welcome hail me at the door,
Nor the brave guardian of the hall contend
In harsher voice to greet his trusty friend,
Nor on the banks of Arno or of Seine
Sure is my hope to bend my steps again;
But be it surer, Margarite, that Power
May stil remember many a festive hour,
More festive when we saw the captive free,
And clasp afresh the hand held forth by thee. 10

["Lady Blessington and the two Miss Powers left Gore House [Kensington] on the 14th of April, 1849. Count D'Orsay had set out for Paris a fortnight previously." Madden's *Blessington*, i. 208.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

DOROTHEA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

STATELY step, commanding eye,	Swifter now, approaching me,
Attributes of majesty,	And that eye whose one com-
Others may from far adore . .	mand
Adoration! mine is more	Is, " <i>Come here and take my</i>
When that stately step I see,	<i>hand.</i> "

[See 'On the Dead', p. 268.]

DEATH OF THE DAY

[Published in 1858. Also printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

My pictures blacken in their frames	Death of the day! a sterner Death
As night comes on,	Did worse before;
And youthful maids and wrinkled	The fairest form, the sweetest
dames	breath,
Are now all one.	Away he bore.

"This evening, I took my usual walk a little earlier, and sitting afterwards without candles for about an hour as I always do . . . I watched the twilight darken on my walls and my pictures vanish from before me." Landor to Forster, April 8, 1854.
7 the sweetest] and balmiest 1869.

TWICE TEN YEARS

[Published in 1858.]

I WAS not young when first I met	I sate as happy in the shade
That graceful mien, that placid	To hear the voice that could
brow:	beguile
Ah! twice ten years have past, and	My sorrow for whate'er I left
yet	In bright Ausonia, land of song,
Near these I am not older now.	And felt my breast not quite
Happy how many have been made	bereft
Who gazed upon your sunny	Of those home joys cast down
smile!	so long.

8 beguile] beguile. *mispr.* 1858, corrected here.

10 Ausonia] Ansonia *mispr.* 1858, corrected here.

LATE JEALOUSY

[Published in 1858.]

No, I have never feared that age	To every other cold as stone,
Your generous heart would dis-	But warm to you, and you alone.
engage	I loved your beauty for your
From one you long had valued, one	sake,

LATE JEALOUSY

My share of pleasure proud to take	To help her forward past her brother,
When younger men your worth could prize,	Distrusting . . me, shame! shame! . . in latin . .
And read their fortunes in your eyes.	The only thing that I am pat in.
But I am jealous now at last . . 10	I know what girls are, eight years old,
O that your wicked girl should cast	And she would laugh if I should scold.
Her teacher off, and take another	

THE CASKET

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

SURE, 'tis time to have resign'd	Whose this other, crisp and fair?
All the dainties of the mind,	Whose the slender ring? now broken
And to take a little rest	Undesignedly, a token, 10
After Life's too lengthen'd feast.	Love said <i>mine</i> ; and Friendship
Why then turn the casket-key?	said
What is there within to see?	<i>So I fear</i> ; and shook her head.
Whose is this dark twisted hair?	

GRAVER SONGS

[Published in 1858.]

GRAVER songs I fain would sing:
"Ah! 'twill never, never do!"
Love cries out . . and every string
Sounds, and sounds again, but you.

TO A MOURNER

[Published in 1858.]

AWAY with tears and sorrows! bid them cease
To haunt the lofty mansions of thy soul!
Shall serpent tongues disturb its heavenly peace?
Shall puny malice its strong will controul?

The purest bosoms of thy native land
Beat, gentle mourner, to partake thy cares:
O'er Badon's springs let Hermes wave his wand
And Lethe's waters intermix with theirs.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858; reprinted 1876.]

THERE is a flame that flickers over us,
Paler, yet not unlike the flame of love:
It never burns the hand: below the urn
That holds it, FRIENDSHIP is the word I read.

THE TIMID

[Published in 1858.]

MAIDENS are timid; were they bolder
One's head had rested on my shoulder,
And I above her slender neck
Had breath'd the thoughts I could not speak.
Breath'd! and what breath! her own! her own!
Heaven breath'd it in her breast alone.
There may be . . . ah there is! . . . a bliss
Even on our earth, surpassing this:
He who deserves it, he shall gain it,
And may he thro' long life retain it!
Happiest of mortal men! for he
May rest upon her constancy.
But let him know that every day
The fire now bright will ash away
Unless the sinking flame be fan'd
With active and unsparing hand,
And Love, as once, be ever near
To catch the sigh and wipe the tear.

10

STUDIOUS

[Published in 1858.]

IN youth, it is true, when my heart was o'erladen,
I call'd to relieve it a kind-hearted maiden.
I thought the whole summer was passing me while
I was told to walk on as she mounted the stile.
I trembled to touch the most innocent hand,
And thought it too much to receive a command:
At last the most hard of commands to obey
Was whispered in passing me

“Mind me, sir, pray!

If I waltz, if I gallop, you must not come near;
I once fear'd your eyes, now all others I fear.”

10

STUDIOUS

But tranquil days were advancing apace,
And we lookt, tho' not boldly, in each other's face;
And we sat on the mole-hill, and where there were ants
A vigilant hand well protected the plants;
Then I red to my listener; and often her face
Was turn'd rather nearer to look at the place,
While her elbow was covering our book; she "had heard
The rest quite distinctly, but not the last word."
It *was* the last word, the last word that I red,
And she found better room for her elbow and head.

20

TO A LADY

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

HAs there been all the year one	Or you were rather less self-will'd;
day	For in five minutes I could then
In which some rhymes I did not lay	Speak what I hardly write in ten,
Upon your toilet? or, should Love	And all I said you'd make me say
So order, push into your glove?	Again, and throw that scrawl
I wish your paper-case were fill'd,	away.

10

INCORRIGIBLE

[Published in 1858.]

My hopes and glories all go down,
Before the shadow of your frown:
You smile on me, and I am then
The happiest and the first of men.
To you is given, and but to you,
To punish and to pardon too.
Grave was my fault, yet wish it less
I can not; I would stil transgress.

LOVE IN YOUTH

[Published in 1858.]

SOUNDER, sweeter, be your sleep	In that vase: may I alone	10
For the few fond tears you weep!	Suffer, if there aught remain	
But, by all your brief young love	To be suffered yet of pain.	
Pure as any born above,	Spring is past; 'twas mutual then,	
I adjure you! let not me	Share it now with other men.	
Waste away your memory!	I would say too " <i>Make one blest,</i>	
Half-remember, half-forget,	But <i>that</i> speech within my breast	
What my heart will treasure yet,	(False for once) must be sup-	
Broken words not idly thrown	prest.	

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

FLATTERED ON MY YOUTH

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

FLATTER me not with idle tales of youth,
But rather flatter me than tell the truth:
My youth might not have gone had you been by,
And you been happy, tho' far less than I.

LESBIA NOSTRA! LESBIA ILLA!

[Published in 1858.]

Lips! that were often prest on mine,	I woo'd to right, I warn'd of wrong,
What falsehood ever found ye there?	I taught the little lore I knew; She paid me with a siren song . .
I scarcely call'd her half-divine, Scarcely the fairest of the fair.	Better one breath of pure and true!

"ARE YOU MAD OR TIPSY?"

[Published in 1858.]

Tho' the good luck I've often had
To be a little little mad,
Yet, save with certain eyes and lips, I
Have never in my life been tipsy.

THE GRATEFUL HEART

[Published in 1858.]

THE grateful heart for all things blesses ;
Not only joy, but grief endears :
I love you for your few caresses,
I love you for my many tears.

TO THE GIVER OF AN INKSTAND

[Published in 1858.]

Know me better. Do you think I will ever stain with ink Crystal vase and rosewood stand, Brought me by your bounteous hand? In that drawer shall never lie Aught design'd for other eye;	Neither sealing-wax nor note That the fairest fingers wrote; Nor the one I would retouch For too little or too much. 10 In that drawer shall never rest Naked hand with spear-head crest:
--	---

12 crest [A coat of arms was granted in 1687 to Walter Landor of Rugeley with crest "a hand proper holding a flower-de-lis azure". This Walter Landor, High Sheriff of Staffordshire, is sometimes described as the poet's ancestor, but he died in 1703 unmarried. W.]

TO THE GIVER OF AN INKSTAND

Whether *spear-head* crest it be
Or heraldic *fleur-de-lis*
It is much the same to me:

Only jewels should lie there
Or the flower you deign'd to
wear.

ON LOVE AND IDLENESS,

A SKETCH BY CORREGGIO

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

TROUBLESOME child! do let that youth alone;
Thy friend and fosterer in thy earliest days
Was Idleness; without him few or none
Have hail'd thy presence or have sung thy praise.

THE SAGE OF SEVENTEEN

[Published in 1858.]

LITTLE have you to learn from me, O sage of seventeen! Wiser I will not boast to be, I can not to have been.	And who to all your charms prefers Your pure and grateful heart. Slowly you'll draw it back again When Love demands his day; Pleasure will hardly conquer Pain To carry you away.
--	---

12

ERMININE READING HOMER

[Published in 1858.]

HELLEN was once as fair, Erminine! as you are, And was as fickle too Almost, or quite, as you. When you've turn'd o'er the page Of Greece's poet-sage,	You'll place upon one palm Your head, its thoughts to calm, And dwell upon the best Arising o'er the rest, "Who would not rather be Hector's Andromache?"
---	--

10

ERMININE

[Published in 1858.]

No Goddess is but seventeen; No Goddess then is Erminine. The Powers above submit to Fate, Even Venus is grown old of late, So that no lover ventures now	To breathe her name before his vow, Earth's fresher bloom the wise prefer In Erminine, and worship her.
---	---

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO A LOVER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

GAZE not at the lights that shine
From the heaven of Erminine.
Lover! tremble at those stars,
Bright as Venus, stern as Mars.
Tremble, lover! until Hope
Fixes firm your telescope.

LOVER'S ANSWER

[Published in 1858.]

GAZE not! By those heavens above!
By the sacred fire of Love!
By her purer self, I swear
I will gaze while *they* shine there.

A WHIPPING THREATENED A YOUNG LADY BY AN OLDER

[Published in 1858.]

If you design
For Erminine
A stroke or so,

I beg you'll make
Of me the stake
To tie her to.

A HEAVY FALL

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY, 1792

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 240; reprinted 1876.]

LUCILLA slapt my hand that day
Of Christmas when she heard me say,
What she declared was *like my folly*,
"O for that little sprig of holly!
O for that holly sprig to wear
Within my bosom all the year!"
For I had noticed who it was
That shook its rime off on the grass.
I leapt to snatch it from the ceiling;
It hung too high . . so, tottering, reeling,
A headlong fall I could not check,
But fell outright upon her neck.

10

1 Lucilla [See notes at end of volume.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO GENERAL CLARGES

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 146; reprinted 1876.]

THREESCORE and ten the years since Rugby saw
My bloody battles on the cricket-ground,
And, Clarges, you remember that I fought
Never with any but an older lad,
And never lost but two fights in thirteen.
Why wonder then if I so little heed
The petulance of weaker than myself,
Who play the judge and take the seat above?
See you not what they want? they scarce hope wrath,
It would be something would I but reply. 10
I let them light on any balder pate,
As flies do, and forbear to whisk them off;
To buffet them is but an invitation
To come again and blacken the repast.

11 pate] *so in corrigenda 1863.* place in text. [Lieut.-General Sir Richard Goddard Hare Clarges, a Peninsula veteran, was at Rugby. He died near Grantham, April 13, 1857. W.]

TO SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND

[Published in 1863, p. 271.]

DRUMMOND, your praises have been ever dear,
But most when pour'd into that willing ear
Which, turn'd away from flattery's voice, would bend
To catch the slightest word that fell from friend.
She * tells me, time and studious hours have bow'd
That gracile form which shunn'd the ignoble crowd;
And few even of the learned you admit
To share your wisdom and enjoy your wit:
And you expect and watch without dismay,
As virtuous courage bids, life's closing day: 10
Long may it linger yet, serenely bright,
And our last star stil guide us thro' the night.

* *The Idler in Italy*. [L. Writing at Rome early in 1828 Lady Blessington said "Sir William Drummond spoke to me in high terms of our friend Walter Savage Landor, whom he looks on as one of the most remarkable men of our time." Sir W. Drummond died at Rome, March 29, 1828. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 226.]

GUILFORD! it was not I who broke The promise made when last we met, It was that sharp and sudden stroke You feel no more, but I feel yet. What drove you from your cher- ished ile?	Said I . . . "A <i>Savage</i> ," you replied With playful wit and genial smile, "Few could perform that feat beside." Cold is the heart so warm that day, The spirit to its home is fled. 10 Alas! alas! the votive bay Encircles but a sculptured head.
---	--

1 *Guilford* [The fifth Earl of Guilford to whom, though then dead, Landor dedicated volume ii of *Imaginary Conversations*, published in 1829. W.]

[Published in 1863, p. 141.]

LYNDHURST came up to me among
A titled and untitled throng,
And after a few words were said
About the living and the dead,
Whom we had known together more
Than half a century before,
He added: "Faith! your choice was best
Amid the woods to build a nest.
But why so seldom wing it down,
To look at us who toil in town?" 10
"Would you change place with me?" said I.
To this a laugh was a reply.

1 *Lyndhurst* [For a different version in prose of the same incident see *Last Fruit*, p. 53. Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, 1841-6, was often among Lady Blessington's guests at Gore House, and Landor met him at dinner there in 1842. W.]

ON SOUTHEY'S TOMB

[Published in 1863, p. 133.]

Few tears, nor those too warm, are shed
By poet over poet dead.
Without premeditated lay
To catch the crowd, I only say,
As over Southey's slab I bend,
The best of mortals was my friend.

[Not Landor's, but Wordsworth's lines, beginning: "Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew," were inscribed upon the base of the Southey memorial in Crosthwaite church. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO SIR SAMUEL MEYRICK

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 145.]

MEYRICK, when I had gazed on all
The treasures round each trophied wall,
Where armour of past ages shows
How brave were some whom no one knows,
You did not point out, just beneath,
The house of him * who conquer'd Death,
Swift that dragoon who fought with pen,
Against the chief of black-mail'd men
Who kickt, headforemost, Truth downstairs
On grudging him his pence for prayers.

10

* Swift's family was from Goodrick. [L.]

[Sir Samuel Meyrick had died in 1848. See above, p. 299.] 7 dragon] *so in errata 1863. dragon in text.*

ON A STONE IN A FIELD,

GIVEN TO THE POOR BY LUCY LADY NUGENT

[Published in 1863, p. 131.]

THOU liest within the church's door,
Lucy, thou mother of the poor!
Nugent, my friend from early years,
Freshens this turf with daily tears,
Where many wretches bend the knee
Who were less wretched once thro' thee.

2 Lucy [Anne Lucy, daughter of Major-General the Hon. Vere Poulett, married Lord Nugent in 1813 and died April 18, 1848.]

[TO LORD NUGENT]

[Published in 1863, p. 242.]

NUGENT! I hope ere long to see	And said, " <i>No help of yours I</i>
In leaf my lately planted tree.	<i>need.</i>
Alas! that there will stand no more	<i>But you may hold it if you will,</i>
She whose weak wrists the burden	<i>And the deep gap let Nugent fill."</i>
bore	Another gap was soon to hold
Half-way down that smooth grassy	That graceful form, that heart
mead,	now cold.

10

Title not in 1863.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO WILLIAM SANDFORD

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 119.]

SANDFORD! the friend of all the brave,
Whether sent forward to their grave,
Or whether wearing life away
With eyes that ache to see that day,
When freedom's arm shall rend the links
From him who groans and him who thinks.
The winds that vex the Appennines
And hold their children from their vines
Will soon lie down again, and rest
On Ocean's gentler-swellng breast. 10
Then, whether Rhodes your feet detain,
Or Scio with her merrier train,
Or Smyrna, proud of him she bore
And struggled for, in days of yore,
With six great cities . . leave them all
At more than Friendship's distant call,
For one has promist me to bring
Her rosebud hither in the spring.
If you find crowds upon their knees
And shaking off too festive fleas, 20
'Tis not in reverence of a saint
Glorious in gold, sublime in paint.
Look forward; not far off you'll see
A saint as female saints should be.
No glory yet around her head
Is visible; a ray of red
There is, this Modesty has given,
A gift she brought with her from heaven.
Distant she will not let you stand,
Nay, you shall even touch her hand. 30
This promise to you I will keep,
I can not promise you sound sleep.

[William Graham Sandford, a grandson of Dr. Daniel Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh, after serving in the army and militia was employed under the Foreign Office at Paris, Frankfort, Turin, &c., and died in 1884. W.] 8 their vines] so in *corrigenda*, the in text.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[ARCHDEACON HARE]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 244.]

JULIUS, dear Julius, never think I splasht the water in their
My spirits are inclined to sink faces;
Because light youths are swim- And little hands, now only
ming by bone,
Upon their bladders; so did I. Clapt me, and call'd the prize my
When in our summer we swam races own.

Title not in 1863.

TO SIR RODERIC MURCHESON

[Published in 1863, p. 112.]

WHAT see I through the mist of years? a friend,
If the most ignorant of mortal men
In every science, may pronounce his name
Whom every science raises above all . .
Murchison! thou art he.

Upon the bank
Of Loir thou camest to me, brought by Hare
The witty and warm-hearted, passing through
That shady garden whose broad tower ascends
From chamber over chamber; there I dwelt,
The flowers my guests, the birds my pensioners,
Books my companions, and but few beside. 10
After two years the world's devastator
Was driven forth, yet only to return
And stamp again upon a fallen race.
Back to old England flew my countrymen;
Even brave Bentham, whose inventive skill
Baffled at Chesmè and submerged the fleet
Of Ottoman,* urged me to flight with him
Ere the infuriate enemy arrived.

* Potemkin had the credit and the reward. The ships were built by Bentham on his own model, and he directed the attack. [L.]

[Sir Roderick Impey Murchison's name is misspelt Murcheson throughout the poem. He died in 1871.] 5 thou] though *mispr.* in 1863, here corrected. 6 Hare [In 1815 Sir Roderick, then Mr. Murchison, was introduced to Landor by Francis Hare. W.]
12 devastator] devastor *mispr.* in 1863, here corrected. 16 Bentham [Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Bentham, Inspector-General of Naval Works, died April 30, 1831. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I wrote to Carnot. *I am here at Tours,* 20
And will remain.

He prais'd my confidence
In the French honour; it was placed in *his*.
No house but mine was left unoccupied
In the whole city by the routed troops.
Ere winter came 'twas time to cross the Alps,
Como invited me; nor long ere came
Southey, a sorrowing guest, who lately lost
His only boy. We walkt aside the lake,
And mounted to the level downs above,
Where if we thought of Skiddaw, named it not. 30
I led him to Bellaggio, of earth's gems
The brightest.

We in England have as bright,
Said he, and turn'd his face toward the west.
I fancied in his eyes there was a tear,
I knew there was in mine: we both stood still.
Gone is he now to join the son in bliss,
Innocent each alike, one longest spared
To show that all men have not lived in vain.
Gone too is Hare: afar from us he lies
In sad Palermo, where the most accurst 40
Cover his bones with bones of free men slain.
Again I turn to thee, O Murchison!
Why hast thou lookt so deep into the earth
To find her treasures? Gold we thought had done
Its worst before: now fields are left untill'd,
And cheerful songs speed not the tardy woof.

How dare I blame thee? 'twas not thy offence,
And good from evil springs, as day from night.
The covetous and vicious delve the mine
And sieve the dross that industry may work 50
For nobler uses: soon shall crops arise
More plenteous from it, soon the poor shall dwell
In their own houses, and their children throw
Unstinted fuel on the Christmas blaze
With shouts that shake the holly-branch above.

20 Tours [Before going to Italy Landor lived some time at Tours in 1814-1815. W.]
39 Hare [Francis Hare. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO AN ESPOUSED

[Published in *Heroic Idyle*, 1863, p. 272.]

NEVER has any house pour'd forth	Glad tidings, Nora, to your friend,
On east and west, on south and	That such a race not soon shall
north,	cease,
In any age so many men	But flourish fresh with rich in-
Powerful alike with sword and pen	crease;
As Napier's: from that house you	And the next season may produce
send	A scion to a branch of Bruce. 10

6 Nora [Norah Creina Blanche, youngest daughter of General Sir William Napier, married, August 17, 1854, Sir Henry Austen Bruce, created Baron Aberdare in 1873. She died, aged seventy, April 27, 1897. W.]

TO THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN

ON THE DECEASE OF GEN. SIR W. NAPIER

[Published in 1863, p. 139.]

You, who can trace with golden	And Sorrow further off has flown,
pen	Show how your father knew to
The features of departed men,	blend
Leave darling Poesy awhile	The sage, the soldier, and the
On weaker, giddier, heads to	friend,
smile.	To make even History love Truth,
Now two less happy years are gone	At variance from their early youth.

[Elizabeth Marianne, second daughter of General Sir William Napier, married, March 1, 1838, the seventh Earl of Arran. She died April 27, 1899. Her father, Sir William Napier, died February 12, 1860. W.]

FAVOUR

[Published in 1863, p. 173.]

ON holy Westminster's recording-stone
Hallam has epitaph, and Napier none!

TO D'ORSAY GOING TO FRANCE

[Published in 1863, p. 233.]

You lose your liberty; no cross
Or ribbon can supply that loss;
Naught could your friend bequeath you save
The less warm welcome of the grave?
Who was it squandered all her wealth.
And swept away the bloom of health?

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

MARGUERITE [LADY BLESSINGTON]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 126.]

AN Marguerite! with you are gone The light and life of Kensington. Alone in Florence, griev'd I view Those scenes to which you bade adieu. Oft, gazing from the river-wall Up to the terrace, I recall The happy evenings there we past,	Nor thought how briefly they would last. Can Paris ever make amends To <i>you</i> for Italy and friends? 10 Can all the world to <i>me</i> atone For losing you, and you alone, Or for that yearly summons . . <i>Come</i> While <i>your two lilacs are in bloom?</i>
--	---

ON THE DEATH OF G. P. R. JAMES, AT VENICE

[Published in 1863, p. 223.]

WHERE upon earth shall now be found Fancy so bright, and thought so sound, As thine, O James! to England lost When England wants thy genius most. What various scenes thy pencil drew! What vast creations start to view! The brave and beauteous, proud and grand,	Come readily at thy command. Again their destinies I read, Forewarn'd in vain my breast must bleed. 10 Alighting on some sunnier part, I think how far from home thou art, How far from all who loved thee most, Save one, upon Venetia's coast, Where even Manin could not save A people, nor secure a grave.
---	--

[George Payne Rainsford James, novelist, &c., died June 9, 1860. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF G. P. R. JAMES

[Published in 1863, p. 213.]

JAMES! thou art gone, art gone afar,
To sleep beneath an eastern star,
Beneath which star Venetia lies,
Ambition's bleeding sacrifice.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO W. STORY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 268.]

STORY! whose sire maintained the	Ah! could he from the grave but
cause	hear
Of freedom and impartial laws,	The voice of Europe, far and
How would he have rejoiced to	near,
see	Extol thy sculptures that retrace
A field far smoother trod by thee.	What Rome has lost of attic grace.

1 Story [William Wetmore Story, sculptor and poet, son of the American jurist, Joseph Story, was among the friends who stood by Landon when the aged poet left Fiesole in the summer of 1859. See an article in *Cornhill Magazine*, April 1915, by Mr. Story's daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi De' Medici. W.]

TO THE WORTHY SON OF A GREAT JURIST

[Published in 1863, p. 275.]

STORY! could thy good father come
Again and see his shattered home,
Then might fraternal discord cease
And Valour yield the palm to Peace.

TO ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER

[Published in 1863, p. 115.]

ARTHUR! whose path is in the quiet shade,
After hot days in the wide wastes of war,
Where India saw thy sword shine bright above
The helms of thousand brave. Peace, wooed and won,
Could not detain thee from that Tauric coast
Where lay the wounded, festering in their gore,
And none to raise them up, thou hastenedst
To succour: often thy strong shoulder bore
Amid the fiery sleet and heavier hail
The wretch whom Death lookt down on and past by: 10
Thou fearedst not, for what hadst thou to fear
From Death? the standard of his vanquisher
Thou never hast deserted; thee he call'd
To work his will, and saw the call obey'd.

9 fiery] so in *errata*, freezing in *text*. [The late Dr. Walker was with difficulty persuaded by the editor to admit that, during the siege of Sebastopol, he saved an officer's life in the way described. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO ARTHUR DE NOÉ WALKER

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 279.]

Few verses, and those light, I send, A paltry present to my friend. Heroes and heroines none remain Upon my wide Hellenic plain, While many a weak unthrifty stem Germinates in the place of them. As in Atlantic woods, unsown And not worth sowing, plants are grown	Where ancient forests high and grand Tower'd over leagues of subject land. 10 To your protecting care I trust The scraps you rescued from the dust. Save, you who saved embattled men, The feeble offspring of my pen.
---	---

TO THE COUNTESS BALDELLI

[Published in 1863, p. 274.]

To-morrow if the day is fine I visit you before you dine. Juliet a little shy may be, But Blanche will sit upon my knee, Just as another some years older Sate once with arms about my shoulder. This is all twaddle, folks will say,	But you are wiser far than they. Head upon head they could not reach 9 The lines of this unspoken speech. Forgive me, Gertrude, if I'm proud, Your hand has rais'd me o'er the crowd.
--	--

[The Countess Baldelli, Dr. de Noé Walker's sister, died at an advanced age in 1903. W.]

TO K. F.

[Published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April 1866 ("Last days of W. S. Landor", by Kate Field).]

Kisses in former times I've seen, Which, I confess it, raised my spleen: They were contrived by Love to mock The battledore and shuttlecock. Given, returned,—how strange a play, Where neither loses all the day, And both are, even when night sets in, Again as ready to begin! <i>Siena, July 1860.</i>	I am not sure I have not played This very game with some fair maid. 10 Perhaps it was a dream: but this I <i>know</i> was not: I <i>know</i> a kiss Was given me in the sight of more Than ever saw me kissed before. Modest as wingèd angels are, And no less brave and no less fair, She came across, nor greatly feared The horrid brake of wintry beard. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.
---	--

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Written June 1858. Published by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

I NEVER more shall have the luck
To feed again the lonely duck
Upon the lake of Wimbledon.

Forster, as jovial and as kind
As Kenyon, finds me less inclin'd,
Now he and health alike are gone.

[Written January 1854. Published in 1869.]

FORSTER! come hither, I pray, to the Fast of our Anglican Martyr.
Turbot our Church has allow'd, and perhaps (not without dispensation)
Pheasant; then strawberry cream, green-gages, and apricot-jelly,
Oranges housewives call *pot*, and red-rinded nuts of Avella,
Filberts we name them at home—happy they who have teeth for the
crackers!
Blest, but in lower degree, whose steel-arm'd right-hand overcomes
them!
I, with more envy than spite, look on and sip sadly my claret.

⁴ Avella] Arella in text, Avella in errata. *Nuces Abellanæ have long been famous.*
W.]

[Written January 1856. Published in 1869.]

I AM, but would not be, a hermit;
Forster! come hither and confirm it.
I may not offer "beechen bowl,"
But I can give you soup and sole,
Sherry and (grown half-mythic) port . .
Wise men would change their claret for't;
Quince at dessert, and apricot . .
In short, with you what have I not?

WRITTEN IN 1793

[Published in *Letters*, &c., 1897.]

"TELL me what means that sigh," Ione said,
When on her shoulder I reclined my head;
And I could only tell her that it meant
The sigh that swells the bosom with content.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

THE FEARFUL

(1801)

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

I WOULD not see thee weep but there are hours
When smiles may be less beautiful than tears,
Some of those smiles, some of those tears were ours;
Ah! why should either now give place to fears?

TO LESBIA

[Published in 1897.]

I LOVED you once, while you loved me;
Altho' you flirted now and then,
It only was with two or three,
But now you more than flirt with ten.

[TO THE SAME]

[Published in 1897.]

I SWORE I would forget you; but this oath
Brought back your image closer to my breast:
That oaths have little worth your broken troth
Had taught me; teach my heart like yours to rest.

THE LOVER

[Published in 1897.]

Now thou art gone, tho' not gone far,
It seems that there are worlds between us;
Shine here again, thou wandering star!
Earth's planet! and return with Venus.

At times thou broughtest me thy light
When restless sleep had gone away;
At other times more blessed night
Stole over, and prolonged thy stay.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER

[Published in 1897.]

How could you think to conquer Scinde,
And leave no enemy behind?
Indus rolls onward fifty streams,
But none so noisome as the Thames.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

EPITAPH FOR GENERAL W. NAPIER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

LAST of the Giants! thou whose vigorous breast
Bore many wounds, and sank by none oppress,
Earth covers thee, like all, and War and Peace
Upon thy tomb from equal discord cease.
Heard was the trumpet that was blown from Scinde,
And the true brother would not halt behind.

ON THE GRAVE OF GARROW AT FLORENCE

[Published in 1897.]

How often have we spent the day
In pleasant converse at Torquay;
Now genial, hospitable Garrow,
Thy door is closed, thy house is narrow.
No view from it of sunny lea
Or vocal grove or silent sea.

[Joseph Garrow, M.A. Cantab., was Theodosia Garrow's father. His translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova* was published at Florence, 1846, under the title: *The Early Life of Dante Alighieri* and was reviewed, probably by Landor, in *The Examiner*, October 17, 1846. See *Times Literary Supplement*, May 27, 1920. W.]

ARTHUR DE NOË WALKER

[Published in 1897.]

ARTHUR, who snatchest from the flames
Scraps which Oblivion vainly claims,
And givest honest Newby those
Which rhyme holds separate from prose,
Add to the flyleaf or fag-end
These few last scratches of a friend.

1 snatchest] snatches 1897 (*mispr.*) 3 Newby [*Heroic Idyls, &c.*, 1863, was published by T. Cautley Newby. Most of the manuscript and corrected proofs were sent first to Dr. Walker. W.]

[TO MRS. WEST]

[Published in *Letters of W. S. Landor, Private and Public*, 1899.]

Stiffly I rise from this arm-chair,
Even to greet the wise and fair,
Who daily, one or other, come
To cheer me in my dressing-room.

[Theresa, daughter of Captain John Whitby, R.N., married in 1827 Mr. Frederick R. West, and died in 1886. Her granddaughter married Prince Henry of Prussia. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I have but thanks to pay for song,
And March the brave will march to long.
Rejoice: Caprara has receiv'd
Him o'er whose wound pale Europe griev'd.

Again his spirit breathes in all
That host which Death could ne'er appall, 10
Until he stood above the head
Of one they deem'd already dead.

The laurel planted for your crown,
Altho' no moderate breeze shake down,
You must *refreshen* day by day,
Or leaves of it will drop away.

6 March [referring to her musical composition, "Garibaldi's March". W.]

[AN IMAGINARY EPITAPH]

[Published in *Letters*, &c., 1897.]

Our friend (rather fond of causing occasionally a slight trepidation), desired in a laughing way, that I would write his epitaph in case he happened to be lost in the British Channel. [Lander to Miss Rose Paynter, July 1843.]

BELOVED by all Fitzgerald lies
Where the sea waves for ever moan;
The dear delight of maiden eyes
Is now embraced by Nymphs alone.

Title not in text. [James Edward Fitzgerald (Fitzgeralds of Coolanowle, Ireland) resigned a post in the British Museum in 1849 to join in starting the Church of England colony in New Zealand, where he became superintendent of the Canterbury province, and afterwards Controller-General. He died in 1896. W.]

TO EDITH STORY

[Published in *Letters*, &c., 1897. Printed from another MS. in an article by the Marchesa de' Peruzzi de' Medici in *The Cornhill Magazine*, April 1915.]

With pride I wear a silken twine,
Precious as every gift of thine;
Only less precious than the chain
For which so many sigh in vain.

2 as] is 1915. 3 than] is 1915. 4 For. . . sigh] Hymen is pouting for 1915.
After l. 4 1915 adds two lines:

But in his pouting seems to say.
Well I must come another day.

PART II. ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

THE Hon. Rose Whitworth Aylmer, whose death was mourned in the first poem of this sub-section, was the only daughter of the fourth Baron Aylmer, her mother being a daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth. She was born October 15, 1779. Landor first saw her at Swansea in or about 1796. In 1798 she went with her aunt, Lady Russell, to Calcutta, and at Sir Henry Russell's house she died very suddenly, on Sunday, March 2, 1800. Lord Aylmer had died in 1785, and his widow, marrying again two years later, gave Rose Aylmer a half-sister. This half-sister of "Rose the First" married Mr. David Price. "Rose the Second" of Landor's verse was their daughter, Rose Caroline, to whom and to whose daughter, Rose Dorothea Graves Sawle, his "Rose the Third", or "Rosina", most of the poetry which has now to be given was addressed.

[ROSE AYLMER]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

AH what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What, every virtue, every grace!
For, Aylmer, all were thine.

Sweet Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of sorrows and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Title. Not in any ed.; but in 1806 and 1831 the poem is printed with others under the general heading On the Dead.

THE 1846 TEXT.

In *Gebir, Count Julian, and other Poems*, 1831, the Elegy with notable variants was among pieces headed "On the Dead". In *Works*, 1846, the 1831 version, with yet another variant, was included in "Miscellaneous poems" then reprinted. When in 1909 a tablet inscribed with the Elegy was affixed to the monument raised more than a century before over Rose Aylmer's grave in Calcutta, the 1846 text was chosen for the purpose. Swinburne, who was consulted, expressed his belief that this would have been Landor's wish; and he was also of opinion that the final emendation was to be commended. The 1846 text is given below:

AH what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

7 and of] and 1831.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER]

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 19, 1838; reprinted 1846.]

To write as your sweet mother does	And bid me then go past the
Is all you wish to do?	nook,
Play, sing, and smile for others,	To sketch me less in size.
Rose!	There are but few consent to look
Let others write for you.	So little in your eyes.
Or mount again your Dartmoor	Delight us with the gifts you have,
grey,	And wish for none beyond:
And I will walk beside,	To some be gay, to some be grave,
Until we reach that quiet bay	To one (blest youth!) be fond.
Which only hears the tide.	
Then wave at me your pencil, then	Pleasures there are how close to
At distance bid me stand 10	Pain, 21
Before the cavern'd cliff, again	And better unpossess!
The creature of your hand.	Let Poetry's too throbbing vein
	Lie quiet in your breast.

W. S. L.

Title. Not in any ed. 2 do?] do. 1846. 15 consent] content 1846. *Signature* om. 1846.

[TO MISS SOPHY PAYNTER]

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 7, 1838; reprinted with additions 1846.]

BEFORE the graces you disclose	Of vermeil lip or azure eye
By fresh ones are o'ershaded,	Or cheek of blushful May.
And duties rise more grave than	
those,	The gentle temper blessing all,
To last when those are faded,	The smile at Envy's leer,
It will not weary you, I know,	Are yours . . and yours at Pity's
To hear again the voice	call
First heard where Arno's waters	The heart-assuaging tear.
flow	
And Flora's realms rejoice.	Many can fondle and caress . .
	No other have I known
Of beauty not a word have I	Proud of a sister's loveliness,
(As thousands have) to say, 10	Unconscious of her own. 20

W. S. L.

Title To . . . Paynter] not in any ed. To Lady Caldwell, 1846. [Miss Rose Paynter's sister Sophia married, December 18, 1839, Mr. afterwards Sir Henry Caldwell, Bt. W.] Before l. 1 1846 inserts four lines:

Sophy! before the fond adieu
We long but shrink to say,
And while the home prepared for you
Looks dark at your delay,

Signature om. 1846.

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

ON THE MARRIAGE OF SOPHIA LOUISA PAYNTER

[Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, December 23, 1839, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

Directed by the hand of Fate,
May Love inscribe your lot;
And, Sophy, be your wedded state
All that my own is not.

TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER

ON SEEING HER SIT FOR HER PORTRAIT

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

[Published in *The Book of Beauty*, 1840; reprinted 1846.]

THE basket upon which thy fingers bend,
Thou mayst remember in my Tuscan hall,
When the glad children, gazing on a friend,
From heedless arm let high-piled peaches fall
On the white marble, splashing to the wall.

Oh, were they present at this later hour!
Could they behold the form whole realms admire
Lean with such grace o'er cane and leaf and flower,
Happy once more would they salute their sire,
Nor wonder that her name still rests upon his lyre! 10

Title. On seeing a lady sit for her portrait 1846. [The portrait was painted in oils by William Fisher. An engraving by W. H. Mote was published with the verses in *The Book of Beauty*. W.]

SENT WITH FLOWERS

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1845; reprinted 1846.]

TAKE the last flowers your natal day
May ever from my hand receive!
Sweet as the former ones are they,
And sweet alike be those they leave.

Another in the year to come
May offer them to smiling eyes;
The smile that cannot reach my tomb
Will add fresh radiance to the skies.

Title. Sent to a Lady with Flowers 1846. *Sub-title om.* 1846, 1876. *For ll.* 7-8 1846 substitutes:

That smile would wake me from the tomb,
That smile would win me from the skies.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[SISTERS]

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Dated in a manuscript August 1838. Included in a letter to Lady Blessington, September 17, 1838, and printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

To Rose and to Sophy
A column and trophy
Ascend at the summons of viols and flutes,
For adding to-day,
On the coast of Torbay,
To the Army of Martyrs a hundred recruits.

2-4

What column, what trophy
Shall we raise, amid harps, amid viols and flutes?
Who have added to-day 1895.

5 coast] shores 1895.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MISS ROSE PAYNTER

[Published in 1846. Also printed from a manuscript in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

TELL me, perverse young year! Away, thou churl, away!
Why is the morn so drear? 'Tis Rose's natal day,
Is there no flower to twine? Reserve thy frown for mine.

Title. Only in 1855, 1895 where the poem is dated Jan. 19, 1839. 2 morn] day 1855, 1895. For ll. 3-4 1855 substitutes:

Can'st thou no flowers entwine?
Then, churl away, away!

and 1895 substitutes

Go, brightest flowers entwine.
Thou churl! away, away!

6 frown] frowns 1855, 1895. After l. 6 1855, 1895 add six lines:

Life hath a verdant base,	The verdant base enlarge
But higher up we trace	O Heaven! and take in charge
Rocks, precipices, snows.	Your pure and pious Rose.

[TO A LADY IN FRANCE]

[Written at Bath in 1839; published in 1846.]

EVERYTHING tells me you are near;	To throw away more smiles and
The hail-stones bound along	wit
and melt,	Among the forests of Chantilly.
In white array the clouds appear,	Her moss-paved cell your rose
The spring and you our fields	adorns
have felt.	To tempt you; and your cycla-
Paris, I know is hard to quit;	men 10
But you have left it; and 'twere	Turns back his tiny twisted horns
silly	As if he heard your voice again.

Title. Not in either ed. [See Sketches from Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle, 1908, p. 40: "I spent the winter of 1838 in Paris, with my uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady Ayimer."]

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

[EXMOUTH]

[Published in *Works*, 1846. Dated in a manuscript Exmouth, September 4, 1840.]

NEVER may storm thy peaceful	Showing too well how Love once
bosom vex,	led the Hours
Thou lovely Exe!	In Youth's green bowers;
O'er whose pure stream that music	Vision too blest for even Hope to
yesternight	see,
Pour'd fresh delight,	Were Hope with me; 10
And left a vision for the eye of	Vision my fate at once forbids to
Morn	stay
To laugh to scorn,	Or pass away.

A SEA-SHELL SPEAKS

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript Exmouth, September 6, 1840.]

OF late among the rocks I lay,	Both are deprived of all we had
But just behind the fretful spray,	In earlier days to make us glad, 10
When suddenly a step drew near,	Or ask us why we should be
And a man's voice, distinct and	sad:
clear,	Which (you may doubt it as you
Convey'd this solace . .	will)
"Come with me,	To manly hearts is dearer still."
Thou little outcast of the sea!	I felt, ere half these words were
Our destiny, poor shell, is one;	o'er,
We both may shine, but shine	A few salt drops on me once
alone:	more.

ON RECEIVING A BOOK TO WRITE IN

[Published in 1846. Dated in a manuscript March 5, 1843.]

TOST in what corner hast thou lain?	I may have leapt that ugly fence,
And why art thou come back	Which men attempt to shirk in
again?	vain,
I should as soon have thought to	And never can leap back again. 10
see	But welcome, welcome! thou art
One risen from the dead as thee.	sent
I have survived my glory now	I know on generous thoughts
Three years; but just the same	intent;
art thou;	And therefore thy pale cheeks I'll
I am not quite; and three years	kiss
hence	Before I scribble more than this.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO A SPANIEL

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No, Daisy! lift not up thy ear,
It is not she whose steps draw near.
Tuck under thee that leg, for she
Continues yet beyond the sea,
And thou may'st whimper in thy sleep
These many days, and start and weep.

1 Daisy [cf. two poems on p. 353. W.]

LA PENSIEROSA

[Published in 1846. Another version published 1858, of which stanza 2 was also published as a separate poem without title in 1846.]

A PROVIDENT and wakeful fear
Impels me, while I read, to say,
When Poesy invites, forbear
Sometimes to walk her tempting
way:
Reader is she to swell the tear
Than its sharp tinglys to allay.

"But there are stories fit for song,
And fit for maiden lips to sing."
Yes; and to you they all belong,
About your knee they fondly
cling; 10
They love the accents of your
tongue,
They seek the shadow of your
wing.

Ah! let the Hours be light and gay,
With Hope for ever at their side,
And let the Muses chaunt a lay
Of Pleasures that await the bride,
Of sunny Life's untroubled sea,
Smooth sands and gently swelling
tide.

A time will come when steps are
slow,
And prone on ancient scenes to
rest, 20
When life shall lose its former glow,
And, leaf by leaf, the shrinking
breast
Shall drop the blossom yet to blow
For the most blessed of the blest.

Title. Not in 1846. 1 A . . . wakeful] It is not envy, it is 1858. 2 read] write 1858. Between ll. 6-7 1858 inserts six lines which are also printed as a separate poem in 1846:

To our first [last 1846] loves we oft return
When years, that smoothe [choked 1846] our path are past,
And wish again the incense-urn
Its flickering flame once more to cast
On paler brows, until the bourn
Is reacht where we may rest at last.

7 "But . . . are] "Are there no 1858. 8 sing." sing. 1858. 9 Yes . . . you] To you, O Rose, 1858. 13 light . . . gay] blyth . . . free 1858. 15 lay] glee 1858. 18 gently swelling] gently-swelling 1858. 20 prone] apt 1858. 22 , leaf by leaf, the] , one by one, your 1858. For ll. 23-4 1858 substitutes:

Hath dropt the flowers refreshing so
That mansion of the truly blest.

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

Then, nor till then, in spring go forth	To know your step, if that might be.
"The graves of waiting friends to see."	A verse is more than I am worth,
It would be pleasant to my earth	A thought is not undue to me.
	30

25 till] til 1858. 26 quotation marks om. 1858. 29 A bay leaf is above my worth 1858. 30 thought . . . to] daisy is enough for 1858.

[AN OLD SONG]

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

DOES your voice never fail you in singing a song
 So false and so spiteful on us who are young?
 When, lady, as surely as you are alive
 We are seldom inconstant till seventy-five,
 And altho' I have question'd a hundred such men,
 They never would say why we should be so then.
 In another six years I shall know all about it;
 But some knowledge is vain, and we do best without it.

Title. Not in text. [Lady Graves Sawle could remember, long afterwards, that it was the song beginning "Early one morning before the sun was rising". W.]

TO A BRIDE, FEB. 17, 1846

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

A STILL, serene, soft day; enough of sun
 To wreathe the cottage smoke like pine-tree snow,
 Whiter than those white flowers the bride-maids wore;
 Upon the silent boughs the lissom air
 Rested; and, only when it went, they moved,
 Nor more than under linnet springing off.
 Such was the wedding-morn: the joyous Year
 Lept over March and April up to May.

Regent of rising and of ebbing hearts,
 Thyself borne on in cool serenity,
 All heaven around and bending over thee,
 All earth below and watchful of thy course!
 Well hast thou chosen, after long demur
 To aspirations from more realms than one.
 Peace be with those thou leavest! peace with thee!
 Is that enough to wish thee? not enough,
 But very much: for Love himself feels pain,

10

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

While brighter plumage shoots, to shed last year's;
And one at home (how dear that one!) recalls
Thy name, and thou recallest one at home. 20
Yet turn not back thine eyes; the hour of tears
Is over; nor believe thou that Romance
Closes against pure Faith her rich domain.
Shall only blossoms flourish there? Arise,
Far-sighted bride! look forward! clearer views
And higher hopes lie under calmer skies.
Fortune in vain call'd out to thee; in vain
Rays from high regions darted; Wit pour'd out
His sparkling treasures; Wisdom laid his crown
Of richer jewels at thy reckless feet. 30
Well hast thou chosen. I repeat the words,
Adding as true ones, not untold before,
That incense must have fire for its ascent,
Else 'tis inert and can not reach the idol.
Youth is the sole equivalent of youth.
Enjoy it while it lasts; and last it will;
Love can prolong it in despite of Years.

ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ci).]

BEAUTIFUL spoils! borne off from vanquisht death!
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy.

APPEAL TO SLEEP

[Written in 1838. Published in 1853 (No. ccxvi); reprinted 1876.]

Soon to waken, may my Rose	When pale Morn returns again,
Early sink in soft repose!	She returns to gloom and pain, 10
<i>Mine?</i> ah! mine she must not be,	For how many friends will say,
But, O gentle Sleep, to thee	As their pride is torn away,
One as dear do I resign	"Sweetest Rose! adieu! adieu!"
As if Heaven had made her mine.	I may bear to say it too,
Gentle Sleep! O let her rest	But afar from her and you.
Upon thy more quiet breast!	

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

[TO ROSE]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. xxxix).]

To his young Rose an old man said,
"You will be sweet when I am dead:
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,
And there will you be yet more sweet,
Leaving your winged company
To waste an idle thought on me."

PRIMROSE TO BE DRIED IN A BOOK

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlvii). A translation of Italian verses by Landor, dated April 12, 1846, and sent to Mrs. Graves Sawle, the giver of the flower.]

HUMBLE flower! the gift of Rose!	Shalt among these leaves be found,
If today thy life must close,	And the finder shall exclaim
Yet for ever shalt thou be	"Up! arise! awake to fame!
Just as fair and fresh to me;	He who gave thee length of days
And when I am underground	Held her flower above his bays."

[A LAST REQUEST]

[Published in 1853 (No. cxlviii).]

YOUR last request no fond false hope deceives;
Your's shall be, Rose! when all your days are o'er,
"The sighs of Zephyrs 'mid the nestling leaves;"
"And many more!
Many shall mourn around you, lovely Rose!
But there must one be absent; there is one
Who griev'd with you in all your little woes . .
He will be gone."

5 lovely] pensive *MS.*

TO RESTORMEL *

[Published in 1853 (No. xxvii); reprinted 1863, p. 249. Dated in a manuscript August 1848.]

Known as thou art to ancient Fame
My praise, Restormel, shall be scant:
The Muses gave thy sounding name,
The Graces thy inhabitant.

* A villa in Cornwall [L. Is within sight of the ruined castle. Mr. and Mrs., afterwards Sir Charles and Lady Graves Sawle lived there for a time. Landor spent ten days with them at Restormel in August 1848. W.]

Title. Only in 1863: name misprinted Ristormel in all edd.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[TWO ROSES]

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. 1).]

We have survived three months of rain, O come and bring the sun again; Your <i>Rosebud</i> , tho she treads on air, Is only yet the morning star; Old January's nineteenth day To me is like the first of May. I drink your health . . but Time, alas!	Holds over mine another glass, In which no liquid rubies shine, But whose dry sand drains all the wine: 10 Fain would I turn it upsidedown, It will not do . . I fear his frown; Tho on the whole (now come and see) He has been somewhat mild with me.
---	--

3 *Rosebud* [Rose Dorothea, only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Graves Sawle, was the "Rosina" and "Rose the third" of Landon's verse. She died May 11, 1901. W.]

TO A CHILD

[Published in 1853 (No. oxxix).]

Pour not, my little Rose, but take With dimpled fingers, cool and soft, This posy, when thou art awake . . Mama has worne my posies oft: This is the first I offer thee, Sweet baby! many more shall rise	From trembling hand, from bend- ed knee, Mid hopes and fears, mid doubts and sighs. Before that hour my eyes will close; But grant me, Heaven, this one desire. 10 In mercy! may my little Rose Never be grafted on a briar.
--	---

A NOTE-COVER WITH SIX OF MY CARDS

[Published in 1853 (No. xv).]

To her old friend does Rose devote
Sometimes two minutes, rarely three,
Yet never came there any note
(However kind) so full of me.

TO THE LADY OF LT. COLONEL PAYNTER

[Published in 1853 (No. cclxiv).]

THERE is a pleasure the support of grief
Where duty calls and, listen'd to, directs.
Sad was the wound to thee which pierced that breast

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

Than which none braver ever breathed the air
 Of torrid India, when impetuous Gough
 Order'd the readiest forth to certain death.
 Among the men he led the higher fell,
 The lower follow'd: one among the higher
 Was left alone, transfixt with mortal wound
 All thought; but Providence decreed, if tears 10
 Must flow for him in near and distant lands,
 From kindred, comrade, friend, the same decreed
 Tho the wife's must, the widow's should not fall.*
 Rejoice then! for thyself and him rejoice!
 Heaven gave him courage, glory, victory,
 Adding one gift more precious . . not mere life
 Rescued when little hoped for, but a life
 For Love and Honor to partake with thee.

* He died of his wounds at last. [L. Colonel Howell Price Paynter, C.B., late 24th Regiment, died at Bath, November 13, 1851. He was Lady Graves Sawle's eldest brother and had been dangerously wounded at the battle of Chilianwala, 1849. Landor's poem was written before, the foot-note after, Colonel Paynter's death.]

AN ALABASTER HAND

PRESENTED BY LORD ELGIN

[Published in Madden's *Countess of Blessington*, 1855, and by Landor in 1858. Dated in a manuscript, Bath, Nov. 27, 1839. Printed in *The Blessington Papers*, 1895.]

HE who, rais'd high o'er war's	Of purest alabaster, well
turmoils,	Expressing what our speech would
Rescued from Time his richest	tell,
spoils,	Beauteous, but somewhat less
Had laid them at thy feet, O	divine
Rose!	Than Pheidias, taught by Pallas,
But Britain cried, <i>To me belong</i>	plan'd, 10
<i>Trophies beneath whose shadows</i>	Elgin presents the only hand
<i>sung</i>	That throbs not at the slightest
The choir of Pallas where	touch of thine.
Ilissus flows.	

[A letter from the seventh Earl of Elgin to Miss Rose Paynter dated Paris, Oct. 26, 1839, accompanied this gift and is printed in *Sketches from Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle*, 1908.] 4-5 *To me . . . sung*] "*To me . . . sung*" 1895. 5 *shadows*] shadow 1895. 6 *Ilissus*] *Ilyssus* 1895. 10 *Pheidias . . . plan'd*] *Phidias . . . plann'd* 1895. 12 *slightest* 1858] *gentle* 1855, 1895.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

THE THREE ROSES

[Published in *The Examiner*, May 12, 1855; reprinted in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

WHEN the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the First
I was walking; joyous then
Far above all other men,
Til before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering "*Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.*"
Many summers have gone by
Since a Second Rose and I 10
(Rose from that same stem) have
told

This and other tales of old.
She upon her wedding-day
Carried home my tenderest lay:
From her lap I now have heard
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.
Not for *her* this hand of mine
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall
twine;
Cold and torpid it must lie,
Mute the tongue, and closed the
eye. 20

W. S. L.

Signature in 1855 only.

ON AN INVITATION TO A WALK IN EVENING

[Published in 1858.]

MAMA! we both are quite agreed
That stars are very nice indeed,
But, the plain simple truth to tell,
We like bright epaulettes as well,
And look at partners just as soon
As at the man there in the moon.

We girls by nature's hand are
made
For waltz, quadrille, and gal-
lopade,
Snails for the garden and the
glade.

[An imaginary conversation between Miss Rose Paynter and her mother. W.]

ON THE LINES ABOVE

[Published in 1858.]

SOPHY looks grave nor says one
word,
But Rose's little ire is stirr'd;
Such ire as may be thine, O dove
Of Venus! when thou'rt vex't by
Love.
"Leave the rude spiteful man to
me"
She says. "I'll punish him: you'll
see.

He is too silly to go mad,
Yet not so but he may be sad;
And I will bring him to his
senses
For this and many more offences.
Mind! two whole evenings, should
he come, 11
I will be blind and deaf and dumb;
Bettina he shall hear no more,
And offer worlds for *Pescatòr*.

13 *Bettina* [Vincenzo Gabuzzi's "*Mi vien da redere*", set to music by Cimarosa, was one of Miss Rose Paynter's favourite songs. See next page. W.]

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

TRANSLATION

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

How can I but weep when I think of the day
When your voice was so faltering, your step was so slow,
When you clung to my hand, and tears only could say
(Rolling down it) how soon and how far you must go.
Ah why all this sorrow, for sorrow it was,
And another had then never taught you to feign?
Before the year passes shall memory pass
And only one heart true and constant remain?
I was happy; so happy no other could make me;
I was proud; and the pride of my soul was in you; 10
But now you withdraw what you gave, and forsake me;
May my love, tho' it weeps and yet lingers, go too!
Bettina! smile on! bright as ever the smile,
But where is its candor? it vanishes now;
The moment a beauty allures to beguile
That crown of all loveliness falls from the brow.*

* *Mi vien da piangere* was written by me at the desire of a lady, the translation for another. A score of *Sonnetti* were thrown away as soon almost as written. [L. Landor wrote in Italian and English a "Riposta" to Gabuzzi's song. Whether the Italian version was for Miss Paynter and the English for "Ianthé" or vice versa, is uncertain. W.]

TORBAY

[Published in 1858.]

AGAIN the rocks and woodlands of Torbay
Proclaim the advent of their festal day,
The summer sky with fresher brightness glows,
And Ocean smiles to meet the smiles of Rose.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH

[Written c. 1839. Published in 1858.]

THE mountain ash before my pane,
Rattling red berries once again,
Said, "Where, O where! can Rose
remain?"

Hearing him call, I rais'd the sash
And answered him, "Sirmountain-
ash!
At Passy."

"Why?"

"To cut a dash."

He shook his head, and in reply,
Said only "Well then, you and I
May both go on to droop and
die."

"Thanks! thanks! my fellow suf-
ferer! 10
I, by your leave, should much
prefer

To look out here and wait for
her."

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

WHAT TO BRING

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LANDOR! what is best to bring	If that flower she never wears,
To the maiden who so long	If she throws this verse aside.
Hath endured to hear thee sing	
(Tiresome man!) her birthday	All that thou hast ever borne
song?	Thou canst surely bear again;
	Flowers neglected, verses torne,
Bring the flower whose name she	Feel not, and should give not,
bears,	pain. 12
And repress a wounded pride	

NINETEENTH OF JANUARY: FLOWERS SENT

[Published in 1858.]

If flowers could make their wishes vocal, they
Would breathe warm wishes on your natal day:
Boldly to meet your smile they venture forth
This winter morn, nor dread the blustering north.

IGNORANCE OF BOTANY

[Published in 1858.]

I HARDLY know one flower that grows
On my small garden plot;
Perhaps I may have seen a *Rose*
And said, *Forget-me-not*.

THE ALBUM OPENED

[Published in 1858.]

Just as opposite in merit
As in place these lines you see.
She has pathos, she has spirit,
Naught but what she gave has he.

Never image springs without her,
Rose comes first, and last comes Rose,
And the chaff he throws about her
Her bright amber-drops inclose.

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

THE ALBUM CLOSED

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858. Dated in a manuscript May 1, 1841.]

I NEVER thought to see thee end in blanks
So soon, O cherisht book!
Return to her who fill'd a few, with thanks
Upon thy sadden'd look:
Bid her in these or other lands be blest
With health and love and peace:
Devoting thus one vacant page, we rest . .
For here our wishes cease.

DAISY: A SPANIEL

[Published in 1858.]

HIGH as the sofa Daisy's head
Was rais'd, and thus in whines she said:
"I am the smallest of the three,
And will you not make room for me?"

DEATH OF DAISY

[Published in 1858.]

DAISY! thy life was short and sweet;	Awakes the summer and the bird
Who would not wish his own	That sings so lonely and so
the same?	late,
And that his hand, as once thy feet,	A song these many nights I've
Were claspt in hers whose vocal	heard,
name	And felt, alas, it sang my fate.

A YOUNG LOVER'S RESOLUTION

[Published in 1858.]

I WILL not depose
The image of Rose
From the heart that has long been her shrine;
I know there is one
Who would say, '*Twere ill done*;
He never shall desecrate mine.

ON ONE IN ILLNESS

[Published in 1858.]

HEALTH, strength, and beauty, who would not resign,
And be neglected by the world, if you
Round his faint neck your loving arms would twine,
And bathe his aching brow with pity's dew?

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

PROMISE

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

I MAY not add to youth's brief days
Nor bid the fleeting hours stand still;
No, Rose; but I can waft your praise
To distant ages, and I will.
Forgotten be my name if yours
In its fresh purity endures.

RESTORMEL

[Published in 1858.]

SUMMER is come, and must I never see
Thro' its dense leaves, Restormel, aught of thee?
Never the time-defying castle-wall,
The fragil bridge, the sparkling waterfall?
Ah there are other sights, how far more dear
Than castle, bridge, or river swift and clear,
Or that green meadow, or that dim retreat
Under the oaks, or that broad garden-seat,
Where thoughts were many and where words were few . .
Must I, Restormel, bid all these adieu? 10
Above the river's ever-restless flow
I hear one soothing voice; it whispers no.

Title. Restormel] misprinted in text Ristormel. 3 castle-wall] castlewall in text.

ROSINA

[Published in 1858.]

'Tis pleasant to behold	Until at last they dare
The little leaves unfold	Lay their pure bosoms bare:
Day after day, stil pouting at the	Of all these flowers I know the
Sun,	sweetest one.

ROSINA

[Published in 1858.]

ROSINA ran down Prior-park,	Soon in a flutter she return'd,
Joyous and buoyant as a lark.	And cheek, and brow, and bosom
The little girl, light-heel'd, light-	burn'd.
hearted,	She fairly own'd my full success
Challenged me; and away we	In catching her, she could no
started.	less,

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

And said to her mama, who smiled	He would not kiss me when he might,
Yet lovelier on her lovely child, 10	And, catching me, he had a right.
"You can not think how fast he ran	Such modesty I never knew,
For such a very old, old man,	He would no more kiss me than you."

TO ROSE. OCTOBER 13, 1857

QUALIS AB INCEPTO

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

Few the years that wait for me	We shall see thy face again
Rounding my centenary;	When despotic Winter's chain 10
But my latest wish shall be	Clanks upon the pallid plain . .
Health and happiness to thee.	Let him rave; he raves in vain.
Years in age are apt to grow	Not a floweret fears the cold
Crabbed; all the rest may go	In thy presence: we are told
Ere another fall of snow	That the bravest men enrol'd
Fill the furrow on my brow.	In Fame's record were less bold.

THE LAST GIFT

[Published in 1858. Dated in a manuscript Jan. 12, 1857.]

THE shadows deepen round me;	Press upon mine with heavy
take	tread
I will not say my last adieu,	And leave but barren laurels
But, this faint verse; and for my	there.
sake	Another year I may not see,
Keep the last line I trace for you.	I may not all I hope in this, 10
The years that lightly touch your	Recieve then on your brow from
head,	me
Nor steal away nor change one	And give Rosina's lips the
hair,	kiss.

11 Recieve so in 1858.

THE SPOUSE

[Published in 1858. Also printed from a manuscript in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

LADY! whose hand is now about to part
No moderate stores of pleasure and of pain,
To one the honied hours, to more the smart . .
When will return that graceful form again?

Title. Only in 1858. [These verses were sent in a letter postmarked 1839 to Miss Sophy Paynter's mother, but her marriage did not take place till 1840. W.] 1 Lady Sophy 1899.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Glad as I was, or thought I was, when thou
 Gavest thy faith where love and virtue bade,
 The light of gladness is overshadowed now
 When thou art leaving us, O pure-soul'd maid!

Noblest in form and highest in estate
 Of all our wide-spread western lands contain, 10
 I see thee lovely and scarce wish thee great . .
 When will return that graceful form again?

5 when] that 1899. 6 Gavest] Didst give 1899. 9 Noblest] Fairest 1899.
 11 wish] hope 1899. For l. 12 1899 substitutes:
 And almost wish thy talents shone in vain.

ABERTAWY

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 157. For a shorter and most likely
 an earlier version, see p. 360.]

It was no dull tho' lonely strand	And cried, <i>Good gracious! how you</i>
Where thyme ran o'er the solid	<i>bleed!</i>
sand,	Gently she wiped it off, and bound
Where snap-dragons with yellow	With timorous touch that dread-
eyes	ful wound. 20
Lookt down on crowds that could	To lift it from its nurse's knee
not rise,	I fear'd, and quite as much fear'd
Where Spring had fill'd with dew	she,
the moss	For might it not increase the pain
In winding dells two strides across.	And make the wound burst out
There tiniest thorniest roses grew	again?
To their full size, nor shared the	She coaxed it to lie quiet there
dew:	With a low tune I bent to hear;
Acute and jealous, they took care	How close I bent I quite forget,
That none their softer seat should	I only know I hear it yet.
share; 10	Where is she now? Call'd far away,
A weary maid was not to stay	By one she dared not disobey, 30
Without one for such churls as they.	To those proud halls, for youth
I tugg'd and lugg'd with all my	unfit,
might	Where princes stand and judges sit.
To tear them from their roots	Where Ganges rolls his widest
outright;	wave
At last I did it . . eight or ten . . .	She dropt her blossom in the grave;
We both were snugly seated then;	Her noble name she never changed,
But then she saw a half-round bead,	Nor was her nobler heart estranged.

["Swansea is called by the Welsh Abertawé." Borrow, *Wild Wales*, ch. CI. W.]
 5 fill'd] mispr. fled, corrected in errata 1863.

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

[TEARS]

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 181.]

BLEST are the bad alone while here; Alone they never shed a tear, The wise and virtuous grieve the most . . . Southey, until all sense was lost,	Bewail'd a son's untimely end, And Tennyson embalm'd a friend. I dare not place my name with those, But have not I, too, wept for Rose?
---	--

TO ROSE [THE SECOND]

[Published in 1863, p. 137.]

ANOTHER may despise my verse And cry, <i>What poet could write worse,</i> <i>With Loves in legions at his beck</i> <i>And looking at them from her neck.</i> I see them quite as well as they, And haply what I see might say,	But I have always known that you Farbeyond all things prize the true, And that you raise your eyes above And list to Virtue more than Love, Tho' amicably both contend 11 To take precedence as your friend.
---	---

AN UNCLE'S SURMISE

[Published in 1863, p. 227.]

" <i>Landor, now hang me but I think</i> <i>You are in love with Rose. Don't blink</i> <i>The question.</i> " My good Admiral, Would you that I alone of all Who see and hear her should not prove 3 Admiral [Admiral the Hon. Frederick, afterwards 6th Lord Aylmer. W.]	(As suits their age and station) love? But who can leap the gulph between Dark fifty-nine and bright six- teen? Let us both try which loves her most, I shall be happy to have lost. 10
--	---

[MISTS]

[Published in 1863, p. 232.]

WHY are there mists and clouds to-day?
It is that Rose is far away:
The sun refuses to arise,
And will not shine but from her eyes.

[See poem "On the Birthday of Miss Rose Paynter" on p. 342.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[TO CAPTAIN ERSKINE, R.N.]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 197.]

Sir on the sofa, gallant Erskine, And rest your feet upon the bear- skin.	The best dissemblers are the modest. 10
Rose, I forsee, will turn away Nor seem to hear a word we say:	I never ask her what can ail her Observing her each day grow paler.
Altho' I spangle her with wit She will not care a straw for it.	Cruise, conqueror, and when home you come,
Our friends may think she looks at me,	Bring back the richest prize, her bloom.
Impossible as that must be.	Soon as the sails are down the mast
Of all odd truths this truth is oddest,	Let a sheet-anchor hold you fast.

Title. Not in text. [Captain, afterwards Admiral, John Elphinstone Erskine (Erskine of Kinross) is mentioned in *Diaries of Lady Graves Sawle*, 1908, p. 23. He died June 28, 1887. W.]

[LIME OR LINDEN]

[Published in 1863, p. 181.]

My fragrant *Lime*, I loved thee long before,
Rose calls thee *Linden*, now I love thee more.
Her breath can make the unripe blossom blow,
And Spring revive afresh, entombed in snow.

TO ROSE

[Published in 1863, p. 167.]

I SEE a man whom age should make more wise
Unable to repress his swelling sighs
At sight of you. Ah! let him be forgiven . . .
Thus swells old Ocean when the queen of heaven
In fullest, brightest, majesty appears,
Ascending calmly mid attendant stars.

TO ROSINA, ON HER TENTH BIRTHDAY

[Published in 1863, p. 194.]

WHILE you are chirping as the lark	Perhaps below it your old bard May be asleep in that churchyard,
We heard above in Prior-park,	Our races to the bridge all past

For *ll.* 1-8, 14 see next poem, versions *A* and *B*. See also notes at the end of the volume. 2 heard above] listened to *A*

3-4 Remember Widcombe, its churchyard

May keep away your friend and bard. *B*

4 be] lie *A*

5 His races be for ever past, *A* His races with you now are past *B*

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

And dust upon his dust be cast; Not such as once your nimbler feet Threw back on his. Soon friends will meet Your beauty and your growth to praise.	And wish you many natal days. 10 To make her happier some may dare To tell mama how like you are; And some will press to kiss her brow, As in fond fancy I do now.
---	--

6 upon his dust] on dust may soon B 7 nimbler] swifter A nimble B 8 Threw
back on] Cast over B on] o'er A Soon friends] Friends long A But friends B

JANUARY 19. 1857

[Now first printed from a MS. (A) found in Landon's desk. Another version
(B) in a different hand has the variants noted below the poem.]

WHEN happy friends again are met
 And dinner in due order set,
 The youngest eyes may look around
 For one who is not to be found;
 And then the little Rose will say
 "On January's nineteenth day
 "Mama! why is that one away?
 "He knows your birthday, and should know
 "It ought not to be treated so:
 "He never did the like before . . .
 "Ask him, mama, to mine no more"

10

Let not my little Rose complain
 Altho' I do the like again,
 It may not be with my free will,
 And less so if you take it ill.
 While you are chirping as the lark
 We listened to in Prior-park,
 Perhaps below it your old bard
 May lie asleep in that churchyard.
 His races be for ever past,
 And dust upon his dust be cast;
 Not such as once your swifter feet
 Threw back o'er his!

20

Friends long will meet

6 nineteenth] twentieth. *Between 7, 8:*

Let him make what excuse he will
Tell him I take it very ill

12 my] the

13 Altho' I do] Even tho' he does

14-17 not in B

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

To wish mama joy many days,
And some will even dare to praise,
To press her hand, to kiss that brow,
(As in fond fancy I do now)
Until a fellow Angel come
And take her to as blest a home.

24

For 2A-9 B has:

And January shine more bright
Surrounded with eternal light
Late to those regions Rose will come
And fellow Angels greet her home.

[ROSE AYLMER]

[Published in *Letters, &c. of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

WHERE all must love, but one can win the prize,
The others walk away with tears and sighs.
With tears and sighs let them walk off, while I
Walk for three miles in better company.

After beating my brains, I picked up the only lines I wrote about her, until I heard, two years later, of her death. . . . I will transcribe them. [*Landor to Mrs. Paynter, Bath, February 1853.*]

Title. Not in manuscript.

ABERTAWY

[Published in 1897.]

ALONG the seaboard sands there	I hid it; for it bled indeed.	10
grows	"Now do not hold it back," said	
The tiniest and the thorniest rose,	she,	
And tawny snapdragons stand	"No, nor deny it; let me see."	
round,	With gentle violence she prevail'd,	
Above it, on the level ground.	For when has gentle violence	
"Here," said I, "sit, or you will	fail'd?	
weary	How sat we down? who smooth'd	
Before you come to Briton Ferry."	the sand?	
And I began to pluck away	Who cured, and how was cured,	
The stubborn twisting roots.	that hand?	
"Stay! stay!"	It was a dream; which to ex-	
She cried; "your hand begins to	plain	
bleed."	I try (and so will you) in vain.	

6 Briton Ferry [This poem and the longer version on p. 356 recall a walk with Rose Aylmer near Swansea. See "The Three Roses", p. 350, l. 6. W.]

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

[FOR ST. AGNES'S DAY, 1839]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

When Southey was appointed Poet-Laureate, it was understood that he should not be obliged to write any birthday verses . . . You shall have as little as ever was offered on a similar occasion. [*Londor to Miss Rose Paynter, Bath, December 1838.*]

SLAIN was Agnes on the day
That we bless for Rose's birth;
Heaven, who took a saint away,
Sent an Angel down to Earth.

Title. Not in Text. [The poet forgot that January 21 is St. Agnes's day. He says: "I believe the 19th was the martyrdom of St. Agnes—never mind if I am wrong." W.]

TO ROSE

WITH A PORTRAIT OF PETRARCH'S LAURA *

[Published in 1897.]

In her green vest and golden hair,
Laura is coming, so prepare:
The chaste Restormel can alone
Replace the loss of Avignon.

* By Simone Memmi [Martini], on the inner cover of a missal. [L. The portrait was given to Mrs. afterwards Lady Graves Sawle. W.] 3 Restormel] *misprinted* Ristormel 1897.

TO ROSE

[Published in 1897.]

If by my death I win a tear,
O Rose, why should I linger here?
If my departure cost you two,
Alas! I shall be loth to go.

TWO BIRTHDAYS

January 19, 1838.

[Published in *Letters of W. S. Londor: Private and Public*, 1899. From a manuscript in Lady Graves Sawle's album.]

TEN days, ten only, intervene
Within your natal day
And mine, O Rose!—but wide between
What *years* there spread away.

Sub-title 19] 18 1899.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[VEGLIA DI PARTENZA]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

Did Mama ever let you into the secret that she sometimes writes Italian poetry? She wrote these about midnight on the Friday. [Italian verse] . . . I have attempted to give the following as much the air of an original as possible. [Landor to Miss Rose Paynter in Paris, from Bath, December 16, 1838.]

CALMLY fall the night's repose
On your eyelids, blessed Rose!
When pale morning shines again,
It will shine on bitter pain.
Friends who see you go away
(Ah how many friends!) will say,
"Blessed Rose! adieu! adieu!"
I may bear to say it too . . .
But alas! when far from you.

Title. Heading of the Italian verse as published in *The Book of Beauty for 1847*, with sub-title *By Walter Savage Landor*.

[ROSA VICTRIX]

[Published in 1899; alluded to in the same letter to Miss Rose Paynter in Paris, where she was spending the winter with Lord and Lady Aylmer. The MS. is in Lady Graves Sawle's album.]

"CONQUER (and then give conquest o'er)
The fickle realms of Charlemagne;
But bring us to your native shore
A Briton worth his golden chain."

[TO ROSE]

[Published in 1899; from a letter dated September 23, 1839, to Miss Rose Paynter in France.]

I NEVER sprain,
Dear Rose! my brain;
And if I did,
The Lord forbid
That you should set it strait again:
For I have seen,
O haughty Queen!
The tears and sighs
That fall and rise
Where your ungente hand hath been.

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

TO MISS ROSE PAYNTER

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

Paris, Hôtel Vittoria, Rue Chateau Lagarde, *Half-past Twelve, May 1841.*

WELL, on Sunday I parted,
Not very light-hearted.
At midnight we stand
Upon Gallic land.
I rise very soon,
For on Monday, at noon,
Light or heavy my heart,
Perforce I must start.
A little more cost
Attends the *malle-poste*;
But then, as to comfort,
We surely get some for't.
With a nymph by my side,
As blythe as a bride,
All the day thro'
And all the night too.
As we talk'd the whole day,
We had nothing to say,
Or little to think,
Ere in slumber we sink.
But this morn I'm as tired
As could be desired.
I, who boasted that naught
Can tire me, am caught.
No excuses to offer
Against you, fair scoffer!

10

20

"Will you permit me a little digression?"

Says Rose, "We have brought the old fox to confession!"

Pooh! nonsense! all stuff!

Tho' I did not look gruff,

There was for confession little enough.

At Paris the quietest lady would laugh,

And the quietest man say "too little by half!"

30

I did not half praise the *malle-poste* as I should.

In England no public conveyance so good;

There is plenty of room for the feet and the knees,

And the arms on each side may extend as they please.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Whereas, in this matter, a thousand reproaches
May justly be cast on our cramping mail coaches.

And now to continue. Pursuing our way 40
From the Madeleine into the Rue St. Honoré,
What should I see,
Fixt upon me,
But those two bright eyes
Which confounded the wise,
And fix'd that FitzGerald, whom fifty beside
To fix or to soften
Often and often
Vainly have tried.

"Is it *you*? "Is it *you*?" we cry both of us. "It 's 50
An incredible time since I saw you and Fitz."
"Come and dine with us."—"No, not to-day?" "Will you fix
On to-morrow? Be sure you're no later than six.
Well! I find you as lively and youthful as when
I was brightest of maids, and *you* boldest of men!"
"Alas! my sweet lady! no very great praise!
You hardly were born in the best of my days,
When eyes bright as yours, and voices as sweet,
With *my* voice and my *eyes* were happy to meet."

"Of my praise or my thoughts how unworthy are you! 60
I was born in those days, and remember them too."

With a little less pleasure Jane looks in her glass,
But Fitz is as hearty as ever he was.
A wrinkle the more, or a wrinkle the less
May creep on us men, and cause trifling distress,
But thirty years hence you may witness how sad is
A suspicion or shadow of one upon ladies.

And now a few words on my Florentine guest,
Who is gone, as I wish'd, rather early to rest.
I find my poor Walter as thin as a lath, 70
And wish he were quietly with me at Bath,
At morning and evening taking his fill
Of health and fresh air upon your Primrose-hill.
He would find, I suspect, even health and fresh air
The sweeter for one certain nymph being there.

Tho' here is brave Walter, methinks I would rather
My Julia, dear Julia, were now by her father,

ROSE AYLMER AND OTHERS

With her fair open forehead, eyes modest and mild
And a voice, I do think, like my own, when a child:
I fancy her (what will not fathers suppose?)
As beauteous, and nearly as graceful as Rose.
Now waltzes are over, and arms disengage,
Rose, write to me twice, if not thrice, in an age,
And I who have almost as little to do,
Will write, if you let me, as often to you.

80

[TO THE SAME]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899.]

PARIS. May 26, 1841.

ROSE, one day *walking* with her beau,
Not *flirting*—for she walks not so—
As we—who often see her know,

Cried, “See that vain old man! Last May
I do declare I heard him say
That he can march three miles a day.

He now is going into France:
How they will quiz him if perchance
He hazards such extravagance.

Ah! his poor head has got a twist;
He fancies he can use his fist
As you would, if he should be hist.

10

See how he totters in his gait!
Neither his walk nor sight is strait:
We soon shall earth him, sure as fate!”

[BAY AND MYRTLE]

[Published in 1899, from a letter to Mrs. Paynter, dated January 20, 1854: “I write a quatrain to her” Mrs. Graves Sawle “which you will see on the other side.”]

No leaves adorn my writing-screen,
And no more sunny days are mine;
Your bays are fresh, your myrtles green,
And gracefully they intertwine.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[AN OPEN GRAVE]

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1899; and, with one variant, in H. C. Minchin's
Walter Savage Landor: Last Days, 1934.]

I will transcribe a few lines written when I thought I was about to die. Surely they will be my last. [*Landor to Mrs. Graves Sawle, Florence, December 23, 1859.*]

THE grave is open, soon to close	It checkt wild Youth and cheer'd
On him who sang the charms of	dull Age,
Rose,	Her truth when others were untrue,
Her pensive brow, her placid	And vows forgotten.
eye,	Friends, adieu!
Her smile, angelic purity,	The grave is open . . . O how far
Her voice so sweet, her speech so	From under that bright morning
sage	star. 10

4 smile,] smile's 1934.

[ROSA MAJOR., OCT. 1796]

[Here printed from a manuscript; also published with minor variants in the
catalogue of the Browning sale, 1913.]

SHE who inspires this verse shall be
Unrival'd evermore with me,
Until the happier man draws nigh
Who loves her half so well as I.

Title. Only in 1913.

[FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

AH what happy days were those
When I walkt alone with Rose;
They were days of purest gold,
Days when mortals grow not old.

[FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

SEE a heart of fragil shell!
It may last tho (who can tell)
When a sound one and a true
May not even last for you.

[FROM LADY GRAVES SAWLE'S ALBUM]

WHY does the sun	Because he knows
O'ershadow'd run	The brighter Rose
So soon to-day?	Is on her way.

April 14, '58.

W. S. LANDOR.

PART III. IANTHE

IN a preface to *Simonidea*, 1806, Landor warned the reader to "beware of hoping he can trace, to any object within his view, the source of those affections he may discover here and there". Yet in all but one or two of the *Simonidea* poems in which Ianthe is named, and in others reprinted under the heading "Ianthe" in 1831, there is little risk in tracing at least some of the affection that inspires them to Jane Sophia, daughter of Richard Swift and wife by her first marriage, c. 1803, to her cousin Godwin Swifte, a descendant like herself of the Dean's uncle; always remembering, however, that Landor sometimes indited verses to one lady which he afterwards thought fit, with or without emendation, to offer to another. Beside poems printed in 1806 or 1831 there are some published later in which Ianthe is named and others which appear in a manuscript list of poems said by the poet to have been addressed to or inspired by her.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806.]

SOMETIMES the tempest, with departing wing,
Has toucht the bosom of the tender Spring:
But, though the blossom trembled on the spray,
It smiles again and owns the cheerful day.
So, doubts and fears o'erclouded her, whose eyes
In every heart can make them set or rise.
O be they banisht from a brow so fair,
And rather come to me, than settle there.
What other angel ever fail'd to know
That, life once past, are neither tears nor woe? 10
Call'd from our world, Ianthe, you shall find
No woe, no tears—unless you look behind.

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe".]

SHE leads in solitude her youthful hours,
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain,
O when will Health and Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow, and strew her path, with flowers;
And wandering Wit relume the roseate bowers,
And turn and trifle with his festive train!
Grant me, O grant this wish, ye heavenly powers,
All other gifts, all other hopes, restrain.

3 O] Oh 1831.
hopes] wish 1846.

5 Wit] wit 1846.

roseate] roseat 1831.

8 gifts] hope 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

WRITTEN AT MALVERN

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

COME back, ye Smiles, that late forsook Each breezy path and ferny nook. Come Laughter, though the sage hath said Thou favor'st most the thought- less head: I blame thee not, howe'er inclin'd To love the vacant easy mind: But now am ready, may it please, That mine be vacant and at ease. Sweet children of celestial breed, Though much invoked, repress your speed.	Laughter, though Momus gave thee birth, And said—"my darling, stay on earth." Smiles, though from Venus you arise, And live for ever in the skies. I order that not one descend But first alights upon my friend. When one upon her cheek appears, A thousand spring to life from hers. Death smites his disappointed urn, And beauty, health, and joy, return.	10 20
--	--	----------

Title. Om. 1831, 1846, but in 1831 the poem is among those headed "Ianthé". 3
sage] Sage 1846. 4 favor'st] favourest 1831, 1846. 10 Though . . . invoked,] Be
ruled by me . . . 1831, 1846. 15 I . . . that] Softly! and let 1831, 1846. 20
beauty . . . joy] spirit, pleasure, wit 1831, 1846.

[IANTHE WEEPS]

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Flow, precious Tears! thus shall my rival know
For me, not him, ye flow.
Stay, precious Tears! ah stay: this jealous heart
Would bid you flow apart:
Lest he should see you rising o'er the brim,
And think you rise for him.
Your secret cells, while he is present, keep,
Nor, though I'm absent, weep.

Title. Not in any ed. but in 1831 the poem is among those to Ianthe. 6 think]
hope 1831, 1846.

[TO A MYRTLE]

[Published in 1806; reprinted with variants 1831, 1846. Included in 1831
among poems headed "Ianthé".]

My little Myrtle, tell me why You threaten me that you will die. My little Myrtle seems to say	"I'll tell you that another day." Ah, while the sparing Fates allow, My little Myrtle tell me now.
--	--

Title. Not in any edition. ll. 1-10 om. 1831, 1846.

IANTHE

"Well, cruel, since you will not wait
 "To see how very just is Fate;
 "I'll tell you what its books in- fold—
 "But will you thank me when I've told? 10
 "Remember then the guilty night
 "You snatcht and seized me pale with fright.
 "At every swell more close I prest
 "With jealous care that lovely breast:
 "At every tender word you said
 "I cast a broader, deeper shade;
 "So trembling, that I fell between
 "Two angel-guards that rose un- seen:
 "There, pleasures, perils, all for- got,
 "I clung and fainted—who would not? 20
 "Yet surely, this wild transport over,
 "I should, for who would not? recover.
 "Yes! I was destined to return,
 "And sip anew the chrystal urn;
 "Where, with four other sister sprays,
 "I bloom'd away my pleasant days.
 "Ah, well! however that may be,
 "Though sister sprays, and parent tree,
 "Forced by your tyrant hand I leave,
 "You greatly more, unforced, will grieve. 30
 "My veins with feverish anguish burn,
 "And tranquil scenes can ne'er return:
 "Yet less and less, and less again,
 "Each day, hour, moment, is the pain
 "My little shrivell'd heart en- dures—
 "Now can you say the same for yours?
 "I, snatcht from her, and she from you,
 "What wiser thing can either do,
 "Than, with our joys our fears renounce,
 "And leave the vacant world at once? 40
 "When she you fondly love must go,
 "Your pangs will rise, but mine will cease—
 "I ne'er again shall wake to woe,
 "Nor you to happiness or peace."

11 then] you 1831, 1846. Between ll. 11-12 1831, 1846 insert one line:

12 seized] held 1846. A dying [downcast 1846] myrtle said, fright.] fright?" 1831. Between ll. 12-13

She paused; I bowed my head. 1831.
Till life almost had fled? 1846

15 At . . . said] Of every tender word afraid 1831, 1846. 17 So . . . that] And trembled so, 1831, 1846. 18 that rose] by you 1831, 1846. Between ll. 18-19 1831 inserts two lines:

Or else your hand had never dared
To strip me from their holy ward . .

21 surely . . . wild] certainly, this 1831, 1846. 24 Chrystal] crystal 1831, 1846.
ll. 27-32 om. 1831, 1846. 33 Yet] But 1831, 1846. 37 snatcht] torn 1831, 1846.
43 I . . . wake] I never shall awake 1831, 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846.]

Soon as Ianthe's lip I prest,
Thither my spirit wing'd its way:
Ah, there the wanton would not rest,
Ah, there the wanderer could not stay.

ON DRAWING LOTS

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe".]

I DRAW with trembling hand my doubtful lot;
Yet where are Fortune's frowns, if she frown not
From whom I hope, from whom I fear, the kiss?
O gentle Love, if there be aught beyond
That makes the bosom calm, yet leaves it fond,
O let her give me that—and take back this!

Title. Twelfth-Night 1846. [A copy of these lines was sent to Mrs. Paynter in a letter which seems to prove that they were written in 1799 and then referred to a Twelfth Night party at which Rose Aylmer was present. See *Letters, &c., of Landor* p. 70. W.] 5 yet] and 1831; but 1846.

TO IANTHE

WITH PETRARCH'S SONNETS.

[Published in 1806; reprinted, in part, 1831, 1846.]

BEHOLD what homage to his idol paid
The tuneful suppliant of Valclusa's shade.
Often his lively fancy tried to cheat
Passion's fift gaze with some assumed conceit;
Often behind the mould'ring column stood,
And often started from the laureate wood.*
His verses still the tender heart engage,
They charm'd a rude, and please a polisht age.
Some are to nature and to passion true,
And all had been so, had he lived for you.

10

Title. To Ianthe *om.* 1846. Petrarch's] Petrarca's 1846. ll. 3-6 *om.* 1831-1846. 9 Some] Many 1831. 1806 has footnote [*om.* 1831, 1846] at end as follows:

* Often behind the mould'ring column stood,
And often started from the laureate wood.

He was remarkably fond of playing on the words *Colonna* and *Lauro*: in the one alluding to his patron, in the other to his mistress. [L.]

IANTHE

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WHILE the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
 And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
 While indistinct lie rude and cultur'd lands,
 The ripening harvest and the hoary sands;
 Alone, and destitute of every page
 That fires the poet, or informs the sage,
 Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove—
 Rest upon past or cherish promist love?
 Alas! the past I never can regain,
 Wishes may rise and tears may flow—in vain. 10
 Fancy, that shews her in her early bloom,
 Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
 What then would passion, what would reason do?
 Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
 Here will I sit, 'till heaven shall cease to lour,
 And the bright Hesper bring the appointed hour;
 Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
 Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

11 shews] brings 1846. 15 'till] till 1831, 1846. 16 the bright] happier 1831, 1846.

TO LOVE

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846 (*Pericles and Aspasia*, 2nd ed.). Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WHERE is my heart, perfidious boy?
 Give it, ah give it, back again!
 I ask no more for hours of joy,
 Lift but thy arm and burst my chain.

"Fond man, the heart we idly gave
 "She values not, yet won't restore:
 "She passes on from slave to slave—
 "Go too—thy heart is thine no more."

Title. 1846 also has between ll. 4-5 Love's Reply. 2 ah] O 1846. 4 arm] hand 1846. 5 idly] rashly 1846. 6 values] prizes 1831. 8 too—] to . . 1831; , go; 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[WITH IANTHE AT CLIFTON]

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted in part 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

CLIFTON, in vain thy varied scenes invite,
 The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
 The sheep, that starting from the tufted thyme,
 Untune the distant churchis mellow chime;
 As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
 And shakes above our heads the craggy steeps.
 Pleasant I've thought it, to pursue the row'r,
 While light and darkness seiz'd the changeful oar;
 The frolic Naiads drawing from below
 A net of silver round the black canoe. 10
 Now, the last lonely solace let it be
 To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea;
 Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
 My cheeks are moisten'd by the dews of eve.
 What voice can charm us, or what view can cheer,
 Removed from her the restless heart holds dear!
 Ah why then, self-tormenter, why removed?
 Say, thou who lovest, art thou not beloved?
 Resume thy courage, give thy sorrows o'er—
 Will not her bosom press thy bosom more! 20
 Her clasping arms around thy neck entwine,
 Her gentle hand be linkt again in thine!
 Will not her lips their honied dews impart,
 And will not rapture swell her answering heart?
 Soon shall thy exile and thy grief be closed,
 By whom but thee, for whom but her, imposed!
 Through seven days, imperfect, waste and wild,
 In seven days the whole creation smil'd.

Title. Not in any edition. 2 height] hight 1831, 1846. 4 churchis] church's 1846.
 5 horror] horror 1831. 7 row'r] rower 1831, 1846. 8 seiz'd] seize 1831, 1846.
 9 Naiads] Naids 1831. 11 let] must 1831, 1846. ll. 15-28 om. in 1831, 1846.

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

WILL you not come, my little girl!
 What on this sand-hill can I do?
 What, but around my finger twirl
 The sever'd lock I stole from you?

IAN THE

Come, or the wanton wind shall have it,
And every whispering breeze shall tell—
How, when you snatcht it back, you gave it,
And pouted that you snatcht so well.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

I OFTEN ask upon whose arm she
 leans,
 She whom I dearly love;
And if she visit much the crowded
 scenes
 Where mimic passions move.
There, mighty powers! assert your
 just controul,
 Alarm her thoughtless breast;

Breathe soft suspicion o'er her
 yielding soul—
 But never break its rest.
O let some faithful lover, absent long,
 To sudden bliss return; 10
Then Lander's name shall tremble
 from her tongue,
 Her cheek through tears shall
 burn.

5 controul] control 1846.

TO MY WATCH

[Published in 1806; reprinted 1831, and in part with added lines 1846.
Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

Go, sole companion of a joyless bed,
Nor drive the slumbers from this frantic head.
Point not how slow malignant Time departs,
How ill agree thy motion and my heart's.
Why so averse, ye hours, to Cambria's coast?
Why cannot sleep still hang o'er treasures lost?
O might I dream, thus, meeting on the way,
The sweet Ianthe chides my long delay!

"Ah, why this absence! why, when men possess,
 "Prize they the gift, but love the giver less!
 "Perhaps some rival I have lived to see,
 "Or hear some other youth has charms for me.
 "No—in this bosom none shall ever share,
 "Firm is, and tranquil be, your empire there!
 "If, wing'd with amorous fear, the unfetter'd slave

Title. Om. 1846. ll. 1-10 om. 1846. 7 O . . . thus] And let me dream that 1831. 8 The . . . chides] Ianthe chides, as once, 1831. 10 Prize] Hold 1831. In 1846 the poem begins with two lines followed by two more recast from earlier versions as below:

Could but the dream of night return by day
And thus again the true Ianthe say,
"Altho' some other I should live to see
As fond, no other can have charms for me.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

"Stole back for you the heart she rashly gave,
 "O call it feeble, call it not untrue—
 "Its destination, though it fail'd, was you."
 So, to some distant isle, the unconscious dove
 Bears at her breast the billet dear to love;
 But drops, while viewless lies the happier scene,
 On some hard rock, or desert beach, between.

20

16 for . . . the] the struggling 1846. For l. 17 1846 substitutes:

Weak they may call it, weak, but not untrue;

18 you." you. 1831, 1846. [Ianthé is the imaginary speaker in 1806 of ll. 9-18; in 1831 of ll. 9-22; in 1846 of 2 added + 2 recast ll. + ll. 13-22. Quotation marks before first words of ll. 10-18 as in 1806 are om. in later edd.] 19 isle] ile 1831.

[Published in *Simonidea*, 1806; reprinted with addition 1831, 1846. Included in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

<p>As round the parting ray the busy notes In eddying circles play'd, A little bird pour'd many plaintive notes Beneath an elder's shade.</p> <p>My soul was tranquil as the scene around, Ianthe at my side: Both leaning silent on the turfy mound, Lowly, and soft, and wide.</p> <p>I had not lookt, that evening, for the part One hand could disengage, 10 To make her arms cling round me, with a start My bosom must assuage.</p>	<p>Silence and soft inaction please as much The self-abandon'd breast, Which the chaste Muse hath ever deign'd to touch, And Love hath once possess.</p> <p>"Hark! hear you not the night- ingale?"—I said, To strike her with surprise— "The nightingale?" she cried, and raised her head, And beam'd with brighter eyes—</p> <p>"Before I knew him, as he piped above, 21 "At every thrilling swell "I loved him—for he seem'd to sing of love— "So constant, and so well."</p>
--	--

3 A . . . plaintive] Some little bird threw dull and broken 1846. 4 Beneath]
 Amid 1846. 14 The self-abandon'd] Sometimes the stiller 1846. For l. 15 1846
 substitutes:

Which passion now has thrill'd with milder touch

16 hath once] in peace 1846. 21 I . . . he] you said 'twas he that 1831, 1846.
 23 "I . . . sing] He pleas'd [pleased 1831] me more and more, he sang 1831, 1846.
 24 constant, and] plaintively, 1831, 1846. After l. 24 1831, 1846 edd. have four
 lines written in 1827:

Where are ye, happy days, when every bird

Pour'd love in every strain!

Ye days, when [love 1831 misprint] true was every idle word,
 Return, return again!

IANTHE

[TO A PORTRAIT PAINTER]

[Published in *Gebir, &c.*, 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé". A longer version with variants noted below has been found in a letter to the poet's sister written about 1808. See note at end of volume.]

O THOU whose happy pencil strays	What mists athwart my temples
Where I am call'd nor dare to gaze,	fly,
But lower my eye and check my	Now, touch by touch, thy fingers tie
tongue;	With torturing care her graceful
O, if thou valu'st peaceful days,	zone! 9
Pursue the ringlets sunny maze,	For all that sparkles from her eye
And dwell not on those lips too	I could not look while thou art by,
long.	Nor could I cease were I alone.

Title. Not in any ed. 2 am . . . to], forbidden, dare not *MS.* 5 ringlets] ringlet's
 1846. sunny] airy *MS.* 6 And] But *MS.* Between ll. 6-7 *MS.* has six
 lines:

With steady hand I watch thee stain
 Each opening flower thro' beauty's reign
 And think thee bold, but own thee blest.
 How motionless my feet remain!
 With what amazement with what pain
 I envy thee thy power, thy rest.

8 Now] As *MS.* 12 could . . . cease] cease to look *MS.*

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

AWAY my verse; and never fear,	Some happier graces could I lend
As men before such beauty do;	That in her memory you should
On you she will not look severe,	live,
She will not turn her eyes from	Somelittle blemishes might blend..
you.	For it would please her to forgive.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

Ask me not . . . a voice severe
Tells me . . . for it gives me pain.
Peace! sweet maid! the hour is near
When I cannot ask again.

3 sweet . . . hour] the hour, too sure, 1846. 4 cannot] can not 1846.

[Published in 1831, where printed, perhaps in error, among poems headed "Ianthé".]

My basil, to whose fragrance, from the breast
 Of Venus, even the myrtle bends her head,
 Say that I broke upon thy sunny rest
 And dreams perhaps by quiet fancies fed,

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Not thoughtless nor in malice; the desire
 That courtly hands should take thee, prompted mine.
 His only daughter thus some country squire
 Sends to her town-bred cousins, spruce and fine:
 He looks for something . . . can it then be grace?
 The want that wounds it, softens too his heart; 10
 The blushes leave his clear bald brow apace,
 And the stiff steed in bearded pride may start.

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted in *Imaginary Conversation*, "Dante and Beatrice", *Hood's Magazine*, March 1845, and so in 1846.]

BID my bosom cease to grieve! Bid these eyes fresh objects see! Where 's the comfort to believe Nonewouldoncehaverival'dme? 1 my] this 1845, 1846. 4 would] might 1845, 1846.	What, my freedom to receive? Broken hearts, are they the free? For another can I live If I may not live for thee! 8 If] When 1846.
--	--

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

PLEASURE! why thus desert the heart In its spring-tide! I could have seen her, I could part, And . . . but have sigh'd!	O'er every youthful charm to stray, To gaze, to touch . . . Pleasure! why take so much away, Or give so much!
---	---

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; part printed 1846.]

PAST ruin'd Ilion Helen lives, Alcestris rises from the shades; Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives Immortal youth to mortal maids. Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil Hide all the peopled hills you see, 8 In . . . ages] These many summers 1846.	The gay, the proud, while lovers hail In distant ages you and me. The tear for fading beauty check, For passing glory cease to sigh; One form shall rise above the wreck, 11 One name, Ianthe, shall not die. 11. 9-12 om. 1846.
---	--

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846. For an earlier version see p. 265.]

DARLING Shell, where hast thou been? West or east what heard or seen? From what pastimes art thou come, Can we make amends at home?	Whether thou hast tuned the dance To the maids of ocean Know I not . . . but Ignorance Never hurts devotion.
---	--

2 east what] East? or 1846.

IANTHE

This I know, Ianthe's Shell,
I must ever love thee well, 10
Tho' too little to resound
While the Nereids dance around;

For, of all the shells that are,
Thou art sure the brightest:
Thou, Ianthe's infant care,
Most these eyes delightest.

To thy early aid she owes
Teeth like budding snowdrop rows:
And what other shell can say,
On her bosom once I lay? 20

That which into Cyprus bore
Venus from her native sea,
(Pride of shells!) was never more
Dear to her than thou to me.

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

FROM heaven descend two gifts
alone;
The graceful line's eternal zone
And Beauty, that too soon
must die.
Exposed and lonely Genius stands,
Like Memnon in the Egyptian
sands,
At whom barbarian javelins fly.

For mutual succour heaven de-
signed
The lovely form and vigorous mind
To seek each other and unite.
Genius! thy wing shall beat down
Hate, 10
And Beauty tell her fears at
Fate
Until her rescuer met her sight.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

CIRCE, who bore the diadem
O'er every head we see,
Pursued by thousands, turn'd
from them
And fill'd her cup for me.

She seiz'd what little was design'd
To catch the transient view;
For thee, sweet maid, she left
behind
The tender and the true.

6 the] & 1846, 1876. 7, sweet maid,] alone 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthe"; reprinted 1846.]

I SADDEN while I view again
Smiles that for me the Graces
wreathed.
Sure my last kiss those lips re-
tain
And breathe the very vow they
breathed . .
At peace, in sorrow, far or near,
Constant and fond she still
would be,

And absence should the more en-
dear
The sigh to her it woke for me.
Till its long hours have past away,
Sweet image, bid my bosom
rest. 10
Vain hope! yet shalt thou night
and day,
Sweet image, to this heart be
prest.

8 to . . . it] it only 1846. 9 its long] the slow 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

I HELD her hand, the pledge of bliss,
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;
She bent her head before my kiss . .

My heart was sure that hers was true.

Scarce have I told her I must part,
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,
Nor shuns the kiss . . alas! my heart,
Hers never was the heart for you.

5 Scarce . . . I] Now I have 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

So late removed from him she swore,
With clasping arms and vows and tears,
In life and death she would adore,
While memory, fondness, bliss, endears . .

Can she forswear? can she forget?
Strike, mighty Love! strike, Vengeance! . . soft!
Conscience must come, and bring Regret . .
These let her feel! nor these too oft!

4 endears . .] endears. 1846. 6 Vengeance! . . soft!] Vengeance! Soft! 1846. 7
Regret] regret 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé".]

O FOND, but fickle and untrue,	Too swiftly roll'd the wheels
Ianthé take my last adieu.	when last
Your heart one day will ask you	These woods and airy downs we
why	past.
You forced from me this farewell	Fain would we trace the winding
sigh.	path,
Have you not feign'd that friends	And hardly wisht for blissful Bath.
reprove	At every spring you caught my
The mask of Friendship worn by	arm,
Love?	And every pebble roll'd alarm.
Feign'd, that they whisper'd you	On me was turn'd that face divine,
should be	The view was on the right so
The same to others as to me?	fine:
Ah! little knew they what they said!	I smiled . . those conscious eyes
How would they blush to be	withdrew . .
obey'd!	The left was now the finer view. 20

IANTHE

Each trembled for detected wiles, And blushes tinged our fading smiles. But Love turns Terror into jest . .	We laught, we kist, and we confest. Laugh, kisses, confidence are past, And Love goes too . . but goes the last.
--	---

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

ALL tender thoughts that e'er possest The human brain or human breast, Center in mine for thee . .	Excepting one . . and that must thou Contribute; come, conferr it now, <i>Grateful</i> O let me be!
---	--

5 conferr] confer 1846. 6 O . . . me] I fain would 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

IANTHE! you resolve to cross the sea! A path forbidden <i>me</i> ! Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds Upon the mountain-heads, How often we have watcht him laying down His brow, and dropt our own Against each other's, and how faint and short And sliding the support! What will succede it now? Mine is unblest,	Ianthé! nor will rest 10 But on the very thought that swells with pain. O bid me hope again! O give me back what Earth, what (without you) Not Heaven itself can do— One of the golden days that we have past, And let it be my last! Or else the gift would be, however sweet, Fragile and incomplete.
--	--

1 resolve] are call'd 1846. 9 succede] succeed 1846.

[Published in 1831 among poems headed "Ianthé"; reprinted 1846.]

MILD is the parting year, and sweet
 The odour of the falling spray;
 Life passes on more rudely fleet,
 And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,
 But mourn that never must there fall
 Or on my breast or on my tomb
 The tear that would have soothed it all.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
(’Twas when some fifty long had settled there
And intermarried and brancht off awide)
She threw herself upon her couch, and wept:
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.

But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseat band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps
Upon a skin so soft . . . *No, no, you said,*
Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here . .
Well, and what matters it . . while you are too!

10

1 Helen] [see Ovid, *Metam.*, xv. 232 ff. W.] 11 roseat] roseate 1846. 13-15
roman, quoted, not italics, in 1846. 15 you are] thou art 1846.

TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDÈ, ABOUT TO MARRY THE DUC DE LUXEMBOURG

[Published in 1831; reprinted 1846. See notes at end of the volume.]

SAY ye, that years roll on and ne’er return?
Say ye, the Sun who leaves them all behind,
Their great creator, cannot bring one back
With all his force, tho he draw worlds around? . .
Witness me, little streams! that meet before
My happy dwelling; witness, Africo
And Mensola! that ye have seen at once
Twenty roll back, twenty as swift and bright
As are your swiftest and your brightest waves,
When the tall cypress o’er the Doccia
Hurls from his inmost boughs the latent snow.

10

Go, and go happy, pride of my past days
And solace of my present, thou whom Fate
Alone hath severed from me! One step higher
Must yet be mounted, high as was the last:
Friendship, with faltering accent, says Depart!
And take the highest seat below the crown’d.

Title. Not in 1831. 3 cannot] can not 1846. 12 pride] light 1846. 13
And solace] Consoler 1846. 14 hath severed] could sever 1846.

IANTHE

THE FAT SUITOR

[Published in *The Monthly Repository (High and Low Life in Italy)* April 1838; reprinted 1858.]

O THOU on whom Rubens had revel'd! O fatter
Than Bacchus, and uglier than Faun or than Satyr!
What was it thy impudence breath'd in the ear
Of Cœnanthe, all redden'd with shame and with fear?
I'll cover thy carcase with blanket and sheet
And, by Jove, she shall sleep on't the first time we meet.

Title. Only in 1858. 2 Bacchus, and] Silenus, than 1858. 4 Cœnanthe] Ianthè 1858. 5 I'll] We will 1858. 6, by . . . time] make it a matras as soon as 1858.

[Published with Italian version in *The Examiner*, August 5, 1838; reprinted, without Italian, in 1846.]

How many voices gaily sing,
"O happy morn, O happy spring
Of life!" Meanwhile there comes o'er me
A softer voice from Memory,
And says, "If loves and hopes have flown
With years, think too what griefs are gone!"

W. S. L. [om. 1846.]

TO IANTHE [IN VIENNA]

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 26, 1838; reprinted in part 1846. Also printed from manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895 (i. 200). See notes at end of volume.]

IANTHE! since our parting day	About my temples what a hum
Pleasure and you were long away.	Of freshly wakened thoughts is
Leave you then all that strove to	come!
please	Ah! not without a throb or two
In proud Vienna's palaces	That shake me as they used to
To soothe your Landor's heart	do. 10
agen	Where alders rise up dark and
And roam once more our hazel	dense
glen?	But just behind the wayside fence,

Title. Om. 1846. ll. 1-10 om. 1846. 2 long] far 1895.

Between ll. 6, 7 Formerly you have held my hand
Along the lane where now I stand,
In idle sadness looking round
The lonely disenchanted ground,
And take my pencil out, and wait
To lay the paper on this gate. 1895.

8 thoughts] thought 1895. ll. 11, 12 om. in 1895.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

A stone there is in yonder nook Untoward stone! and never quite
Which once I borrowed of the (Tho' often very near it) right, 20
brook;
And the first hind who fain would And putting to sore shifts my wit
cross To roll it out, then stedly it,
Must leap five yards or feel its loss. And then to prove that it must be
You sate beside me on that stone, Too hard for any one but me.
Rather (not much) too wide for one. Ianthe haste! ere June declines
We'll write upon it all these lines.

W. S. L.

ll. 15-16 om. 1846. Between ll. 18, 19:

Suggesting to our arms and knees
Most whimsical contrivances. 1895.

19 Untoward] Unsteady 1895. 22 stedly] steady 1846. 25 haste] come 1895.
Signature om. 1846.

[Included in *Imaginary Conversation*, "Tasso and Cornelia" and so published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1843; so reprinted 1846 A. Also reprinted among Ianthe poems 1846 B. Text 1843.]

Tasso. And now, Leonora! you shall hear my last verses! . . . Ah! you press my hand once more. Drop it . . . or the verses will sink into my breast again, and lie there silent [*Blackwood's*, 1843.]

MANY, well I know, there are Hears and shares the griefs you
Ready in your joys to share, tell; 10
And (I never blame it) you
Are almost as ready too. Him you ever call apart
But when comes the darker day, When the springs o'erflow the
And those friends have dropt away; heart;
Which is there among them all For you know that he alone
You should, if you could, recall? Wishes they were *but* his own.
One, who wisely loves, and well, Give, while these he may divide,
Smiles to all the world beside.

7 Which] Who 1846 B. 8 should] would 1846 B. recall] recal 1846 B.

LINES

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Keepsake* for 1846; reprinted *Works*, 1846.]

ONE year ago, my path was green, Such love did a sweet maid bestow,
My footstep light, my brow serene: One year ago!
Alas! and could it have been so
One year ago?
There is a love that is to last,
When the hot days of youth are
past: I took a leaflet from her braid,
And gave it to *another* maid: 10
Love! broken should have been
thy bow,
One year ago!

Title and sub-title, only in Keepsake.

IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE torch of Love dispels the gloom
Of life, and animates the tomb;
But never let it idly flare
On gazers in the open air,
Nor turn it quite away from one
To whom it serves for moon and sun,
And who alike in night or day
Without it could not find his way.

1 torch] touch 1846. *A palpable misprint, here corrected.*

[Published in 1846.]

SHE I love (alas in vain!)
Floats before my slumbering eyes:
When she comes she lulls my pain,
When she goes what pangs arise!
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!
If even thus she soothe my sighs,
Never let me wake again!

[Published in 1846.]

THOU hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire
In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than day's.

[Published in 1846.]

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;
The shore repels it; it returns again.

[Published in 1846.]

LIE, my fond heart at rest,
She never can be ours.
Why strike upon my breast
The slowly passing hours?

Ah! breathe not out the name!
That fatal folly stay!
Conceal the eternal flame,
And tortured ne'er betray.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

THE heart you cherish can not change;
The fancy, faint and fond,
Has never more the wish to range
Nor power to rise beyond.

[Published in 1846. Another version, sent to Southey in 1808, printed in Forster's
Landor: a Biography, 1869.]

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:
Grant only (and I ask no more),
Let love remain that little while.

2 heavenly] playful 1869. For l. 3, 1869 has:
Kiss me, and grant what I implore,

[Published in 1846.]

It often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so! then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest;
I should for ever dream of you.

[Published in 1846.]

I CAN not tell, not I, why she
Awhile so gracious, now should be
So grave: I can not tell you why
The violet hangs its head awry.
It shall be cull'd, it shall be worn,
In spite of every sign of scorn,
Dark look, and overhanging thorn.

IANTHE'S TROUBLES

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858; and, from a MS. book, in H. C. Minchin's
Walter Savage Landor: Last Days, 1934.]

FROM you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

*Title. Not in 1846. To a Child MS. ll. 1-2=ll. 3-4 in 1858. ll. 3-4=ll. 1-2
in 1858. 1 Ianthe] blest maiden MS. 2 down] in 1858. 4 blithe] blythe 1858, MS.*

IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

<p>WHILE you, my love, are by, How fast the moments fly! Yet who could wish them slower? Alas! to think ere long Your converse and your song Can reach my ear no more. O let the thought too rest Upon your gentle breast, Where many kind ones dwell;</p>	<p>And then perhaps at least 10 I may partake a feast None e'er enjoy'd so well. Why runs in waste away Such music, day by day, When every little wave Of its melodious rill Would slake my thirst, until I quench it in the grave.</p>
---	--

[Published in 1846. Also printed with variants from a letter to Lady Blessington in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895.]

<p>THESE are the sights I love to see: I love to see around Youths breathing hard on bended knee, Upon that holy ground</p>	<p>My flowers have covered: all the while I stand above the rest; I feel within the angelic smile, I bless, and I am blest.</p>
---	---

Before *l.* 1 1895 has this quatrain (see p. 226):

That lovely name adorns my song
 And dwells upon my heart.
 Tremble then every other tongue!
 Tears from all eyes then start.

4 ground] ground. 1895. 5 My . . . covered:] I wave the incense 1895

TEARS

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

MINE fall, and yet a tear of hers
 Would swell, not soothe their pain.
 Ah! if she look but at these tears,
 They do not fall in vain.

Title. Only in 1858.

[Published in 1846.]

<p>If mutable is she I love, If rising doubts demand their place, I would adjure them not to move Beyond her fascinating face. Let it be question'd, while there flashes A liquid light of fleeting blue,</p>	<p>Whether it leaves the eyes or lashes, Plays on the surface or peeps through. With every word let there appear So modest yet so sweet a smile, That he who hopes must gently fear, Who fears may fondly hope the while. 12</p>
--	--

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

DIFFERENCE IN TEARS

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.]

THERE are some tears we would not wish to dry,
And some that sting before they drop and die.
Ah! well may be imagined of the two
Which I would ask of Heaven may fall from you.
Such, ere the lover sinks into the friend,
On meeting cheeks in warm attraction blend.

Title. Only in 1858.

[Published in 1846.]

I HOPE indeed ere long	But in the Muse's bower
To hear again the song	At least, O gentle power
Round which so many throng	Of harmony! one hour
Of great and gay:	Of many a day
Whether I shall or not	Devote to her I will,
Draw from Fate's hand that lot	And cling to her until
I'd give a prophet all I'm worth	They ring the bell for life to run
to say.	away.

[Published in 1846.]

I LOVE to hear that men are bound	I know not whether I may bear
By your enchanting links of sound:	To see it all, as well as hear;
I love to hear that none rebell	And never shall I clearly know
Against your beauty's silent spell.	Unless you nod and tell me so.

[Published in 1846.]

BELOVED the last! beloved the most!	Afar the youngest of the train
With willing arms and brow	Beheld (but fear'd and aided
benign	not)
Receive a bosom tempest-tost,	A minstrel from the billowy main
And bid it ever beat to thine.	Borne breathless near her coral grot.
The Nereid maids, in days of yore,	Then terror fled, and pity rose . .
Saw the lost pilot loose the helm,	"Ah me!" she cried, "I come too late!
Saw the wreck blacken all the shore,	Rather than not have sooth'd his woes,
And every wave some head o'erwhelm.	I would, but may not, share his fate."

IANTHE

She rais'd his hand. "What hand like this Could reach the heart athwart the lyre! What lips like these return my kiss, Or breathe, incessant, soft de- sire!"	From eve to morn, from morn to eve, She gazed his features o'er and o'er, And those who love and who believe May hear her sigh along the shore.
--	--

20

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

ART thou afraid the adorer's prayer
 Be overheard? that fear resign.
 He waves the incense with such care
 It leaves no stain upon the shrine.

[Published in 1846.]

You see the worst of love, but not the best,
 Nor will you know him till he comes your guest.
 Tho' yearly drops some feather from his sides,
 In the heart's temple his pure torch abides.

[Published in 1846.]

ACCORDING to eternal laws
 ('Tis useless to inquire the cause)
 The gates of fame and of the grave
 Stand under the same architrave,
 So I would rather some time yet
 Play on with you, my little pet!

[Published in 1846.]

ONE pansy, one, she bore beneath her breast,
 A broad white ribbon held that pansy tight.
 She waved about nor lookt upon the rest,
 Costly and rare; on this she bent her sight.
 I watcht her raise it gently when it droopt;
 I knew she wisht to show it me; I knew
 She would I saw it rise, to lie unloopt
 Nearer its home, that tender heart! that true!

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

<p>You tell me I must come again Now buds and blooms appear: Ah! never fell one word in vain Of yours on mortal ear. You say the birds are busy now In hedgerow, brake, and grove, And slant their eyes to find the bough That best conceals their love:</p>	<p>How many warble from the spray! How many on the wing! 10 "Yet, yet," say you, "one voice away I miss the sound of spring." How little could that voice express, Beloved, when we met! But other sounds hath tenderness, Which neither shall forget.</p>
--	--

[Published in 1846.]

<p>RETIRED this hour from wonder- ing crowds And flower-fed poets swathed in clouds, Now the dull dust is blown away, Ianthe, list to what I say. Verse is not always sure to please For lightness, readiness, and ease; Romantic ladies like it not Unless its streams are strong and hot As Melton-Mowbray stables when Ill-favored frost comes back again.</p>	<p>Tell me no more you feel a pride 11 To be for ever at my side, To think your beauty will be read When all who pine for it are dead. I hate a pomp and a parade Of what should ever rest in shade; What not the slenderest ray should reach, Nor whispered breath of guarded speech: There even Memory should sit Absorbed, and almost doubting it. 20</p>
---	--

8 streams] steams *Landor's MS. correction*, 1846.

[Published in 1846.]

A TIME will come when absence, grief, and years,
 Shall change the form and voice that please you now,
 When you perplexed shall ask, "And fell my tears
 Into his bosom? breath'd I there my vow?"

It must be so, Ianthe! but to think
 Malignant Fate should also threaten *you*,
 Would make my heart, now vainly buoyant, sink:
 Believe it not: 'tis what I'll never do.

[Published in 1846.]

HAVE I, this moment, led thee from the beach
 Into the boat? now far beyond my reach!
 Stand there a little while, and wave once more
 That 'kerchief; but may none upon the shore

IANTHE

Dare think the fond salute was meant for him!
 Dizzily on the plashing water swim
 My heavy eyes, and sometimes can attain
 Thy lovely form, which tears bear off again.
 In vain have they now ceast; it now is gone
 Too far for sight, and leaves me here alone. 10
 O could I hear the creaking of the mast!
 I curst it present, I regret it past.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

YES, we shall meet (I knew we should) again,
 And I am solaced now you tell me when.
 Joy sprung o'er sorrow as the morning broke,
 And, as I read the words, I thought you spoke.
 Altho' you bade it, yet to find how fast
 My spirits rose, how lightly grief flew past,
 I blush at every tear I have repress,
 And one is starting to reprove the rest.

[Published in 1846.]

YE walls! sole witnesses of happy sighs,
 Say not, blest walls, one word.
 Remember, but keep safe from ears and eyes
 All you have seen and heard.*

* First pencilled thus,
 O murs! temoins des plus heureux soupirs,
 N'en dites mot: gardez nos souvenirs. [L.]

[Published in 1846.]

<p>THE bough beneath me shakes and swings. While tender love wants most your wings Why are you flying from our nest? That love, first opened by your beak, You taught to peck, and then to speak The few short words you liked the best, Come back again, soft cower- ing breast!</p>	<p>Do not hear or mind my call? Come back! come back! or I may fall From my high branch to one below; 10 For there are many in our trees, And part your flight and part the breeze May shake me where I would not go. Ah! do not then desert me so!</p>
--	---

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

IANTHE'S LETTER

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WE will not argue, if you say	We will not argue (but why tell
My sorrows when I went away	So false a tale?) that scarcely
Were not for you alone;	fell
For there were many very dear,	My tears where mostly due.
Altho' at dawn they came not	I can not think who told you so:
near,	I shed (about the rest I know 11
As you did, yet who griev'd when	Nothing at all) the first and last
I was gone.	for you.

8 scarcely] scanty *Landor's manuscript correction 1846.*

[Published in 1846.]

ON the smooth brow and clustering hair
 Myrtle and rose! your wreath combine;
 The duller olive I would wear,
 Its constancy, its peace, be mine.

[Published in 1846.]

ALONG this coast I led the vacant Hours
 To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,
 And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers
 With one unconscious inobservant hand,
 While crept the other by degrees more near
 Until it rose the cherisht form around,
 And prest it closer, only that the ear
 Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard sound.

[Published in 1846.]

PURSUITS! alas, I now have none,	Catches her coming first afield,
But idling where were once pur-	And she looks pale tho' spring
suits,	is near;
Often, all morning quite alone,	I chase the violets, that would
I sit upon those twisted roots	hide 9
Which rise above the grass, and	Their little prudish heads away,
shield	And argue with the rills, that
Our harebell, when the churlish	chide
year	When we discover them at play.

12 we] I *Landor's manuscript correction 1846.*

IANTHE

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No, thou hast never griev'd but I griev'd too;
Smiled thou hast often when no smile of mine
Could answer it. The sun himself can give
But little colour to the desert sands.

[Published in 1846.]

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Still yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.
Twenty years hence tho' it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard.
There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sigh'd *Alas*,
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That winged word.

10

[Published in 1846.]

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,	“ <i>Can I be always by your side?</i> ”
Tho' youth, where you are, long	No; but the hours you can, you
will stay,	must,
But when my summer days are	Nor rise at Death's approaching
gone,	stride,
And my autumnal haste away.	Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

[Published in 1846.]

Is it no dream that I am he	Those in few hours would sure be
Whom one awake all night	past,
Rose ere the earliest birds to	His traces <i>that</i> might show;
see,	Between whose knees, unseen, un-
And met by dawn's red light;	heard,
Who, when the wintry lamps were	The honest mastiff came,
spent	Nor fear'd he; no, nor was he fear'd:
And all was drear and dark,	Tell me, am I the same?
Against the rugged pear-tree leant	O come! the same dull stars we'll
While ice crackt off the bark;	see,
Who little heeded sleet and blast,	The same o'er-clouded moon.
But much the falling snow; 10	O come! and tell me am I he?
	O tell me, tell me soon. 20

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

WHAT NEWS

[Published in *Works*, 1846. The poem had been sent in a letter to Lady Blessington, postmarked Bath Jy. 21, 1839.]

HERE, ever since you went abroad, I catch at times, at times I miss
If there be change, no change The sight, the tone, I know so
I see, well.
I only walk our wonted road, Only two months since you stood
The road is only walkt by here!
me. Two shortest months! then tell
Yes; I forgot; a change there is; me why 10
Was it of *that* you bade me Voices are harsher than they were,
tell? And tears are longer ere they dry.

Title. Not in 1846. 1 Since you, my true love, went abroad 1839. 7 I think I
catch, and grieve to miss 1839. 8 sight] Light 1839. 10 Two shortest months]
Two and five days 1839.

[AN ANT HILL]

[Published in the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929. Like the preceding poem, 'What News', it had been sent to Lady Blessington in 1839 in manuscript. See note at end of volume.]

I would not leave my ant-hill seat,
The softest in the world, to meet
(Fair one!) the greatest of the great

But some occasions may compell
Him who loves idleness so well
To rise and, what he thinks, to tell.

Then, if you love yourself and me,
Never in future let us see
Things which so strangely disagree.

Both of us (and no wonder) stare,
Why! you have planted in your hair
A flower strait upright, I declare!

10

No child of earth should look so bold.
What! can it fancy it lays hold
On nothing but its native mould!

All in your presence are but weeds:
Let them all bend and hang their heads
As modest nuns do, telling beads,

Title. Not in any edition.

IANTHE

And wait like slaves who leave their own
Dear country, and are first in one
Where what is ordered must be done.

20

See! it looks lovelier for submiss
And meek demeanour, such as this:
I'll give it . . . I said *it* . . . a kiss.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

SILENT, you say, I'm grown of late,
Nor yield, as you do, to our fate?
Ah! that alone is truly pain
Of which we never can complain.

[Published in 1846.]

TELL me not things past all belief;
One truth in you I prove;
The flame of anger, bright and brief,
Sharpens the barb of Love.

[Published in 1846.]

LITTLE it interests me how	(Ah! and there was) when every
Some insolent usurper now	scene
Divides your narrow chair;	Was brightened by your eyes.
Little heed I whose hand is placed	And dare you ask what you have
(No, nor how far) around your waist,	done? 10
Or paddles in your hair.	My answer, take it, is but one . .
A time, a time there may have been	The weak have taught the wise.

[Published in 1846.]

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1876.]

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
"This man loved *me!*" then rise and trip away.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

AH! could I think there's nought of ill
In what you do, and love you still!
I have the power for only half
My wish: you know it, and you laugh.

3 half] *A comma after half is here omitted.*

[Published in 1846.]

TEARS, and tears only, are these eyes that late
In thine could contemplate
Charms which, like stars, in swift succession rise . .
No longer to these eyes
Love shows the place he flew from; there, bereft
Of motion, Grief is left.

4 eyes] eyes! 1846. *Landor deleted ! in a copy of 1846 ed.*

[Published in 1846.]

THE Loves who many years held all my mind,
A charge so troublesome at last resign'd.
Among my books a feather here and there
Tells what the inmates of my study were.
Strong for no wrestle, ready for no race,
They only serve to mark the left-off place.
'Twas theirs to dip in the tempestuous waves,
'Twas theirs to loiter in cool summer caves;
But in the desert where no herb is green
Not one, the latest of the flight, is seen.

10

[Published in 1846.]

DULL is my verse: not even thou
Who movest many cares away
From this lone breast and weary brow,
Canst make, as once, its fountain play;
No, nor those gentle words that now
Support my heart to hear thee say:
"The bird upon its lonely bough
Sings sweetest at the close of day."

[Published in 1846.]

THE maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah then it was no longer so.

IANTHE

From the slant palm she rais'd her head,
And kist the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

SOMETHING (ah! tell me what) there is
To cause that melting tone.
I fear a thought has gone amiss,
Returning quite alone.

[Published in 1846.]

THOU pityest; and why hidest thou thy pity?
Let the warm springs of thy full heart gush forth
Before the surface cool: no fear that ever
The inner fountain a fresh stream deny.

[Published in 1846.]

ABSENT is she thou lovest? be it so;
Yet there is what should drive away thy woe
And make the night less gloomy than the day.
Absent she may be; yet her love appears
Close by; and thro' the labyrinth of the ears
Her voice's clue to the prone heart makes way.

[Published in 1846.]

No, my own love of other years!	The pearl of life we would dis-
No, it must never be.	solve
Much rests with you that yet	And each the cup might share.
endears,	You show that truth can ne'er
Alas! but what with me?	decay,
Could those bright years o'er me	Whatever fate befalls; 10
revolve	I, that the myrtle and the bay
So gay, o'er you so fair,	Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

[Published in 1846.]

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"
Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,
Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes,
"A *yes*, a *yes*, to both: for Memory
Where you but once have been must ever be,
And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

No charm can stay, no medicine can assuage,
The sad incurable disease of age;
Only the hand in youth more warmly prest
Makes soft the couch and calms the final rest.

TO J. S.

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

MANY may yet recal the hours	But who among them all foresaw
That saw thy lover's chosen	How the sad snows which never
flowers	thaw
Nodding and dancing in the shade	Upon that head one day should
Thy dark and wavy tresses made:	lie,
On many a brain is pictured yet	And love but glimmer from that
Thy languid eye's dim violet:	eye!
	10

To J. S.] [sc. Jane Sophia Swift] Title. Only in 1858. 1 recal] recall 1858. 8 which] that 1858.

[Sent to Forster about November 1844; published 1846; reprinted 1876.]

YES; I write verses now and then,	Thro' gallopade I can not swing
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,	The entangling blooms of Beauty's
No longer talkt of by young men	spring:
As rather clever:	I can not say the tender thing,
	Be 't true or false,
	20
In the last quarter are my eyes,	And am beginning to opine
You see it by their form and	Those girls are only half-divine
size;	Whose waists yon wicked boys
Is it not time then to be wise?	entwine
Or now or never.	In giddy waltz.
Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!	I fear that arm above that shoulder,
While Time allows the short	I wish them wiser, graver, older,
reprieve,	10
Just look at me! would you believe	Sedater, and no harm if colder
'Twas once a lover?	And panting less.
I can not clear the five-bar gate,	Ah! people were not half so wild
But, trying first its timber's state,	In former days, when, starchly
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and	mild,
wait	30
To trundle over.	Upon her high-heel'd Essex smiled
	The brave Queen Bess.

IANTHE

TO A YOUNG LADY

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted 1858.]

TRUE, ah too true! the generous breast
Lies bare to Love and Pain.
May one alone, the worthier guest,
Be yours, and there remain.

Title. Only in 1858. 4 Be] Find 1858.

GOOD-BYE

[Published in 1846; reprinted 1858.]

LOVED, when my love from all but thee had flown,
Come near me; seat thee on this level stone;
And, ere thou lookest o'er the churchyard wall,
To catch, as once we did, yon waterfall,
Look a brief moment on the turf between,
And see a tomb thou never yet hast seen.
My spirit will be sooth'd to hear once more
Good-bye as gently spoken as before.

Title. Only in 1858.

[Published in 1846. Also printed in *The Century Magazine*, February 1888, from
a letter to Miss Mary Boyle.]

THE leaves are falling; so	Winter may come: he brings
am I;	but nigher
The few late flowers have moisture	His circle (yearly narrowing) to
in the eye;	the fire
So have I too.	Where old friends meet:
Scarcely on any bough is	Let him; now heaven is over-
heard	cast, 10
Joyous, or even unjoyous,	And spring and summer both
bird	are past,
The whole wood through.	And all things sweet.

5 even] e'en 1888. 7 may] may 1888. 8 narrowing] narrower 1888.

[Published in 1846.]

THE day returns again	Believe me, on that day
Which once with bitter pain,	God heard me duly pray
And only once for years, we spent	For all his blessings on thy gentle
apart.	heart:

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of late a cloud o'ercast	Then, as my hours decline,
Its current; that is past;	Still let thy starlight shine
But think not it hung lightly on	.Thro' my lone casement, till at
my breast:	last I rest.

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

As he who baskt in sunshine loves to go
Where in dim coolness graceful laurels grow;
In that lone narrow path whose silent sand
Hears of no footstep, while some gentle hand
Beckons, or seems to beckon, to the seat
Where ivied wall and trellised woodbine meet;
Thus I, of ear that tingles not to praise,
And feet that weary of the world's highways,
Recline on mouldering tree or jutting stone,
And (tho' at last I feel I am alone)
Think by a gentle hand mine too is prest
In kindly welcome to a calmer rest.

10

TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDE

ON HER GOING TO PARIS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, December 7, 1850.]

AGAIN to Paris? Few remain
Who bow'd beneath your gentle reign.
The loyal, and the royal too,
Who turn'd and fix'd their eyes on you,
For ever from their seats are gone,
And Honour leaves a vacant throne.

Where neither Love nor Honour are,
What, O my friend, can you do there?

TO THE COUNTESS DE MOLANDE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. CLIX).]

I WONDER not that Youth remains
With you, wherever else she flies;
Where could she find such fair domains,
Where bask beneath such sunny eyes?

IANTHE

DIALOGUE

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. XLVI). Written, Forster states, a day after Landor had introduced him to the Countess de Molandè.]

M.

WHY! who now in the world is this?
It cannot be the same . . I miss
The gift he always brought . . a kiss.
Yet stil I know my eyes are bright
And not a single hair turn'd white.

L.

O idol of my youth! upon
That joyous head grey hair there 's none,
Nor may there ever be! grey hair
Is the unthrifty growth of Care,
Which she has planted . . you see where.

10

JUNE '51

[Published in 1853 (No. CLVIII). See note at end of volume.]

VERSAILLES! Versailles! thou shalt not keep
Her whom this heart yet holds most dear:
In her own country she shall sleep;
Her epitaph be graven here.

Title. June '51] So in *Last Fruit*, but incorrect. The Countess de Molandè died July 31, 1851.

THE ONE GRAVE

[Published in 1853 (No. CLV); also written as prose in a letter printed in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*.]

I hoped she might have seen my grave. Hers I shall never see, but my thoughts will visit it often. Though other friends have died in other days (why cannot I help this running into verse!) . . . [*Landor to Forster, August 3, 1851.*]

THOUGH other friends have died in other days,
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays.

THE STERN BROW

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

You say my brow is stern and yet my smile
(When I do smile) is sweet.
Seldom, ah seldom so! 'tis only while
None see us when we meet.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

It is your smile, Ianthe, and not mine,
Altho' upon my lips;
Your's brought it thither; its pale rays decline
Too soon in sad eclipse.

THE DEATH IN PARIS OF JANE SOPHIA, COUNTESS DE MOLANDÈ

[Published in 1858.]

TEARS! are they tears indeed?	I will wipe off the tear
And can the dead heart bleed?	That falls not on her bier
Suffering so long, so much,	Who would have wept o'er mine.
O heart! I thought no touch	Ah me! that form divine 10
Of pain could reach thee more!	Above my reach must rest
Alas! the thought is o'er.	And make the blest more blest.

THE DREAMER

[Published in 1858.]

I AM a dreamer both by night and day.
Among my life's no rare felicities
Is this, that seldom painful dreams befall
My night's repose, or perch on my arm-chair.
It is not only in our youth we men
Run after morning dreams fast-slipping by,
Or fain would solder broken images:
With thinner fancies Age essays the task,
And throws it down again, as one unmeet
And unbecoming; so he says; but I 10
Know better: 'tis because he tires and fails.
Some would affirm that dreams portend events
To come soon after, certainly to come:
I doubt it: yet may Fear and Hope create
Progeny ill-proportioned, in accord
Rarely; but Hope contends, tho' Fear prevails;
And short-lived is that sickly progeny.

Sophia! whom I seldom call'd by name,
And trembled when I wrote it; O my friend
Severed so long from me! one morn I dreamt
That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths 20
Slippery with sunshine: after many years
Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,
And much (alas how much!) by both endured

IANTHE

We join'd our hands again and told our tale.
And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,
And the cold marble cramps it: I dream on,
Dost thou dream too? and are our dreams the same?

THE PRIMROSE-BANK

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

It was because the seat was dry,	Ground-ivy peer'd, and celandine	
And many other reasons why,	Show'd us how smartly he could	
O primrose-bank! Ianthe's gown	shine,	10
Was lifted for her to sit down,	And stiff-neck violets, one or two,	
When we both thought that harm	Pouted, and would not venture	
were done	thro'.	
More than sufficiently by one:	Forgive us, and accept our	
So only one of us imprest	thanks,	
The tender turf. Why tell the	Thou pleasantest of primrose-	
rest?	banks!	

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 219.]

IANTHE took me by both ears and said
You are so rash, I own I am afraid.
Prop, or keep hidden in your breast, my name,
But be your love as lasting as your fame.

After l. 4 1863 has two lines, given below, which have also been found in manuscript and appear to be the conclusion of another poem:

All men are liars, said a sage of old
He [One MS.] was not, he who this sad tale hath told.

TO IANTHE

[Published in 1863, pp. 213, 214.]

A VOICE I heard and hear it yet,
We meet not so again;
My silly tears you must forget,
Or they may give you pain.
The tears that on two faces meet
My Muse forbids to dry,
She keeps them ever fresh and sweet
When hours and years run by.

Title. In Lander's manuscript; not in 1863. In 1863 two other epigrams are wrongly printed between stanzas i-ii, which are here brought together as in the author's manuscript, which has a third stanza:

She bids me send this verse to you . .
"Go, tell him stil to be
(Without a tear) as fond and true
And leave the rest to me."

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO IANTHE

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 212.]

WE once were happier; true; but were Our happiest hours devoid of care? Remains there nothing like the past, But calmer and less overcast By clouds no effort could dispell, And hopes we neither dared to tell?	I wish that hand were earlier free Which Love should have pre- serv'd for me. Content, if sad, I must be now With what the sparing Fates allow, And feel, tho' once the hope seem'd vain, There may be love that feels no pain.
---	--

ON THE DEATH OF IANTHE

[Published in 1863, p. 195.]

I DARE not trust my pen it trembles so;
It seems to feel a portion of my woe,
And makes me credulous that trees and stones
At mournful fates have uttered mournful tones.
While I look back again on days long past
How gladly would I yours might be my last.
Sad our first severance was, but sadder this,
When death forbids one hour of mutual bliss.

[Published in 1863, p. 212.]

To my ninth decad I have tottered on,
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

[Published in 1863, p. 230.]

WELL I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand . . . "*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!"
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthé's name again.

IANTHE

MEMORY

[Published in *Heroic Idylls*, 1863, p. 96.]

THE mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
Alas! alas! is all I can reply.
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.
Forgotten are the names of visitors 10
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word *Dear* alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike 20
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

[Published in *Landor* by Sir Sidney Colvin, 1888; from a manuscript.]

SOMETIMES, as boys will do, I play'd at love,
Nor fear'd cold weather, nor withdrew in hot;
And two who were my playmates at that hour,
Hearing me call'd a poet, in some doubt
Challenged me to adapt their names to song.
Ionè was the first; her name is heard
Among the hills of Cambria, north and south,
But there of shorter stature, like herself;
I placed a comely vowel at its close,
And drove an ugly sibilant away. 10

Ianthè, who came later, smiled and said,
I have two names and will be praised in both;
Sophia is not quite enough for me,
And you have simply named it, and but once.
Now call the other up—

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

I went, and planted in a fresh parterre
Ianthè; it was blooming, when a youth
Leapt o'er the hedge, and snatching at the stem
Broke off the label from my favourite flower,
And stuck it on a sorrier of his own.

20

LOVE'S SECRETS

[Published in *Letters, &c., of Landor*, 1897.]

POPLAR! I will not write upon thy rind
Ianthè's cherisht name,
Which it would grieve me should another find,
And the same station claim.

Ours, O Ianthe, ours must never meet,
Tho' here we tarry long.
To hear the whisper of the leaves is sweet,
And that bird's even-song.

One sweeter I have bidden thee to check
In fear of passer by,
Who might have seen an arm about a neck;
So timorous am I.

10

IANTHE'S NAME

[Published in 1897.]

"CANNOT you make my name of Jane	'Twas then "Ianthè." Soon there came
Sound pleasanter? Now try again,"	A smart ring'd robber with a
Said she. At once I thought about	claim,
The matter, and at last cut out	You find it in his wardrobe stil,
A letter from Greek alphabet,	More he would have, but never
And had it, as I thought, well set;	will.

10

A DREAMER'S TALE

[Published in 1897.]

DREAMER I ever was by night and day.
Strange was the dream that on an upland bank
My horse and I were station'd, and I saw
By a late gleam of an October sun
The windows of a house wherein abode

Line 1 occurs (with a variant) as the first line of "The Dreamer" (see p. 400).

IANTHE

One whom I loved, and who loved me no less—
And was she not drawn back? and came not forth
Two manly forms which would impede her steps?
I was too distant for them to discern
My features, but they doubted: she retired: 10
Was it into her chamber? did she weep?
I did not at that hour, but in the next
Silently flowed tear after tear profuse.
There are sweet flowers that only blow at night,
And sweet tears are there bursting then alone.

I turn'd the bridle back and rode away,
Nor saw her more until a loosen'd bond
Led her to find me a less happy man
Than she had left me, little happy then,
For hope had gone with her and not return'd. 20
She lookt into my eyes, fixt upon hers,
And said "You are not cheerful, tho' you say
How glad you are to see me here again.
Is there a grievance? I have heard there is,
And the false heart slips down and breaks the true;
I come to catch it first; give it me back;
Sweet fruit is no less sweet for being bruiz'd."

Thus at brief intervals she spake and sigh'd;
I sigh'd, too, but spake not: she then pursued,
"Tell me, could it be you who came so far 30
Over the sea to catch a glance at one
You could not have? Rash creature! to incur
Such danger! was it you? I often walkt
Lonely and sad along that upland bank,
Until the dew fell heavy on my shawl,
And calls had reacht me more and more distinct,
Ah me! calls how less willingly obey'd
Than some I well remember not so loud."

Lines 14–15 occur with variants in another poem. See vol. iv, page 208.

CALLED PROUD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

IF I am proud, you surely know,
Ianthé! who has made me so,
And only should condemn the pride
That can arise from aught beside.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO IANTHE GROWING OLD

[Published in *Letters, &c.*, 1897.]

FOR me you wish you could retain
The charms of youth; the wish is vain,
Ianthe! Let it now suffice
To pick our way with weaker eyes:
They cannot light it as of yore
Where Pleasure's sparkling fount ran o'er.
Time spares not Beauty, Love he spares,
Who covers with his wing grey hairs.

TO IANTHE IN ADVANCING AGE

[Published in 1897.]

THE violets of thine eyes are faded,
[Surviving] ill their radiant noon,
Nor will thy steps move on unaided
By friendly arm, alas! how soon.

Well I remember whose it was
They sought; no help they wanted then;
Methinks I see the maidens pass
In envy, and in worse the men.

2 Surviving] *The manuscript is here indistinct.* [W.]

A SONG

[Published in *The Spectator*, April 18, 1925. See notes at end of volume.]

IN vain, O Love, my steps you guide
To shores for which I've often sigh'd!
No longer is Ianthe mine!

On whom so blest as once were we,
While I lov'd her and she lov'd me,
Did evening close or morning shine?

Could I then ask my heart if this
Were sure repose and lasting bliss!
Could I then wish to change my lot!

I fancied Pleasure was untrue,
But I have liv'd to learn and rue,
Alas that Grief is not.

10

IANTHE

TO IANTHE'S DAUGHTER

[Published in *Gebir*, &c., 1831; reprinted 1846.]

MARIA! I have said <i>adieu</i>	And cull, amid Brazilian bowers,
To one alone so fair as you;	Of richer fruits and gaudier
And she, beyond my hopes, at	flowers . .
last	Or on the Seine or on the Line
Returns and tells me of the past;	Remember one command of mine:
While happier for remembering	Love with as steady love as e'er
well	Illumed the only breast so fair;
Am I to hear and she to tell.	That, in another year at most,
Whether gay Paris may again	Whether the Alps or seas are crost,
Admire you gayest of her train,	Something may scatter from the
Or, Love for pilot, you shall go	flame
Where Orellana's waters flow, 10	Fresh luster o'er Pereira's name. 20

Title. Not in any ed. [Maria, one of Ianthé's daughters by her first marriage, had married in 1830 the Chevalier Louis Pereira de Sodrê, Brazilian Minister at the Vatican and afterwards at St. Petersburg. She died in 1836. W.] 15 steady] steady 1846. 20 luster] lustre 1846.

TO LUISINA DE SODRÉ

[Published in *The Examiner*, August 31, 1850; reprinted in *The Keepsake* for 1853; and in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. cclv).]

A GENERATION'S faded skirts have swept
 Thro' that door * opposite, since one beloved
 (Before your mother's eyes gave heaven its light,
 And made *her* † mother's brighter, even hers)
 Behind these benches lean'd upon my arm,
 Nor heard the musick that provoked the dance.
 And, Luisina! with a man so old
 Rather would you converse than show the waltz
 Its native graces? rear'd in courts, and first
 With boys to empire born, with Kaisar's self, 10
 In early girlhood nightly exercised.
 Blush not to have been chosen: 'twas that blush,
 The dawn of beauty in the pure fresh mind,

*The Bath Rooms. [L.]

† Countess de Molandê. [L.]

Title. To Mdle. Luigina de Sodrê. (Not composed, but imagined, in the Bath Rooms.) By Walter Savage Landor. *Keepsake*. [A miniature portrait, by Charles Ford, of this lady was found in Landor's writing desk more than thirty years after his death. She was a daughter of Mme Pereira de Sodrê (see preceding poem) and married a Mr. O'Donnell of Baltimore. W.] 3 your] your *Keepsake*. 7 And . . . man so old] So . . . grave old man *Keepsake*. 7, 33 Luisina] Luigina *Keepsake*. l. 13 om. *Keepsake*.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Which won the choice: 'twas not Pereira's name,
 'Twas not De Sodre's, not Macêdo's, sent
 To Austria's throne with delegated power,
 Well weigh'd, the brightest jewel of Brazil.
 To-day he left us; thro' the Atlantic wave
 To-morrow will he turn his large clear eye
 (Mirrour where Honor sees himself full-sized) 20
 Toward the city where God's man elect,
 Above all other of created men,
 Guided the courses of His last-launcht world,
 And stamp a name to live when not a wreck
 Of that young city shall o'ertop the dust.
 My happiness is tranquil; thus may yours
 Be ever! But so tranquil? no, not quite.
 Youth has its gales: weeds grow where ripples cease,
 And life in steril sands forgets its course.
 If I might whisper in a lady's ear, 30
 Which Memory tells me I have done erewhile,
 This is the harmless whisper I would breathe;
 "Winter's rare suns are welcome, Luisina!
 But Spring and Summer bring the flower and fruit.
 Fain would I live for one more bridal day."

W. S. L.

15 Macêdo's [Chevalier Sergio Macedo, husband of Ianthe's daughter, Jane Christina. W.] 19 clear] dark *Keepsake*. 20 (Mirrour . . . sized)] Intellect's voucher, Honour's sanctuary *Keepsake*. 1. 23 om. *Keepsake*. 24 And . . . when . . . wreck] Hath . . . where scarce a stone *Keepsake*. 27 so] thus *Keepsake*. 28 has] hath *Keepsake*. 1. 29 om. *Keepsake*. 1. 31 om. *Keepsake*. 34 Spring . . . Summer] spring's . . . summer's *Keepsake*. 35 day] song *Keepsake*.

TO LOUISINE AT PARIS

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851.]

LISTEN not to the Frenchman's tongue, Suspect its falsehood, Louisine! Not always is suspicion wrong, Men say not always what they mean.	Dance, play, run operas o'er and o'er, Comic and tragic hear rehearse; But hear not when the starting vein And flaming eye too much declare; 10
But sometimes less and sometimes more, Take thou the arm, sit down, converse;	Your modest look might all re- strain, But not where foulest things are fair.

IANTHE

ON THE PORTRAIT OF LUISINHA DE SODRÉ-PEREIRA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

AFAR was I when thou wast born,
More than one country to adorn,
My Luisinha! and afar
From me shines now thy morning star;
But not unblest by Heaven is he
Who its reflected light can see.

TO LUISINA

[Published *Letters, &c.*, of *W. S. Landor*, in 1897.]

SWEET as it is to hear a voice	When she from earthly friends had
Dense crowds and distant lands	gone
above,	Indistant climes and desert wild,
Yet in Luisina's I rejoice	Columbia's youth should melt or
More deeply, voice of truth and	cheer,
love.	With plaintive and with spor-
To me was it bequeath'd by	tive song, 10
one	Or that her groves his name should
Who little thought her nursing	bear
child,	Who loved so fondly and so long.

IANTHE'S DAUGHTER

[Published in 1897.]

To thee, Maria, now within thy tomb,
God seem'd to promise many years to come.
A gift beyond the rest to Him we owe,
He left one image of thee here below.

[Published in *Wilhelm's Wanderings*, 1878, an anonymous autobiography of Ianthe's son, William Richard Swifte. The verses were written by Landor in "Wilhelm's" album.]

PLEASURES, as with light wings	Some are ungrateful, some unkind,
they go,	Time, absence, Death take some.
Let pining age reprove,	Malice o'erpowers us madly
William, on you may Heaven	charmed
bestow	With dreams of deathless song,
Fond cares and faithful love.	'Tis our prime blessing to have
Few friends in foreign lands we find,	warmed 11
Nor many more at home,	The heart that holds us long.

Florence, 16th Oct., 1829.

PART IV. THE POET'S KINDRED

[TO A SON AND DAUGHTER]

[Written at Rome, January 30, 1826. Published in 1831; reprinted 1846. Four lines (17-20) with variants printed from a manuscript in Forster's *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Ye little household gods, that make My heart leap lighter with your play, And never let it sink or ake, Unless you are too far away; Eight years have flown, and never yet One day has risen up between The kisses of my earlier pet, And few the hours he was not seen. How can I call to you from Rome? Will <i>mamma</i> teach what <i>babbo</i> said? 10 Have ye not heard him talk at home About the city of the dead? Marvellous tales will <i>babbo</i> tell . . If you do'nt clasp his throat too tight . . Tales which you, Arnold, will love well, Tho' Julia's cheek turns pale with fright.	How swimming o'er the Tiber Clelia Headed the rescued virgin train; And, loftier virtue! how Cornelia Lived when her two brave sons were slain. 20 This is my birthday: may ye waltze Till mamma cracks her best guitar! Yours are true pleasures: those are false We wise ones follow from afar. What shall I bring you? would you like Urn, image, glass . . red, yellow, blue, Stricken by Time . . who soon must strike As deep the heart that beats for you.
--	---

3 ake] ache 1846. 14 do'nt] don't 1846. 15 Arnold [Arnold Savage Landor, the poet's eldest son, born at Como, March 5, 1818, died April 2, 1871. W.] 16 Julia [Julia Elizabeth Savage Landor, born at Pisa, March 6, 1820, died 1880. W.] For ll. 17-18 1869 has:

Severing the bridge behind, how Clelia
Saved the whole host to fight again.

THE DEAD MARTEN

[Printed in Ablett's *Literary Hours*, 1837; published 1846.]

My pretty Mart, my winter friend, In these bright days ought thine to end! When all thy kindred far away	Enjoy the genial hours of May. How often hast thou played with me, And bit my lip to share my tea,
---	---

Title. Only in 1837. 1 Mart] Marte 1846. 6 bit] lickt 1846.

THE POET'S KINDRED

<p>And run away, and turn'd agen To hide my glove or spoil my pen, Until I swore, to check thy taunts, I'd write to uncles and to aunts, 10 And grandmamma, whom dogs pursued But could not catch her in the wood. Ah! I repeat the jokes we had, Yet think me not less fond, less sad. Julia and Charles and Walter grave Would throw up every thing they have To see thy joyous eyes at eve</p>	<p>And feel thy feet upon the sleeve, And tempt thy glossy teeth to bite And almost hurt them, but not quite; 20 For thou didst look, and then suspend The ivory barbs above thy friend, With many querulous tones that told Thou wert too good and we too bold. Never was malice in thy heart, My gentlest, dearest little Mart! Nor grief, nor reason to repine, As there is now in this of mine.</p>
---	---

7 agen] again 1846. 8 spoil] crack 1846. 11 grandmamma] grandmama 1846.
 15 Charles and Walter [Charles Savage Landor, the poet's third son, born at Florence,
 July 31, 1825, died there February 12, 1917. Walter Savage Landor, the poet's second
 son, born at Florence, October 1822, died at Geneva, March 9, 1899. W.] 16 up . .
 thing] down every toy 1846. 22 above . . friend], but reprehend 1846. 23 many]
 tender 1846. 26 Mart] Marte 1846.

TO MY CHILD CARLINO

[Published in *The Pentameron*, 1837; reprinted 1846.]

Boccaccio. They are verses written by a gentleman who resided long in this country.
 and who much regretted the necessity of leaving it.

CARLINO! what art thou about, my boy?
 Often I ask that question, though in vain;
 For we are far apart: ah! therefore 'tis
 I often ask it; not in such a tone
 As wiser fathers do, who know too well.
 Were we not children, you and I together?
 Stole we not glances from each other's eyes?
 Swore we not secrecy in such misdeeds?
 Well could we trust each other. Tell me, then,
 What thou art doing. Carving out thy name, 10
 Or haply mine, upon my favourite seat,
 With the new knife I sent thee over-sea?
 Or hast thou broken it, and hid the hilt
 Among the myrtles, starr'd with flowers, behind?
 Or under that high throne whence fifty lilies
 (With sworded tuberoses dense around)

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Lift up their heads at once . . . not without fear
That they were looking at thee all the while ?

Does Cincirillo follow thee about ?

Inverting one swart foot suspensively, 20

And wagging his dread jaw, at every chirp

Of bird above him on the olive-branch ?

Frighten him then away ! 'twas he who slew

Our pigeons, our white pigeons, peacock-tailed,

That fear'd not you and me. . . alas, nor him !

I flattened his striped sides along my knee,

And reasoned with him on his bloody mind,

Till he looked blandly, and half-closed his eyes

To ponder on my lecture in the shade.

I doubt his memory much, his heart a little, 30

And in some minor matters (may I say it ?)

Could wish him rather sager. But from thee

God hold back wisdom yet for many years !

Whether in early season or in late

It always comes high priced. For thy pure breast

I have no lesson ; it for me has many.

Come, throw it open then ! What sports, what cares

(Since there are none too young for these) engage

Thy busy thoughts ? Are you again at work,

Walter and you, with those sly labourers, 40

Geppo, Giovanni, Cecco, and Poeta,

To build more solidly your broken dam

Among the poplars, whence the nightingale

Inquisitively watched you all day long ?

I was not of your council in the scheme,

Or might have saved you silver without end,

And sighs too without number. Art thou gone

Below the mulberry, where that cold pool

Urged to devise a warmer, and more fit

For mighty swimmers, swimming three abreast ? 50

Or art thou panting in this summer noon

Upon the lowest step before the hall,

Drawing a slice of watermelon, long

As Cupid's bow, athwart thy wetted lips

(Like one who plays Pan's pipe) and letting drop

The sable seeds from all their separate cells,

And leaving bays profound and rocks abrupt,

Redder than coral round Calypso's cave ?

THE POET'S KINDRED

TO ARNOLD SAVAGE LANDOR

[Published in *The Examiner*, October 14, 1838.]

1.

ARNOLD! thou wert a lovely child!
Thy large blue eyes so clear, so
mild!

Thy lip, the form of Cupid's bow,
Pillow'd on one more soft below;
Thy sunny hair like beachen
leaves

In autumn, or the reaper's sheaves;
And, dearer than what eye could
see,
The voice that often called for me.

2.

Arnold! thou wert a gladsome boy!
Thy father's ever-sparkling joy. 10
Prompt to provoke and swift to
run,
And loud in laugh and first in fun;

Making thy little sister stare,
And cry "*What wicked things
boys are!*"

Yet ever fond to see carest
Dormouse or bird, in cage or nest.

3.

Arnold! thy breast was tender
then!

Ah why, so slightly verst with men,
Avoids it now the holy ties
Of all our early sympathies? 20
I am not cross, I am not cold,
My heart . . . it never can grow
old . . .

The tears fast falling from my
cheek
Are signs for words I will not
speak.

W. S. L.

[The occasion that provoked these verses may be inferred from Lady Blessington's letter to the poet in which she said: "I was moved to tears the other day, on reading in *The Examiner* your lines to A—. If he read them, how can he resist flying to you?"]

TO MY DAUGHTER

[Published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1843; reprinted 1846.]

By that dejected city, Arno runs,
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons.
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies.
And thence, my little wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, thee, too, the hours on silent wing
Brought, while anemonies were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground,
Where stood fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ear, and sank like balm into my breast: 10

Title. Not in 1843. 1 city [sc. Pisa. Julia Landor's birthplace. W.] 2 Ugolino
[see Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii. W.] 5 my little] sweet infant 1846. 6 thee . . . hours]
the Hours brought thee 1846. 7 anemonies] anemones 1846. 9 stood] stands
1846. 10 ear] ears 1846.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

For many griefs had wounded it, and more
 Thy little hands could lighten were in store.
 But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow
 Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.
 What then the bliss to see again thy face,
 And all that Rumour has announced of grace!
 I urge, with fevered breast, the four-month day.
 O! could I sleep to wake again in May.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

13 sculptured] sculptur'd 1846.
 1846. Signature om. 1846.

17 four-month] coming 1846.

18 to] and

TO LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK, ON HER MARRIAGE

[Published in *The Book of Beauty* for 1844; reprinted 1846.]

No, Teresita! never say
 That uncle Landor's worthless lay
 Shall find its place among your treasures:
 Although his heart is not grown old,
 His rhymes are, like himself, too cold
 For bridal bowers and festal measures.
 He knows you lovely, thinks you wise,
 And still will think so, while your eyes
 Seek not in noisier paths to roam,
 But rest upon your forest-green,
 And find that life runs best between
 A tender love and tranquil home.

10

To Lady Charles Beauclerk] Title. on her marriage om. 1846. [Laura Maria Theresa, daughter of Colonel Edward Stopford, whose wife was a sister of Mrs. W. S. Landor, married in 1842 Lord Charles Beauclerk, son of the fifth Duke of St. Albans. She died September 1858. See poem on p. 420. Her portrait engraved by W. H. Mote after a painting by J. Hayter was published in The Book of Beauty with the verses. W.] 5 His . . . himself,] Yet are his verses far 1846. 6 and festal] or festive 1846. 8 will . . . while] shall . . . if 1846.

TO MY DAUGHTER IN ITALY, AT CHRISTMAS

[Published in *Works*, 1846.]

WHERE is, ah where! the citron With pliant myrtle's ruddy rind?
 bloom Julia, with you the flowers are
 That threw its fragrance o'er my gay,
 room? And cluster round the shortest
 Where, white magnolia-cup en- day.
 twined Little at Fiesole ye know

THE POET'S KINDRED

Of holly, less of mistleto;	And tell them, every soul, they
Such as the Druid priest of yore	must
To grim god-monsters grimly bore.	Bend their coy heads and kiss my
Run: from her pouting infants	bust.
call	Christmas is come: on such a day
The musk-rose at our chapel-	Give the best thoughts fair room
wall;	for play,
Run, bring the violets up, that	And all the Sabbath dance and
blow	sing
Along the banks of Africo;	In honour of your new-born king.

TO MY SON WALTER

[Published in *Works*, 1846; reprinted with variants 1858, and from a manuscript in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, with a letter dated April 1839.]

MY serious son! I see thee look
 First on the picture, then the book.
 I catch the wish that thou couldst paint
 The yearnings of the ecstatic saint.
 Give it not up, my serious son!
 Wish it again, and it is done.
 Seldom will any fail who tries
 With patient hand and stedfast eyes,
 And woos the true with such pure sighs.

<i>Title. Only in 1858.</i>	2 on] at 1858.	3 the] thy 1895.	6 Wish it] But
wish 1895.	8 stedfast] earnest 1858.	9 true] Arts 1858.	

TO ROBERT EYRES LANDOR

ON HIS FAWN AND HIS ARETHUSA

'Αλλ' οὐδὲ ταῦτα νόον ἰαίνει φθονερῶν. PINDAR [*Pythia*, ii. 89, 90].

[Published in *The Examiner*, November 4, 1848; reprinted 1853 (No. ccxli).]

RARE, since the sons of Leda, rare a twain
 Born of one mother which hath reacht the goal
 Of Immortality: the stem is rare
 Which ripens close together two rich fruits.
 Two Scipios were "the thunderbolts of war,"
 And blasted what they fell upon: the arm
 Of Napier, far more glorious, bent each horn

[Robert Eyres Landor, the poet's youngest brother, Rector of Birlingham, Worcestershire, born 1781, died January 26, 1869. His *Fawn of Sertorius* was published in 1846, *The Fountain of Arethusa* in 1848. W.]
 5 thunderbolts [see Virgil, *Æneid*, vi, 842: *duo fulmina belli Scipiadas*. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Of Indus to his yokemate Ganges, hail'd
 For higher victory, hail'd for rescuing
 A hundred nations from barbaric sway. 10
 The light of Scipio was outshone by him
 He vanquisht, by the Julian star eclips'd,
 And Scipio had no brother who could lift
 The scroll of Mars above the reach of Time.

We too, alike in studies, we have toil'd,
 In calmer fields and healthier exercise,
 Not without Honour: Honour may defer
 His hour of audience, but he comes at last.
 Behold! there issue from one house two chiefs *
 Beyond all contest; one in shafts of wit 20
 Hurl'd o'er the minster to the Atlantic strand,
 The other proudly unapproachable
 Striking a rock whence gush the founts of song;
 Dull sands lie flat and dwarf shrubs writhe around.
 Twice nine the centuries since the Latian Muse
 Wail'd on the frozen Danube for her son
 Exiled, her glory to revive no more
 Until that destined period was fulfil'd.
 Scaring the wrens at Cam's recumbent side,
 Never by Tiber's one of statelier step 30
 Or loftier mien or deeper tone, than he
 Whom, bold in youth, I dared to emulate;
 Nor stoopt my crest to peck light grain among
 The cackling poultry of the homestead yard.

Thine is the care to keep our native springs
 Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine
 Are also graver cares, with fortune blest
 Not above competence, with duties charged
 Which with more zeal and prudence none perform.
 There are who guide the erring, tend the sick, 40
 Nor frown the starving from a half-closed door,
 But none beside my brother, none beside,
 In stall thick-littered or on mitred throne,
 Gives the more needy all the Church gives him.
 Unaided, tho' years press and health declines,
 By aught of clerical or human aid,
 Thou servest God, and God's poor guests, alone.

* Sydney and Bobus Smith. [L.]

THE POET'S KINDRED

Enough were this to damn thee here below,
But not enough to drive those forms away
Which to pure votary morn and eve descend, 50
The Muse, the Grace, the Nymph of stream and grove;
But not enough to make the sun less warm
On thy smooth walks and pleasant glades close-mown,
Or lamplight duller on thy pictured walls.
Thy Fancy rests upon deep-bosom'd Truth,
And wakes to Harmony; no word is tost
To catch the passing wind like unmade hay.
Few can see this, whirl'd in the dust around,
And some who can would rather see awry.
If such could add to their own fame the fame 60
Their hands detract from others, then indeed
The act, howbeit felonious, were less vile;
They strip the wealthy, but they clothe the poor.
Aside thy *Fawn* expect some envious stab,
Some latent arrow from obscure defile;
Aside thy *Arethusa* never hope
Untroubled rest: men will look up and see
What hurts their eyes in the strong beams above,
And shining points will bring fierce lightnings down
Upon thy head, and mine by birth so near. 70
Heedless of brawlers in the pit beneath,
To whosoe'er enacts the nobler part,
Known or unknown, or friendly or averse,
I will throw crowns, and throw unsparingly;
Nor are these crowns too light to fly direct,
Nor fall they short, far as the scope may be.
Better I deem it that my grain of myrrh
Burn for the living than embalm the dead.
Take my fraternal offering, not composed
Of ditch-side flowers, the watery-stalkt and rank, 80
Such as our markets smell of, all day long,
And roister ditty-roaring rustics wear;
But fresh, full, shapely, sprinkled with that lymph
Which from Peneios on the olive-wreath
Shook at loud plaudits under Zeus high-throned.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Signature om. 1853.

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

TO A GREEN LIZARD CALLED RAMORINO

[Published in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, February 1, 1851; reprinted 1853 (No. cXLII).]

You pant like one in love, my Ramorino!
Can it be fear? Go Walter! Go, Carlino!
Draw not too nigh—but nigh enough to see
My lizard greener than your rosemary.

To a Green Lizard] Title. My lizard in Tuscany 1853. 2 Go . . . Go,] Come . . .
come 1853. 3 Draw . . . but] But . . . just 1853.

ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH

[Published in *Last Fruit*, 1853 (No. ccxxi).]

SPIRIT who risest to eternal day,
O hear me in thy flight!
Detain thee longer on that opening way
I would not if I might.

Methinks a thousand come between us two
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who
Are they that press more near?

The sorrowful and innocent and wrong'd,
Yes, these are more thy own,
For these wilt thou be pleading seraph-tongued
(How soon!) before the Throne.

10

[Elizabeth Savage Landor died February 24, 1854, aged 77.]

MARCH 24

[Published in *The Examiner*, April 22, 1854; reprinted 1858.]

SHARP crocus wakes the froward	The redbreast to the sill for
year;	crumbs.
In their old haunts birds reappear;	Fly off! fly off! I can not wait
From yonder elm, yet black with	To welcome ye, as she of late.
rain,	The earliest of my friends is gone.
The cushat looks deep down for	Alas! almost my only one! 10
grain	The few as dear, long wafted
Thrown on the gravel-walk; here	o'er,
comes	Await me on a sunnier shore.

W. S. L.

Signature in 1854 only.

THE POET'S KINDRED

MY SISTER ELIZABETH

[Published in *The Examiner*, December 2, 1854; reprinted by Forster in *Landor: a Biography*, 1869.]

Is there a day or night,
One, when the vision of my earliest friend,
Robed in her own pure light,
Fails on my weary vigils to descend?

Sometimes she may appear
Before the expectant schoolroom, when the chimes
Sing blithely "*dinner near*" . .
And in a darker sadder scene sometimes

The lonely widow's door
Knows by long use what step is on the sill; 10
It opens, as before
Year after year . . pain flies, and moans are still.

And then to walks at home
From age's griefs and childhood's games we pass,
Where, gloom o'erhanging gloom,
The stern old cedar waves away the grass.

Thou too, my cistus, thou
Whose one day flowers in my best books lie spread,
Deserted, long ere now,
With none to prop thee, side by side, art dead. 20

Oct. 1, 1854.

W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

Title. Only in 1854. 18 one day . . . spread] one-day . . . spread 1869.

KITTY AND HER LOVER

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LOVER.

KITTY.

I do think it quite a pity
You so young should sink in
sorrow,
I must say "Goodbye," to-
morrow;
Part we must, my little Kitty.

Noble is indeed the feather
You have mounted on your
hat;
Only let us go together,
And I'll give you two for that.
Mother has a cock at home;

[Miss Catherine Mary Landor, daughter of Charles Savage Landor, the poet's brother, died 1892. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

And, poor fellow, he will cry 10 Will be dim ere war be over.
 Piteously, when, plucking, I LOVER.
 Hold with t'other hand his comb. On the Green next year we'll
 dance.

LOVER.

Kitty! I must serve my queen.

KITTY.

There are Greens where briars
 and stones

KITTY.

But the queen won't let you love
 her

Rise against it over bones;
 There may be such Greens in
 France. 20

Like your Kitty: Kitty's een

LAURA

[Published in *Dry Sticks*, 1858.]

LAURA! the chords of your guitar,
 Strike them too hurriedly, will jar;
 And, Laura, thus my verses too
 Are less melodious rung for you
 Than when they flow from calmer vein,
 And throb with neither joy nor pain.

[Laura, daughter of John Thuillier, Baron de Malapert, may be the lady addressed in this poem. A sister of Mrs. W. S. Landor, she married Colonel Edward Stopford and died c. 1830. A letter from Landor written c. 1842 and beginning "Dear Laura" ends "with kind regards to Stopford [her husband], Teresita [her daughter] and Lord Charles [Beauclerk, Teresita's husband: see poem "To Lady Charles Beauclerk" on p. 414] very affectionately yours, W. S. Landor." W.]

ON LADY CHARLES BEAUCLERK'S DEATH

[Published in the Appendix to *Hellenica*, &c., 1859.]

Nor empty are the honours that we pay
 To the departed; our own hearts are fill'd
 Brimfull with grateful reminiscences;
 Compassion is excited; the most stern
 Relent; and better even the best return.

Such, Teresita, were my thoughts, all day,
 All night, when thou wert carried to thy home
 Eternal, amid tears thou couldst not share,
 Thither where none, not even of joy, are shed.
 Surrounded with God's own serenity

10

Is that pure brow rais'd humbly to his throne.

Leaving thy home and those most dear awhile,
 Thou, a few months before, wouldst have consoled

Title. Beauclerk misprinted Beauclero in 1859.

THE POET'S KINDRED

My sufferings: who shall now console thy sire's?
Proud not of victories won in southern climes
And equal laws administer'd, but proud
Of virtues he implanted in his child.

TO COLONEL EDWARD STOPFORD

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 121.]

O FOR the friends, the few I had, The hearts my presence once made glad! I mourn the memory; those are gone And, Stopford, you remain alone. While you look back upon the day You left behind the great and gay Destin'd in Freedom's holy war To guide the course of Bolivar, Dozing below my Abbey's wall I dreamt I heard a Muse's call . . . 10 "Come with me to Pan's favorite tree,	"There is reserv'd a place for thee, "And there, if thou wilt wait awhile, "A Nymph may lean on thee and smile, "Until Maeonides appear "Bidding thee listen well, and hear "What to fit audience thou shalt tell, "By whom and where Pelides fell."
---	--

[Colonel Stopford, Foot Guards, after leaving the army went to South America, and served on Bolivar's staff. He died at Richmond, August 27, 1862, aged 74. W.]

TO THE EMPRESS

[Published in 1863, p. 125.]

PROUD may be all who fairly claim
Montijo's unpolluted name,
Altho' I neither love nor hate
Those whom the vulgar call the great,
My heart is rais'd as bends my knee,
Bright lodestar of thy sex, to thee.
She whom my Stopford boasts for his
Thy girlish smile afar must miss.
On high Castilia's breezy plains
Loved by thy mother she remains,
And makes her at some hours forget
Her loss, and find a daughter yet.

10

These homely words each courtier bard
Around thee would with scoffs discard.

7 Stopford [Lady Charles Beauclerk, Colonel Stopford's daughter, and her husband lived some time in Spain, where Lady Charles and the future Empress Eugénie's mother became friends. W.]

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Wishes are left: of what? Of wealth?
There is enough where there is health;
Of glory? there where God approves
The woman whom a nation loves.
Unvaried be henceforth thy life,
Be blest as mother, blest as wife;
With friends in every state sit down,
Nor feel the burden of a crown.

20

[TERESITA]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 228.]

THE dead are soon forgotten, and not all
Who walk aside and bear the sable pall
Sleep the less soundly at that evening's close.
I in my vigil think I heard a toll
Such as it boom'd when Teresita's soul
In heaven's own purity to heaven arose.

Title. Not in text. [See p. 420, "On Lady Charles Beauclerk's Death".]

THE SICK NURSE

[Published in 1863, p. 209.]

My sister went to see her nurse,	What ails it? sure the deuce is in it,
Aged, but suffering little worse,	It won't lie still a single minute; 10
And askt her that which people ask	Tormenting me so, night and day,
On meeting: it appeared a task	It makes me swear when I might
To answer: with a groan she said,	pray;
"Ah, Miss! you find me welly dead.	Yet (Lord o' mercy!) much I fear,
My heart tells my last hour is come,	This heart so bangs, he could not
I hear it beat across the room:	hear."

WILLIAM VENOUR

COMMANDER OF THE CALYPSO

[Published in 1863, p. 260.]

VENOUR, my brave boy-guardian, who at school
Taught me the grammar he had lately learnt,
And led me over noun and five-barr'd verb,
Where is he? There he sleeps below the waves
Of the Atlantic, there where all creation
Is mute, nor hears the voice that calls his name;

Title. Om. 1876. [Captain Venour, R.N., son of John Venour of King's Mead, Wellesbourne, co. Warwick. His mother was Dr. Walter Landor's sister. H.M.S. *Calypso* was lost with all hands off Jamaica in August 1803.]

THE POET'S KINDRED

But others shall, and far and wide beyond.
When elder prest around him and declared
He could not sail, for sure the Admiral
Knew not *Calypso's* state, he thus replied
My orders are to sail: he sail'd . . . and sank.
Short is my story: I could be prolix,
But the small casket holds things valued most.

10

[ARTHUR SAVAGE WADE, D.D.]

[Published in *Heroic Idyls*, 1863, p. 174.]

BELZEBUB, never be afraid
To lose thy chaplain doctor Wade,
No sleeping partner, tired of trade.

In church he neither prays nor preaches,
Mobs, all that mobs require, he teaches,
Well leaven'd at thy fire his speeches.
Without a fee he will not have
His mother's touch his father's grave;
Thy imps hear this and cry *O brave!*

He says, "In Paradise the trees
"Grew well apart, for sun and breeze,
"Why closer then my plants than these?
"Tombs are but monuments to pride
"In chancels: I can ill abide
"Such practise."

10

Then he adds, aside,
"Yet our poor brethren must be fed
"On bodies that are cased in lead,
"So . . . give ten pounds . . . and bless the dead."

Title. Not in text. [The Rev. Dr. Wade, vicar of St. Nicholas's, Warwick, was the poet's cousin, his father and Landor's having each married a daughter of Charles Savage. Dr. Wade died in London, November 17, 1845. His father was several times Mayor of Warwick. W.]

ON MY SISTER

[Published in *Letters, &c., of W. S. Landor*, 1897.]

Of many I have mourn'd the death,
But thine the most, Elizabeth!
Of all our house the first thou wast
Who would thy Walter have embraced;
Therefor I will not dry the tears
The daily thought of thee endears.

2 thine] thou 1896 (*mispr.*)

POEMS OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

INGRATITUDE

[Printed from the author's manuscript in *Catalogue of the Ashley Library*, by Thomas J. Wise.]

CAN this be he whom in his infancy,
Hour after hour, I carried in my arms,
When neither nurse nor mother could appease
The froward wailing?

Thus went on two years;
I laid the burden softly in its crib,
And hardly dared to kiss it lest it wake.

For whom were planted on thy grassy slopes
Lantony, larch and oak, mile after mile,
Guarded from rapine and now lifting high
These their stout arms, and those their slender spires? 10
By whom, ancestral Ipsley, were thy groves
Held sacred? at whose hand rose cypresses
Beyond the solitary cedar twins,
(Now fifty winters old) and spreading wide
Their hospitable arms.

Tender are aged feet; in vain I plead
For one smooth walk, where gravel stones are sharp
Aside the villa by my care adorn'd,
With ancient marbles, with Salvator's scenes
And Raffael's and Correggio's forms divine 20
I plead in vain even for the books I wrote,
And for those dearer given me by my friends,
Some distant, and some dead: beloved the more,
Nor undervalued those from men whose names
I hope my own may live with, years to come.
All, all I gave; and what is the return?
Not even a bell-rope at my sick-bed-side.

O thou of largest, wisest, tenderest heart,
Truly thou sayest that a serpent's tooth
Wounds not so sharply as a thankless child. 30

August 13. '59.

The MS. has a note, encircled: "The printer will take care that this comes *the last of all.*" The verses were intended for, but not included in, *Heroic Idyls*, 1863. [W.] 11 groves] woods *MS.*, corrected. 16 aged feet] *In the manuscript feet in age is deleted and the line printed as here.* [W.]

NOTES

TALES IN VERSE

P. 1. A MOTHER'S TALE. In a letter to Lady Blessington, Landor said that, besides restoring the rights of many words, he had invented two: "*subsidence*, which was wanted; and *lilihood*, in this poem, which will be admitted from its propriety and be untouched from its position." For "*lilihood*" see passage substituted in 1895 version for ll. 83-4 in other edd.

P. 7. GUIDONE AND LUCIA. Founded mainly on a legend recorded by Sismondi, *Histoire des républiques italiennes*, Paris, 1826, ii. 283 n. Landor gives another turn to the story and adds details borrowed from that of Imelda (Sismondi, iii. 425). In both cases Sismondi was quoting Ghirardacci's *Istoria di Bologna*. For the story of Imelda see also Rogers's *Italy*. The events narrated in Landor's poem must be supposed to have happened in or about 1192. In a MS. note he gave six lines to be added to the poem:

The sire had earn'd with gold his son's release
And led him home; at home he died in peace;
His life was in Lucia, and he pray'd
To meet again, soon, soon, that happier maid.
The wish was granted, for the Powers above
Abound in mercy and delight in love.

P. 12. PIEVANO ARLOTTO. Doubtless suggested by a picture formerly in the Uffizi Gallery. *La Burla del Vino del Pievano Arlotto*, by Giovanni da San Giovanni. The facetious Pievano died 1484.

P. 14. THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE. The late Professor E. G. Browne, to whom this poem was shown not long before his death, wrote in reply to an inquiry: "The conceit as to the red drops on the Nightingale's breast being not—as might at first sight appear—derived from the Rose but from the blood of his own heart, seems to me thoroughly Persian. I cannot recall an exact parallel, though I seem to remember something like it in Hafiz."

P. 27. THE DEAN'S TALE. The adventure is thus related by Captain J. Creighton in his *Memoirs*, 1731 (which has an Address to the Reader by Swift):

I had been assured, that this *Williamson* did much frequent the House of my Lady *Cherrytree*, within ten Miles of *Edinburgh*; but when I arrived with my Party about the House, the Lady, well knowing our Errand, put *Williamson* to Bed to her Daughter, disguised in a Woman's Night-Dress. When the Troopers went to search in the young Lady's Room, her Mother pretended that she was not Well; and *Williamson* so managed the Matter that, when the Daughter raised herself a little in the Bed to let the Troopers see her, they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young Lady proved with Child; and *Williamson*, to take off the Scandal, married her in some Time after.

Creighton makes this happen in 1674—Williamson dying in 1702.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS

P. 35. [VICTORIA]. This poem, evidently inspired by the accession of Queen Victoria, was inserted in the first edition of the "Pentameron", but omitted in later editions. Landor makes Boccaccio say: "Although he [the author] was under no obligation to the House of Este, nor wished nor needed it, he felt at a distance the general joy which announced the destinies of the lady Victoria. This little poem is curious, as being the only one upon the occasion, which never left its native place for court or crowd."

P. 35. LA VENDÉE 1815. Rio's reminiscences of the heroism of "the truant youth of Vannes" during the Vendean rising of 1815 elicited poems by Wordsworth, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Mrs. Norton, and Landor, all of which are printed in Rio's book. Of Landor's contribution he said:

"Une des élégies qu'on va lire est sortie d'un seul jet de la plume d'un poète sexagénaire, chez qui, à la vérité, les nobles susceptibilités du jeune âge se sont conservées dans toute leur fraîcheur."

P. 47. TO LAMARTINE. After the title 1848 has a note om. 1858:

Mr. Landor has written an *Alcaic Ode* to Lamartine, which he has also translated into English. We do not fear that our readers, much as they may admire it, will catch the spirit of republicanism it breathes.

[Lamartine might have become President of the Republic in May 1848, but was then content with a place on an executive commission. W.]

P. 50. ITALICS.

PREFACE [1848]

PREFACES are mostly useless, and often odious. What is prefixed to these few pages is better here than coming in the form of a note at the bottom of a page.

The intent and spirit of the *Italics* announce themselves plainly. All shades of opinion are blending on the high points of Switzerland and Italy. That king who mounted his throne from the barricades in Paris, strives vainly, co-operating with Austria, to throw them down in Rome, in Naples, and in Palermo. A Guizot may have succeeded in Madrid, a Palmerston in Lisbon; but their power, and the power they are supporting, totters to the base.

Eccellino,¹ the most barbarous of tyrants, never was accused of cruelty comparable to the slow blood-sucking of the tame weazel of Austria, who never looked at any man in the face, and who suffocated with his mephitic breath more than one wife, and more than one nation by his fatherly overlaying. Francis had a voice as weak as his mind, and wore a grey coat: qualities quite sufficient to impress on vulgar minds an idea of innocence and benevolence.

M. Lamartine and other devout royalists call aloud for another Robespierre; a great serpent to swallow up the less. We do indeed deserve such temporary curses, but God defend us from them! A bitter schoolmaster is now abroad, and domineering over the indignant manhood of nations, who teaches, not intending it, that above the highest

¹ Eccellino da Roma, see Dante, *Inferno*, xii. 109. W.

TALES IN VERSE

virtues, above the most glorious actions, is tyrannicide. Is there an Italian who can reflect without the acutest self-reproach, that he ever lost an opportunity of punishing with death, in whatsoever way, that most cowardly, most cold-blooded, most atrociously cruel tyrant, who deprived of liberty, of light, of communion with mankind, the simple-hearted Pellico, the generous Gonsalvoni? The principal of these Poems contains the words of that illustrious patriot; which words a criticising trifler calls as pathetic as those of Sterne's starling. We may venture to pronounce that in moving the passions they are equal to the narrative which Dante attributes to Ugolino. If in our version they are less so, let the reader attribute it to the poet's insufficiency.

Between the despot of France and the despot of Austria, the liberties of Europe were crushed.

Socer generque! perdidistis omnia.

P. 65. THE BROTHERS BANDIERI. Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, Venetian officers in the Austrian navy, founded a revolutionary society aiming at the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy. In June 1844 they and their followers landed on the Calabrian coast. The leaders and most of the party were captured by the troops of King Ferdinand of Naples (Bomba); and after a mock trial, nine, including the brothers, were executed. They had been in correspondence with Mazzini, then in England; and many people, including Landor, believed that the English Government, obtaining information about the plot from their letters, warned the Austrian authorities. Signor R. Pierantoni in *La Storia dei Fratelli Bandiera*, Milan, 1909, shows that, though Mazzini's correspondence was tampered with, there was no "betrayal".

P. 96. TO A TRAITOR. Sent to Lady Blessington a few days after Louis Philippe's abdication and flight in February 1848. Count Bresson (l. 7) when Ambassador at Madrid in 1846 had helped to arrange the Duc de Montpensier's marriage to the Spanish Queen's sister. The allusion in l. 10 is to the Baroness de Feuchères (née Sophy Dawes), at one time mistress of Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

P. 98. ON GENERAL COUNT LEININGEN. Prefixed to this poem when printed in *The Examiner* was the following letter "to the Editor":

Let me hope, Sir, that every liberal journal, in England and on the Continent, will commemorate the 6th of October 1849, on which day his Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Lombardy, and Protector of Naples, ordered the murder of those Generals here mentioned, who fought for that constitution which his Apostolic Majesty swore (and swore falsely) to maintain.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Enclosed with letter and poem was a list of the Generals too long for insertion in *The Examiner*. It included Count Charles Leiningen-Westerburg, a German nobleman who took part in the Hungarian rising. See his *Letters and Journal*, edited by H. Marczali, 1911.

P. 113. FRA DOLCINO AND MARGARITA OF TRENT. See "Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his times, being an account of a general struggle for ecclesiastical reform and of an anti-heretical crusade in Italy in the early part of the 14th century", by Luigi Mariotti (pseudonym of Antonio C. N. Gallenga), London, 1855. Milman (*History of Latin*

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Christianity, v. 434) praised the accuracy of this work but found it marred somewhat by Italian prolixity and passion. Fra Dolcino, leader of the sect of Apostolic brethren, died under torture and Margarita was burnt at the stake, 1307.

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

P. 146. TO POETS. In a copy of *Satire on Satirists* given to him in 1836 by Landon, Joseph Ablett wrote these lines with minor variants and a note that they should follow l. 71 of the *Satire*. The variants are:

1 the Delphic] Aonia's 1836.

2 sun . . . forth] beams tempt for 1836 in error.

P. 172. WRITTEN AT HURSTMONCEAUX. According to Forster (*Bio-graphy*, ii. 486) Landon wrote this poem in 1854. The date given is certainly incorrect for it had been published two years earlier. Forster's further statement that it was inspired by "a small unpublished poem of Wordsworth" which Archdeacon Hare had shown to his guest may also be misleading. In *The Prelude* (published 1850) there are allusions to Derwent and Winander, while a passage in that poem (Book iii, ll. 591-608) was highly commended by Landon in the imaginary conversation between Hare and himself (published 1853). It is possible, therefore, that the poem written by Landon at Hurstmonceaux was also inspired by things he found in *The Prelude*.

P. 176. GOLDSMITH'S PUN. "He [Goldsmith] had heard the joke about taking them [peas] from Hammersmith 'to turn 'em green'; and is said, in repeating it, to have substituted the words 'make 'em green'." *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, 1835, p. 409.

P. 184. TO MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Writing to a friend, July 29, 1854, Miss Mitford said: "One of the gleams of light you talked of came the other day into my sick-room; an exquisite little poem by Mr. Landon."

P. 196. DANTE OF MAIANO. This earlier Dante lived in the thirteenth century. The alteration by Forster of Alighieri into Alfieri (l. 13) is a grave blunder. Nina was a Sicilian poetess "Whose love of poetry made her the lover of Dante of Maiano whom she had never seen". (*Ginguenté*.) Landon may have seen a sonnet by Dante of Maiano, with English translation, in Joseph Garrow's edition of the greater Dante's *Vita Nuova*, Florence, 1846. He reviewed this volume in *The Examiner*, October 17, 1846.

P. 215. AT WORDSWORTH'S DESIRE. The title was perhaps invented by Forster. In *Dora Wordsworth, her book*, by F. V. Morley, 1924, there is a *facsimile* of the poem as copied into the album, without title but signed and dated "Walter Savage Landon, May 15, 1836, Temple", this being nearly four years after the lines, according to Forster, were composed. In the album they make two stanzas and "isle" is spelt "ile".

P. 239. HOW TO READ ME. In Madden's *Countess of Blessington* an extract from Landon's letter to her is prefixed to this poem. In it he said: "I enclose some lines written on the first blank leaf of my poems about to be sent abroad." The letter is printed among others dated 1837

POEMS ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

and *Gebir, Count Julian, &c.*, 1831, was probably the volume referred to. On a leaf of some page proofs of this work Landor wrote the following lines:

If in these pages you would view
A life from blame exempt,
Believe that all the griefs are true
And all the joys but dreamt.
I wrote, as poets wrote, of you
And loved like them but rather more.

[Of this ll. 3-4 are nearly the same as ll. 7-8 of *How to Read me*, while ll. 5-6 appear with a slight variant in *The Matron*, see p. 233.]

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P. 242. POEMS FROM THE ARABIC AND PERSIAN. The 1800 ed. had the following foot-notes of which only a few words were reprinted in 1858.

ADDRESS TO THE VINE

^a I shall only observe of this address to the vine, that it challenges any one which courts the same mistress.

^b The country round Schiraz is fertile in vines, and is watered by the rivulet Mosella. The "bathing with coyness, &c." is highly, but perspicuously metaphorical; and is one of those, *few perhaps*, passages in the *gazel* to which even the most timid taste finds no objection. For, a taste which has once been accustomed to the delicacies of Athens and of Rome, will naturally loathe the heady spirits and high-seasoned garbage of Barbarians. It must surely result from the weakest or from the most perverted understanding, that the *gazel* has ever been preferred to the pure and almost perfect, though utterly dissimilar, pieces of Anacreon and Tibullus. Anacreon was the master, Tibullus the slave, of Love, and while the orientals are engaged in perplexing us, the classics have seized his arrows, and exercise a portion of his power. [The stream of Ruknabad is the rivulet praised by Hafiz. Musalla where he was buried is not a rivulet but a suburb of Shiraz. W.]

I should be ashamed to be numbered with those enthusiasts, who diminish the merit of western poetry, by deriving so much of it from the east. Voyages had given Homer, and libraries had given Theocritus, access to these copious and undisputed springs: but their waters were useless to Anacreon. If a resemblance be found in him to any Asiatic, it will not establish against the one, or the other, a proof of imitation. It is strange, if in the multitude of ideas which arise incessantly on the mind, none ever should strike, in the lapse of ages, the congenial fancy of two. Are we obliged to suppose the existence of a third person,

"a quo, ceu fonte perenni,
Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis."

[Ovid, *Amor.* iii. 9. 25.]

Even those who imagine that Anacreon and Hafez imported from the

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same caravan, the one his simple, the other his gorgeous attire, will hardly suppose that the latter and *Propertius* had any point of union.

"Should the sweet gales, as o'er thy tomb they play,
The fragrance of the nymph's loved tresses bring,
Then, Hafez, shall new life inspire thy clay,
And ceaseless notes of rapture shalt thou sing."

Select odes from Hafez, by John Nott [1787].

Jam licet et Stygiâ sedeat sub arundine remex,
Cernat et infernæ tristia vela ratis:
Si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellas
Concessum nullâ lege redibit iter.

Proper. *Eleg.* 19, lib. 2 [ii. 27. 13].

Here the poet of Schiraz hath a manifest advantage, which is perhaps still greater in the original.

May I hazard an opinion that the French are judicious in translating foreign verse, for the most part, into prose. Almost every sentence in a regularly metrical translation must either be amplified or compressed; while prose, without tempting, or suffering, this licence, admits an unrestricted diversity of modulation, agreeable and consonant to the subject.

[Isaac D'Israeli (*Romances*, 1799) suggested that Anacreon's poems were borrowed from the Persians. W.]

° "Taper is the palm, &c." The poet extols the produce of the vine above the common beverage which is extracted from the palm.

° "Tinged sweetly with red, &c." There is a certain sort of vine in our own country whose tender leaves correspond with this description.

TO ILBRA

° When we consider with what capriciousness the French have treated greek and latin names, we must not be surprized at any thing they do in an enemy's country, as it were, and with languages so distantly related to their own. A gentleman who has made some progress in the oriental languages, informed me that, in his opinion, there was no such name as *Ilbra*. He mentioned *two* words, from *one* of which it probably was derived. The former alluded to the *Spring*, the latter to the *Sea*. [The two words are بهار = spring, بحر = sea. W.] The fondness of her parents, or of her lover, might conform her name, and compare her beauty, to the spring; or somewhere near the *sea* might be the habitation of her tribe. However, if the French translator had chosen to substitute *Iris*, the common though antiquated favorite of his countrymen, I should certainly have written *Iris* too, with the addition of a note like the present, to absolve me from inconsistency.

† "Striken with *blue* eyes." On the contrary we are informed that the Persians are fondest of *black*; and poets, who love by prescription, celebrate no other. Had I ever been inclined to transgress the law which I rigorously laid down from the beginning, I might easily have contrived that *blue* and *black* should change places.

This is the only *amatory appeal* in our collection: it resembles none that I have ever read. I have not appeared an admirer of this species of persian poetry, at least of the specimens which I have seen elsewhere, yet I think their obscure combinations more tolerable than the wretched

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conceits of Petrarch and of Cowley: the former of whom there are more in this country that have *commended* than that have *read*. Six or seven of his sonnets, and amongst them the one to Liberty, noticed and approved by Mr. Roscoe, who forgets to observe that it is merely a translation from a little greek ode to Hygeia, are truly and exquisitely beautiful: yet these are excelled, in tenderness by Redit, and in spirit by Cassiani. I must remark on the "Rape of Proserpine", by the latter, that the abruptness of it's opening and the rapid seizure of the most choice expression, shew equally the genius of the poet, and the *strength* of the Italian language. In the fields of Enna, Claudian *wearies*, and Ovid *pleases*. The faults are equal. Cassiani surprizes and strikes. With Claudian at an immeasurable depth below him, he stands in opposition, and forms an astonishing contrast, to the factitious sublime of Tasso. How wretchedly inanimate is the conclusion of that celebrated and sonorous stanza, *Chiama gli abitator* [*Jerusalemme*, lib. iv. 2], in comparison with the close of this admirable sonnet.—It reminds one of Blackmore and Addison. By the spirit of Cassiani, the scene and characters are more distinct, and, if I may use the expression, are brought nearer to the eye, than we find them in any other works, excepting Livy and the "Book of Kings". Even Atys yields. [See Roscoe, *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, chap. v, note 26, where Petrarch's *canzone* beginning *Liberià, dolce e disiato bene* is extolled as one of the poet's finest personifications. The ode to Hygeia preserved in Athenæus was translated by Dr. Johnson in *The Rambler*, 1750. For another allusion to Cassiani's "Proserpine" see Lander's *Imaginary Conversation*, "Alfieri and Salomon". W.]

* I must make an apology for having, in more than one instance, rendered two or even three french words into one. It is among the many failings of that language to be incapable of admitting new compounds. On the contrary, the admission of them, if conducted with judgement, is one principal excellency of ours.

** It is needless to enquire whether, in simple truth, the phenomenon here mentioned hath ever taken place; whether in gazing long on one object, the colors of that object may not appear to change, either by the creation of will, or the presentation of fancy, or the unnatural distention of the optic nerve. I believe it to be not unphilosophical, I feel it to be not unpoetical.

PRAISES OF ABU-SAID

^b I have not received the slightest information concerning the author, or the authors, of these Persian poems. It is certain that the *two*, and probably that the *three*, preceeding ones, are the production of the same pen. Of the present, as of those, I am unable to fix the era. For, there were two Abu-said's illustrious in history: one is mentioned by Gibbon, the other by Tavernier. [Sultan Abu Saiad Mirza, Tamerlane's great-grandson and grandfather of the Emperor Babar, is mentioned by Tavernier and is the Abu-Said of Lander's poem. He captured Samarcand c. 1450. W.]

¹ By the "lonely one" the nightingale is meant; whose song, however pleasing, is not so *lively* as the notes of the dulcimer, and is not *compliant* like an instrument.

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* "The rosebrakes of the moon" must be interpreted—rosebrakes in the evening. [*1858 has *rosebrakes with foot-note. *Of the evening.*]

† "Thou beckonest the rays that intrude, &c."—a bold metaphor! It expresses the power of music to assuage the sensations of heat.

‡ In all probability through my ignorance of the idiom, or perhaps of the warlike accoutrements, I know not, and cannot find out, what is meant by the *horns* of the elephant. It is still more extraordinary that *manna* should make people *reel*.

THE SON OF SHEIK DAHER

‡ Pharesdak has been dead many centuries, but his cowardice will never be forgotten by the warlike wits of Arabia. [his . . . Arabia *repeated as foot-note in 1858*. For Pharesdak, the name by which Hamam b. Ghalib (*ob.* 728) was known, see Gibbon, vi. 329, where Landor may have read the story about his sword. W.]

• The death of Cambyzes is famous in classical story; and may be written, or be traditional, in the countries where it happened.

‡ "The piercer of hearts" is what the reader has now in his hand. [*Repeated as foot-note in 1858.*]

‡ The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity his daughter and mother; and he is led by the habits and customs of his country to cherish them with the same affection. This at least is *my* interpretation. Laying aside his metaphorical stile, he perhaps may appeal in person to his last relations. I shall not presume to decide. [*Partly repeated in 1858 thus: The son of Sheik Daher calls Vengeance and Eternity so, led by the customs of his country to cherish them.*]

AGAINST JEZZAR

‡ The poet alludes to the solstitial well at Syené. [Bruce in his *Travels* quotes Pliny's account of the well into which the sun's rays fell straight to the bottom. Cf. Milton, *Par. Reg.*, iv. 70: "Syene, and where the shadow both way falls. W.]

‡ The peacock is held sacred by the people of Hindustan. Its head resembles the serpent's in *form*, but I doubt whether any of the serpents in Arabia so nearly approach it in *color* as our snake. [*1858 has foot-note: *In color and form.*]

ON THE AFFLICTION OF HIS WIFE

‡ How different this from the preceding! Without that unity of design which concentrates the whole attention, it produces an instantaneous and irresistible [*mispr.* irresistible] effect. The language of passion is the language of poetry: it disdains comparisons; it seizes combinations. A thousand images start up: the boldest and most prominent are fixt for ever. The enchantment that chains down these, makes all the others vanish. In vigorous and ardent minds, the earliest effect of misfortune is a certain *anger of grief*. Men, like the animals of the forest, *first* seize the weapons that wound them, *then* the assailants and attendants. So with the son of Daher: misfortune raises his fury to a vast and dreadful

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sublimity—he reviews with agitation the cause of that misfortune, but traces with greater calmness its effect.

▼ “What star in the firmament &c.”

It is a prevalent opinion among the Persians and Arabians, that those appearances called *falling stars* are really stars in conflict with demons. They also carry amulets, and say certain prayers to protect themselves against the scorpion. [For Moslem opinion about falling stars see Sale's *Koran*, chapter xv, note d.]

u “The column is shivered that sustained my cottage,”

This passage will be elucidated by Volney's description of Palmyra. The huts of the Arabs are sheltered and supported by the remains of antiquity, in the middle and on the borders of the desert.

w “The noon” signifies the noon-day sun.

* These ideas are purely metaphorical: but I must here express a doubt, whether I should not have simply written *thorn*. The original word might signify the acacia, which is common in many parts of the desert; but it must not be forgotten, that a traveller, who passed, if I remember, from Coseir to Jena, mentions the hawthorn as the most common shrub.—*Eyles Irwin's route*. [See *Adventures in the course of a voyage up the Red Sea*, by Eyles Irwin, in the service of the Hon. East India Company, 1780, p. 168. W.]

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE

▼ The exclusion of day-light, in Arabia, is, in some degree, the exclusion of heat. The old, the wealthy, and the women, are, for the most part, inactive by day, as we may naturally suppose from the intensity of the climate; but they amuse themselves in the evening with songs and music. [The exclusion . . . heat repeated as foot-note in 1858.]

z “Bed of bright yellow, &c.” I am more pleased with this stanza, which will be despised by the generality of readers, perhaps by the generality of critics, than with any other in the poem. Had the bed of *bright yellow* still belonged to the mercantile citizen of Damascus, it would have *witnessed*, if a note may be poetical, vows of silk, to be suspended in the mosch, if his prayers for gain were granted.

aa “More tiresome than birds.” It must be observed, that the birds which pass over, and the few which inhabit, the desert, are all of them destitute of song. The borders of the Red Sea abound with water-fowl; which, of every description, are unpleasant in their note. The jackals make an incessant cry by night. [1858 has footnote: † Birds in the desert are unmusical and harsh.]

ADDRESSED TO RAHDI

bb Perhaps this Rahdi might be some private friend, but he possibly may be a more known and exalted character. There was a Rahdi, the twentieth of the Abassides, and the twenty-ninth of the successors of Mahomet. “Hic est ultimus Chaliphah qui multum atque sæpius pro concione peroravit.—Fuit etiam ultimus qui otium cum eruditis et facietis hominibus fallere hilariterque agere soleret.” Abulfeda. Reiske. Gibbon. The conclusion of this extract countenances the latter of my suppositions.

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This poem resembles not those ridiculous quibbles which the English in particular call Epigrams, but rather, abating some little for *orientalism*, those exquisite *eidyllia*, those carvings as it were in ivory or on gems, which are modestly called Epigrams by the Greeks. [The Latin, quoted by Gibbon (vi. 422 n.) from J. J. Reiske's *Abulfedæ Annales Muslemici*, refers to the Khalif Al Radhi-billah. For Sharif-ar-Radi, the poet, see E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*, ii. 113. W.]

One or two copies, if not more, of the 1800 *Poems* contain at the end what is called "Extract from the French Preface". Whether this was cancelled before publication or added in some cases afterwards, is uncertain. The extract was doubtless meant to be taken as a translation from the preface to a volume in which Landor professed to have found his specimens of Oriental poetry. Even if that were so, the half-veiled allusion to George III, in the pretended extract, might have led to a charge of sedition. Warned of this risk Landor may have cancelled both his Extract and the notes. They are now published for the first time. [W.]

EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH PREFACE

WHOLE volumes of poems like the present, or even of poems which may far surpass them, will sink into mere insignificance, if compared with those vast intellectual treasures which will flow into Europe from the conquests of the French. * No nation pursues with an equal alacrity the arts which embellish life. In the midst of a foreign, roused and resuscitated at the unextinguished beacons of a civil war, while calamity constantly kept pace, and sometimes struggled with, glory, her general meditated, and at once accomplished, the eternal deliverance of Egypt. Men of learning and men of science were the proper companions of Buonaparte. They are engaged at this moment in presenting to Europe the fruits of their several discoveries. † Conquerors like him, posterity will declare it, have never been the enemies of the human race. The

* The French have been particularly careful in preserving and examining the monuments of antiquity. The English are endued with, and profess, a different taste. One Eyles Irwin, *Esq.* mentions with pleasure some sailors who fastened the cord of a *kite* to the capital of *Pompey's* pillar. One of them ascended; and, fixing a shroud, was joined by his companions. But the merit of the action consisted principally in breaking off a *volute*; and this *enlightened traveller* informs us, that he and his companions "provided themselves with a relique of this shrine". It appears that what bigotry and barbarism have spared through indifference, is left to the mischievous fingers of childish curiosity. [For Irwin's book see above, p. 28. In *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836, ii. 224 n.), Landor again accused him of an act of vandalism, but the traveller's own account of the incidents referred to does not justify the charge. W.]

† He may equally despise the gregarious gabble of a lame obsequious parliament, and the strained declamation poured forth on the theatre by the swindling son of a disbanded player. Kotzebe has lately been mentioned as about to reside in this country. I hardly can credit the report. Is it probable that he will leave a nation in which there are minds congenial with his own? That he will leave it for England in the present reign? What sacrifices must he make, what insults must he endure! His labors, which tend to enlighten, perverted to delude, the multitude; and men who have ever been stigmatized by infamy, receiving the rewards of his talents and his virtues! He will expose himself to troublesome nugatory questions, repeated a thousand times to him, and repeated a thousand times before, to tumblers and jugglers, to bedchamber-lords and bishops. He will be bargained with for praise; he will be daily caressed, and hourly insulted; he will be knighted, and he will be starved.

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slaughter of thousands, the slaughter of one, is horrible; but it is not the commander whose penetrating eye, whose animating genius, and unwearied energy, pierce and confound at once the body of united nations—it is the bestial stupidity of those, who, unfortunately for kingdoms, are exalted *above their minds*, and cannot distinguish, from their ridiculous elevation, *a battle from a review*¹—that should be dreaded, that should be execrated, that should be extirpated. The nations of Europe have been wretched; but in Pilnitz, not in Paris, must we search for the authors of their wretchedness. Those who appear most eminent, most active in this “*sea of trouble*”, stemming it’s current and repelling it’s violence, are beheld by the eyes of the vulgar as the demons of it’s hidden source.

Fatally, but naturally, illuded!—since glory attains it’s utmost altitude in the periods of calamity and confusion: as voyagers observe of the zodiacal light, it’s basis invariably are clouds. But all the calamity, all the confusion, which surrounded the illustrious Buonaparte, was hurled with irresistible and destructive force on the enemies of the French Republic; which, like the mathematical compass, directed by so firm, so temperate a hand, extended the further the more heavily it was pressed. In Egypt, the department most immediately under consideration, the prejudices of the people he turned to their advantage, and rendered their weakness their strength. The army which he left in Italy had nothing to contend with, now, but luxury and leisure. Those who succeeded him should have seized or sought occasion to prevent and disarm the perfidy of kings. The soldiers were daily more dissolute; their enemies more concentrated, more guarded. The former were of opinion that, whatever might happen, they could at any time retrace their conquests. The road, once trodden, was no longer doubtful; nor could enemies, suing at their feet for mercy, occasion them fresh alarm. But it is easier to march from Cannæ to Capua, than from Capua to Cannæ. May the army of Egypt never be paralyzed by sloth and inactivity! Plays, songs, dances, all the amusements of the mind, are the just rewards of their sacrifices and their toils. May the general remember, in the plenitude of his power, that many have been the masters, few the deliverers of men. Who would be an imitator when he possibly might fail, instead of an original when he surely must succeed? Who would be a Cæsar that could be a Buonaparte? The republic never can suspect, that the conqueror of kings will reduce himself to their level: she relies on *his* magnanimity and does not distrust *her own*. Confident of her safety in the midst of tumult, she can review the past and survey the present with an equal serenity of mind; and neither the patriot nor the philosopher will accuse her of levity in attending the discoveries we announce.

P. 251. THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS. In 1841 the following foot-notes * † were appended to the text:

l. 23 * *Vento rota constitit*. [*Georgics*, iv. 484.] I believe I made a remark on this, either in the *Imaginary Conversations* or in the latin treatise *De Cultu alque usu latini Sermonis*; which treatise might have corrected some crude notions of Mr. Hallam on Politian, &c. The critics

¹ [Londor in “*Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*”, 1812, described George III as fancying that a review was as fine a thing as a battle, and in an imaginary conversation he made Franklin say that the King saw no difference between a review and a battle. W.]

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mistook the noun for the participle, and filled their readers (as they often do) with *wind*: they could not see that *vento* is the same as *quum venerat*.

ll. 27-8 † *Scirent si ignoscere Manes*. [*Georgics*, iv. 489.] This also hath occasioned much doubt and perplexity. In fact the Manes were placable. They had, however, no right to meddle with a contract made with Proserpine or Pluto: for Virgil says in one place that the conditions were imposed by Proserpine [*ib.* 487], in another by Pluto: *immitis rupta tyranni foedera* [*ib.* 492]. A meaning may be given, but the meaning is not Virgil's. "A fault which certainly had been pardoned if the decision had been left to the Manes." Wine and honey were as tempting to them as to wasps, and no deities were more easily caught by oblations. Beattie, if I recollect, talks with much the same critical skill on this passage as on the conclusion of the sixth book of the *Eneid*, not suspecting that in Virgil there could be an error or an oversight: whereas in reality nothing of the latin classics (they end with Ovid) contains so many and such enormous faults as this celebrated Episode. I have pointed them out in another place, far however from countenancing those conceited and impudent men, whether critics or poets, who would discharge the purple of Virgil with their acrid juices. Genius is to be respected even in its errors and imperfections. I willingly leave unsoundnesses to those who feed and fatten on them. There is always a large party at such entertainments.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[The above foot-notes and signature were om. 1858, which substitutes the following as foot-note to the title *Orpheus*.*]

*Virgil says in one place, that the conditions were imposed by Proserpine; in another, by Pluto. This is a fault, however it may be explained; it would be were it only a redundancy. Then, "*scirent si ignoscere Manes*". Now the Manes were so placable that a little milk and honey was thought sufficient. Beside, they had no right to meddle with a contract by their superiors. Beattie talks with much the same critical skill on it as on the conclusion of the sixth book of the *Eneid*, not suspecting that Virgil could be liable to an oversight.

Thirdly, Proteus relates the whole conduct of Orpheus in the world below, of which he could know nothing; but speaks from report alone when he describes his sufferings in Thrace, which, from his wide maritime range and extraordinary cleverness, he might have known exactly. He ceases on a sudden to be refractory and contumacious, and becomes tender and compassionate, forgetting that Aristæus came to consult him about the loss of his bees, and not about the loss of another man's wife.

Fourthly, It is strange that the women of Thrace should think themselves despised, and should punish this imaginary contempt so severely, when Orpheus had lost his wife no longer than seven months. After all, it was only a gossip's tale that he grieved so long. Seven months is no inordinate season for mourning, *ex ordine*.

Fifthly, Where did he sooth the tiger? Tigers had gone southward of Thrace before his time.

The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is a beautiful excrescence, like a mistletoe on an apple-tree, or the tuft of moss that comes after the roses.

And now a few words on the translators. They represent the nightingale

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as sitting on a bough. Naturally she did so: but here she was sitting on the bough from which her young were taken.

It is curious that the close of the *Georgics* should contain, in the part most generally admired, almost the only inharmonious verse in this exquisitely musical and truly great poet.

Observans nido implumes detraxit.

is not merely prosaic.

We may take any liberty with a contemporary; we may jump into the judgment seat with heavy and creaking and dirty boots on, and cite the noblest before us, bidding him to hold up his hand; but we are *chap-fallen* in the presence of Antiquity. Else I would venture to suggest that *Pervigilans* might relieve the heaviness of the line, and express that the birdcatcher had bided his time, and had been watching for it. Nobody seems to ask what good it would do him to take away birds unfledged, when certainly he could not bring them up. Those who have never been in Italy may be ignorant that callow birds, nightingales among others, are brought to market and thought to be delicacies. All in that state are palatable alike, or nearly so; the swallow, the cuckoo, the hawk, the owl. Even foxes, while they have tasted nothing but the mother's milk, are sought for. Once when I was entering the Porta del Popolo at Rome, a young shepherd was waiting for the doganier to fix the price of importation on two foxes, about the size of rabbits, which he was carrying on his shoulder. He offered them to me. *Eccellenza! ecco qualchecosa da stordire*. My reply was, that they were too exquisite for Excellences, and worthy of Eminences. *Gli porterò a' medesimi*, said he, arranging them afresh on his shoulder. I asked the gate-keeper whether they really were good: he said, *Buonissimi per quegli chi hanno da spendere*. Very good, for those who can afford to buy them: adding that, when they grow much older they are worth little but for the skin, and require a good deal of vinegar and garlic.

P. 262. A CHINESE POEM. Landor may have meant at first to insert this in his imaginary conversation "Emperor of China and Tsing-Ti", but afterwards have given it to Ablett to print separately. Tsing-Ti is said in the *Conversation* to have composed a song (*Works*, 1846, ii. 117).

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P. 263. TO NÆERA. Although in the 1846 ed. "Ianthe" is substituted in l. 1 for Næera it need not be assumed that both names refer to the same person. There is no proof that Landor and the "true Ianthe" (Sophia Jane Swift) had met as early as 1800, and the alteration made in 1846 may be an example of the indiscretion confessed and deplored in lines now printed on p. 382. It is significant that in his manuscript list of "poems to Ianthe" Landor wrote: "cancel the whole of *Thank Heaven*".

P. 270. ODE TO A FRIEND. A copy of the Ode was sent by Landor to his sister Elizabeth in a letter postmarked Nov. 17. 1834. Firenze. The variants from the December 1834 text are as follows: 18 heart] soul MS. (as in 1835). 20 critics] outcries MS. ll. 23-6 not in MS. 27 loost . . . or] heard the call, and MS. 29 Grasmere] Grasmere's MS. 44 Tivoli] Fiesole MS. (as in 1835). 49 Pelasgic] Pelasgina

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MS. (as in 1835). Forster in *Landor: a Biography* (ii. 257) gives an extract from the same letter but wrongly dates it Nov. 24. The extract should follow, without break, another, rightly dated, on p. 256. Forster also quotes 28 lines of the Ode from the wrongly dated letter and 20 lines from another letter posted, he says, on December 1, 1834. The variants in the longer quotation are noted above; the shorter quotation has no variant from the corresponding lines in the 1835 version.

Between ll. 30–1 of the 1834 version edd. 1835–1846 have twenty-four lines as below:

VI.

And live, too, thou for happier days,
Whom Dryden's force and Spenser's fays
Have heart and soul possest:
Growl in grim London, he who will;
Revisit thou Maiano's hill,
And swell with pride his sunburnt breast.

VII.

Old Redi in his easy chair,
With varied chant awaits thee here, [there, 1837–1846]
And here are voices in the grove,
Aside my house, that make me think
Bacchus is coming down to drink
To Ariadne's love.

VIII.

But whither am I borne away
From thee, to whom began my lay?
Courage! I am not yet quite lost;
I stept aside to greet my friends;
Believe me, soon the greeting ends,
I know but three or four at most.

IX.

Deem not that time hath borne too hard
Upon the fortunes of thy bard,
Leaving me only three or four;
'Tis my old number; dost thou start
At such a tale? in what man's heart
Is there fireside for more?

Between ll. 54–5, 1835–1846 have twelve lines as below:

XIV.

Here can I rest [sit 1846] or roam at will;
Few trouble me, few wish me ill,
Few come across me, few too near;
Here all my wishes make their stand;
Here ask I no one's voice or hand;—
Scornful of favour, ignorant of fear.

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xv.

Yon vine upon the maple bough
Flouts at the hearty wheat below;
Away her venal vines the wise-man [wise man 1837, 1846] sends,
While those of lower stem he brings
From inmost treasure vault, and sings
Their worth and ear [age 1837-1846] among his chosen friends.

P. 285. TO ANDREW CROSSE. See *Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician*. [By his widow], 1857, where this poem is given in full but without the following note printed in 1846:

1. 16 * Among the noblest of Wordsworth's Sonnets (the fines in any language, excepting a few of Milton's) is that on Toussaint L'Ouverture. He has exposed in other works the unmanly artifices and unprofitable cruelties of the murderer who consummated his crime by famine, when the dampness of a subterranean prison was too slow in its operation. Nothing is so inexplicable as that any honest and intelligent man should imagine the heroic or the sagacious in Buonaparte. He was the only great gambler unaware that the player of *double or quits*, unless he discontinues, must be loser. In Spain he held more by peace than he could seize by war; yet he went to war. Haiti he might have united inseparably to France, on terms the most advantageous and the most honourable, but he was indignant that a black should exercise the functions of a white, that a deliverer should be his representative, and that a delegate should possess the affections of a people, although trustworthy beyond suspicion. What appears to others his greatest crime appears to me among the least, the death of D'Enghien. Whoever was plotting to subvert his government might justly be seized and slain by means as occult. Beside, what are all the Bourbons that ever existed in comparison with Toussaint L'Ouverture? His assassin was conscious of the *mistake*; he committed none so fatal to his reputation, though many more pernicious to his power. If he failed so utterly with such enormous means as never were wielded by any man before, how would he have encountered the difficulties that were surmounted by Frederick of Prussia and by Hyder Ali? These are the Hannibal and Sertorius of modern times. They were not, perhaps, much better men than Buonaparte, but politically and militarily they were much wiser; for they calculated how to win what they wanted, and they contrived how to keep what they won.

P. 287. "I pen these lines." In *The Blessington Papers*, 1895, this poem forms part of a letter to Lady Blessington, 11 July 1836. In the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929, it is headed "To R." (? Rose Paynter) and printed at the conclusion of the postscript to a letter to Lady Blessington postmarked "Bath, Jy 21, 1839".

P. 324. A HEAVY FALL. The "Lucilla" here (in 1792) is of course neither Landor's sister-in-law (see p. 268), born 1797, nor Lucy Lynn (see p. 304), born 1820.

P. 375. TO A PORTRAIT PAINTER. Writing from Bath in or about 1808 to his sister Elizabeth Landor said: "I believe I am more in request here than I have ever been—not for myself—we are not like wine, improvable

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by age—but for Frolick and Favorite and Lanthony. But Frolick and Favorite look prudent—and Lanthony is jealous of every thing I *could* admire.

"I dare not repeat within those hallowed walls, nor shall I repeat the same sentiments in any other that are hallowed, what I am going to write below."

[Here follow the verses with variants noted on p. 375. Frolick and Favorite were the writer's carriage horses. He adds:]

"In short, the [?heart] has had her picture taken. It is not half so beautiful as she. Langdon has only failed in two pictures. This is one."

[The name of T. Langdon, miniature painter, 37 Milson Street, appears in a Bath guide, c. 1819. Although the verses as printed in 1831 were among those headed "Ianthe" the portrait may not be the one mentioned in another poem (see p. 377: "I sadden while I view again"), which is thought to be by Horace Hone, and certainly does not look like one of a married lady, aged about twenty-five and the mother of two if not three children. Forster in *Landor: a Biography* quoted part of the letter to Miss Landor, but not the allusions to the verses and the portrait.]

P. 380. TO THE COMTESSE DE MOLANDÈ. Writing to his sister Ellen from Fiesole (letter postmarked Nov. 2, 1829), Landor said: "The Countess de Molandè is come to Florence. Perhaps tho you may never have heard that the dearest of all the friends I ever had or ever shall have, Mrs. Swift, accepted the C^{te} de Molandè for her second husband. He died about two years ago, and the succession was disputed by many, but the only two any thing like competitors were the Earl of Bective and the Duc de Luxembourg. . . . She has told him, it would be better for both parties to be absent from each other for one winter, and to consider the matter a little more calmly. . . . I have advised her to accept him, as adding a fresh splendour to her lovely daughters. . . ."

After other remarks Landor gave the first eleven lines of the poem as published in 1831.

P. 381. TO IANTHE. The manuscript printed in Nicoll and Wise, *Literary Anecdotes*, 1895, was sent to Lady Blessington with a letter postmarked Bath, May 27, 1838, in which Landor said: "I may as well transcribe some verses I wrote this morning—in answer to a letter from Vienna." The lines follow, variants from *The Examiner* version being as shown below:

Between ll. 6-7 the 1895 version has six lines:

Formerly you have held my hand
Along the lane where now I stand,
In idle sadness looking round
The lonely disenchanting ground,
And take my pencil out, and wait
To lay the paper on this gate.

8 thoughts] thought 1895. Between ll. 18-19 the 1895 version has two lines:

Suggesting to our arms and knees
Most whimsical contrivances.

19 Untoward] Unsteady 1895. 25 haste] come 1895.

P. 392. "I would not leave my ant-hill seat." In his letter to Lady

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Blessington, postmarked "Bath, Jy. 21, 1839", and first printed by Dr. August H. Mason, in the *Howard College Bulletin*, August 1929, Landor included four poems: "What News", "I would not leave my ant-hill seat" (vol. iii. 392), "Words adapted to a Russian Air" (vol. iv. 113) and, in a postscript, "To R." ("I pen these lines upon that cyphered cover": vol. iii. 287). The poems were offered to Lady Blessington for *The Book of Beauty*, but none of them appeared in it.

P. 399. JUNE '51. The late Sir Ernest Godwin Swifte, a grandson of the Countess de Molandè, found it recorded in his mother's diary that the Countess died at Versailles on July 31, 1851, after seventeen hours' illness. Sir Ernest, then a boy of twelve, and his mother reached Paris the same evening, and his mother saw the dead body the next day. The diary says: "The poor Countess was not much changed and even still the 'lines where beauty lingers' [Byron, *Giaour*] existed." At great trouble the corpse was taken to Ireland and buried on August 19, in the family vault at Lionsden, co. Meath. It was also stated in the diary that Mr. William Richard Swifte was the only one of the Countess's children who was with her when she died.

P. 406. A SONG. Landor sent this in a letter to his sister Elizabeth written at Pulteney House, Bathwick, not long after his marriage, but with nothing but "Friday morning" for date. The song, he said, "was written when I first had thoughts of going into Ireland, and when I was (as we all of us are some time or other) so foolish as to be in love". He also sent a translation in Italian as more "proper for music". The allusion to "thoughts of going into Ireland" is interesting as another poem ("The Dreamer's Tale", ll. 30, 31, page 405) may be taken to show that he really went there in the hope of seeing Ianthe after her marriage. Forster quoted a few words from the same letter, but nothing about the song; while he was certainly wrong in supposing that the letter was written a year or two before May, 1811.

Note on the Frontispiece. Reproduced by kind consent of the Rev. R. E. H. Duke.

Postmarked, so far as the impressions are legible, "Firenze 31 Gen[naro], [18]63, Bath Fe[buary] 4, [18]63", the envelope is addressed to Miss K. Landor, 3, Belmont, Bath. The letter, written on both sides of a half-sheet of note-paper, is as follows:

January 30.

Dear Kitty—Now I begin to recover, in some measure, from the shock which I recieved [*sic*] from the letter I recieved [*sic*] of yours this morning, I lose no time in answering it. It gave me the first intelligence of Mrs. Paynter's death. I first saw her, when she was only six years old, walking on the burrows at Swansea, led by her sister Rose Aylmer, ten years older. I was not indifferent to Rose, nor Rose quite to me. Four of the eight lines I wrote on her death were engraven on her tomb at Calcutta. I wrote to her namesake on her birthday, the nineteenth, as usual for many years. My letter will reach her most inopportunely. I wish kind Henry's health was better. Robert's, I am happy to hear, is better. Walter and Charles dine with me to-day, for the first time in four years, and it must be the last. My excellent friend Mr. Duke will accept my thanks for his kind letter the more willingly if you send them in this to you.

Believe me, dear Kitty, your affectionate uncle,

Walter.

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"Miss K. Landor" was Catherine Mary Landor, daughter of Landor's brother Charles. (See the poem, "Kitty and her Lover", p. 419.)

Landor was mistaken in supposing that four of his lines on Rose Aylmer were engraved on her tomb. The inscription was from Young's *Night Thoughts*. But in 1909 there was affixed beneath the existing marble tablet bearing Young's lines another smaller tablet with the whole of Landor's eight-line poem.

ADDITIONAL NOTE

P. 40. TO THE RIGHT REV. FATHER, ETC. This had already been printed in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, May 1845, signed W. S. L., under the title "The Surplice", with the 1846 title as a sub-title, and the following differences:

6 most] the
omitted in 1846:

8 lawn.] lawn:

After line 12 were the following ten lines,

A reverent and pious son,
I can not bear that folks make fun
Of surplices, and running down
To cover, or throw off, the gown:
And I would strangle such as think it's
Unwise to leave her half her trinkets:
For proud am I to see her change her
Condition from the Bethlehem manger,
Throw shepherds' crooks away for swords,
Jilt the wise men, and flirt with lords.

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